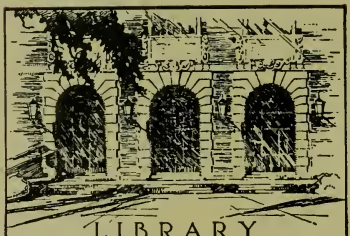

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Carleton, William Frederick

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SECOND EDITION.

DUBLIN:

WILLIAM FREDERICK WAKEMAN

SOLD IN LONDON,

BY W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL, AND BY R. GROOMBRIDGE,

6, PANYER-ALLEY, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1834

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES,
Duke-street, Lambeth.

823
C19tv
1834
v.3

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DENIS O'SHAUGHNESSY GOING TO MAYNOOTH.

DENIS O'SHAUGHNESSY GOING TO MAYNOOTH.

Young Denis O'Shaughnessy was old Denis's son; and old Denis, like many great men before him, was the son of his father and mother in particular, and of a long line of respectable ancestors in general. He was, moreover, a great historian, a perplexing controversialist, deeply read in Dr. Gallagher and Pastorini, and equally profound in the history of Harry the Eighth, and Luther's partnership with the devil, at that particular period when they invented the Protestant Church between them, and gave the Popeship of it to her Holiness, Queen Elizabeth. Denis was a tall man, who from his peculiar appearance, and the nature of his dress, a light drab-coloured frize, was nicknamed the walking pigeon-house; and truly on seeing him at a distance, a man might naturally enough hit upon a worse comparison. He was quite straight, carried both arms hanging by his sides, motionless and at their full length, like the pendulums of a clock that has ceased going. In his

head, neck, and chest, there was no muscular action visible; he walked, in fact, as if a milk-pail were upon his crown, or as if a single nod of his would put the planets out of order. But the principal cause of the similarity lay in his roundness, which resembled that of a pump, running to a point, or the pigeon-house aforesaid, which is still better.

Denis, though a large man, was but a small farmer, for he rented only eighteen acres of good land. His family, however, like himself, was large, consisting of thirteen children, among whom Denis Junior stood pre-eminent. Like old Denis, he was exceedingly long-winded in argument, pedantic as the school-master who taught him, and capable of taking a very comprehensive grasp of any tangible subject.

Young Denis's display of controversial talents, was so remarkably precocious, that he controverted his father's statements upon all possible subjects, with a freedom from embarrassment which promised well for that most distinguished trait in a controversialist—hardihood of countenance. This delighted old Denis to the finger ends.

"Dinny, if he's spared," he would say, "will be a credit to us all yet. The sorra one of him but's as manly as any thing, and as long-headed as a four-footed baste, so he is! Nothing daunts or dashes him, or puts him to an amplush: but he'll look you in the face so stout an' cute, an' never redden or stumble, whether he's right or wrong, that it does one's heart good to see him. Then he has such a laning to it, you see, that the crathur 'ud ground an argument on any thing, thin draw it out to a norration.

an' make it as clear as rock-water, besides insensing you so well into the rason of the thing, that Father Finnerty himself 'ud hardly do it betther from the althar."

The highest object of an Irish peasant's ambition is to see his son a priest. Whenever a farmer happens to have a large family, he usually destines one of them for the church, if his circumstances are at all such as can enable him to afford the boy a proper education. This youth becomes the centre in which all the affections of the family meet. He is cherished, humoured in all his caprices, indulged in his boyish predilections, and raised over the heads of his brothers, independently of all personal or relative merit in himself. The consequence is, that he gradually becomes self-willed, proud, and arrogant, often to an offensive degree; but all this is frequently mixed up with a lofty bombast, and an under-current of strong disguised affection, that render his early life remarkably ludicrous and amusing. Indeed, the pranks of pedantry, the pretensions to knowledge, and the humour with which it is mostly displayed, render these scions of divinity, in their intercourse with the people until the period of preparatory education is completed, the most interesting and comical class, perhaps, to be found in the kingdom. Of these learned priestlings young Denis was undoubtedly a first-rate specimen. His father, a man of no education, was, nevertheless, as profound and unfathomable upon his favourite subjects as a philosopher; but this profundity raised him mightily in the opinion of the

people, who admired him the more the less they understood him.

Now old Denis was determined that young Denis should tread in his own footsteps; and sooth to say, young Denis possessed as bright a talent for the dark and mysterious as the father himself. No sooner had the son commenced Latin with the intention of adorning the church, than the father put him in training for controversy. For a considerable time the laurels were uniformly borne away by the veteran: but what will not learning do? Ere long the son got as far as syntax, about which time the father began to lose ground, in consequence of some ugly quotations which the son threw into his gizzard, and which unfortunately stuck there. By and by the father receded more and more, as the son advanced in his Latin and Greek, until, at length, their encounters were only resorted to for the purpose of showing off the son.

When young Denis had reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, he was looked upon by his father and his family, as well as by all their relations in general, as a prodigy. It was amusing to witness the delight with which the worthy man would call upon his son to exhibit his talents, a call to which the son instantly attended. This was usually done by commencing a mock controversy, for the gratification of some neighbour to whom the father was anxious to prove the great talents of his son. When old Denis got the young *sogarth* fairly in motion, he gently drew himself out of the dispute, but continued a running

comment upon the son's erudition, pointed out his good things, and occasionally resumed the posture of a controversialist, to re-inspirit the boy if he appeared to flag.

"Denny, abouchal, will you come up till Phadrick Murray hears you arguin' Scripther wid myself, Dinny. Now, Phadrick, listen, but keep your tongue sayin' nothin'; jist lave us to ourselves. Come up, Dinny, till you have a hate at arguin' wid myself."

"Fadher, I condimnate you at once—I condimnate you as being a most ungrammatical ould man, an' not fit to argue wid any one that knows Murray's English Grammar, an' more espaciously the three concords of Lilly's Latin one; that is the cognation between the nominative case and the verb, the consanguinity between the substantive and the adjective, and the blood-relationship that irritates between the relative and the antecedent."

"I tould you, Phadrick!! There's the boy that can rattle off the high English, and the larned Latin, jist as if he was born wid an English Dixonary in one cheek, a Latin Neksuggawn in the other, an' Doctor Gallagher's Irish Sarmons nately on the top of his tongue between the two."

"Fadher, but that unfortunately I am afflicted wid modesty, I'd blush *crocus* for your ignorance, as Virgil asserts in his Bucolics, *ut Virgilius ait in Bucolicis;* and as Horatius, a book that I'm well acquainted wid, says in another place, *Huc pertinent verba*, says he, *commodandi, comparandi, dandi, promittendi, solvendi imperandi nuntiandi, fidendi, obsequendi, minandi irascendi, et iis contraria.*"

"That's a good boy, Dinny; but why would you blush for *my* ignorance, avourneen? Take care of yourself now, an' spake deep, for I'll out argue you at the heel o' the hunt, cute as you are."

"Why do I blush for your ignorance, is it? why thin, I'm sure I have sound rasons for it: only think of the gross persivarance wid which you call that larned work, the Lexicon in Greek, a Neck-suggan. Fadher, never attimpt to argue or display your ignorance wid me again. But, moreover, I can probate you to be an ungrammatical man, from your own *modus* of argument."

"Go on, avourneen. Phadrick!!"

"I'm listenin'. The sorra's no match for his cuteness, an' one's puzzled to think where he can get it all."

"Why, you don't know at all what I could do by larnin'. It would be no throuble to me to divide myself into two halves, an' argue the one agin the other."

"You would, in throth, Dinny."

"Ay, father, or cut myself acrass, an' dispute my head, maybe, agin my heels."

"Throth would you!"

"Or practise logic wid my right hand, and bate that agin wid my left."

"The sarra lie in it."

"Or read the Greek Tistament wid my right eye, an' thranslate it at the same time wid my left, according to the Greek an' English sides of my face, wid my tongue constrein' it into Irish, unknownst to both o' them."

"Why, Denis, he must have a head like a bell to be able to get into things."

"Throth an' he has that, an' 'ill make a noise in conthroversy yet, if he lives. Now, Dinny, let us have a hate at histhory."

"A hate at histhory?—wid all my heart; but before we begin, I tell you that I'll confound you precipitately; for you see, if you bate me in the English, I'll scarify you wid Latin, and give you a bang or two of Greek into the bargain. Och! I wish you'd hear the sackin' I gave Tom Reilly the other day; rubbed him down, as the masther says, wid a Greek towel, an' whenever I complimented him with the loan of a cut on the head, I always gave him a plaster of Latin to heal it; but the sorra worse healin' flesh in the world than Tom's is for the Latin, so I bruised a few Greek roots and laid them to his *caput* so nate, that you'd laugh to see him. Well, is it histhory we are to begin wid? If it is, come on—advance. I'm ready for you—in protection—wid my guards up."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, if he isn't the drollest crathur, an' so cute! But now for the *histhory*. Can you prove to me, upon a clear foundation, the differ atween black an' white, or prove that Phadrick Murray here, long life to him, is an ass? Now, Phadrick, listen, for you must decide betune us."

"Orra, have you no other larnin' than than that to argue upon? Sure if you call upon me to decide, I must give it agin Dinny. Why, my judgment won't be worth a haporth, if he makes an ass of me!"

"What matther how you decide, man alive, if he proves you to be one; sure that's all we want. Never

heed shakin' your head—listen an' it will be well worth your while. Why, man, you'll know more nor you ever knew or suspected before, when he proves you to be an ass."

"In the first place, fadher, you're ungrammatical in one word; instead of sayin' 'prove,' always say probate, or probe; the word is descinded, that is, the ancisthor of it is, *probo*, a deep Greek word—*probo*, *probas*, *prob-ass*—that is to say, I'm to *probe* Phadrick here to be an *ass*. Now, do you see how pat I brought that in? That's the way, Phadrick, I chastise my fadher with the languages."

"In throth it is; go an, avick. Phadrick!"

"I'm listenin'."

"Phadrick, do you know the differ atween black an' white?"

"Atween black an' white? Hut, gorsoon, to be sure I do."

"Well, an' what might it be, Phadrick, my larned Athiop? What might it be, I negotiate?"

"Why, thin, the differ atween them is this, Dinny, that black is—let me see—why—that black is *not* red — nor yallow — nor brown — nor green — nor purple—nor cutbeard—nor a heather colour—nor a grogram"——

"Nor a white?"

"Surely, Dinny, not a white, abouchal; don't think to come over me that way."

"But I want to know what colour it *is*, most larned sager."

"All rasonable, Dinny. Why, thin, black is—let me see—hut, death alive!—it's—a—a—why, it's

black, an' that's all I can say about it; yes, faix, I can—black is the colour of Father Curtis's coat."

"An' what colour is that, Phadrick?"

"Why, it's black to be sure."

"Well, now, what colour is white, Phadrick?"

"Why, it's a snow-colour: for all the world the colour of snow."

"White is?"

"Ay, is it."

"The dear help your head, Phadrick, if that's all you know about snow. In England, man, snow is an Oxford grey, an' in Scotland a pepper an' salt, an' sometimes a cutbeard, when they get a hard winther. I found that much in the Greek, any way, Phadrick. Thry agin, you imigrant, I'll give you another chance —what colour is white?"

"Why, thin, it's—white—an' nothin' else. The sorra one but you'd puzzle a saint wid your long-headed screwtations from books."

"So, Phadrick, your preamble is, that white is white, an' black is black."

"Asy, avick. I said, sure enough, that white is white; but the black I deny—I said it was the colour of Father Curtis's black coat."

"Oh, you barbarian of the world, how I scorn your profundity an' emotions! You're are a disgrace to the human sex by your superciliousness of knowledge, an' your various quotations of ignorance. *Ignorantia*, Phadrick, is your date, an' superscription. Now, stretch out your ears, till I probate, or probe to you the differ atween black an' white."

"Phadrick!!" said the father.

"I'm listenin'."

"Now, Phadrick, here's the griddle, an' here's a clane plate. Do you see them here beside one another?"

"I'm lookin' at them."

"Now, shut your eyes."

"Is that *your* way, Denis, of judgin' colours."

"Shut your eyes, I say, till I give you *ocular* demonstration of the differ atween these two respectable colours."

"Well, they're shut."

"An' keep them so. Now, what differ do you *see* atween them?"

"The sorra taste, man alive; I never *seen* any thing in my whole life so clearly of a colour as they are both this minute."

"Don't you see now, Phadrick, that there's not the smallest taste o' differ in them, an' that's accordin' to Euclid."

"Sure enough, I see the divil a taste o' differ atween the two."

"Well, Phadrick, that's the point settled. There's no discrimination at all atween black an' white. They're both of the same colour—so long as you keep your eyes shut."

"But if a man happens to open his eyes, Dinny?"

"He has no *right* to open them, Phadrick, if he wants to prove the truth of a thing. I should have said *probe*- -but it does not significate."

"The heavens mark you to grace, Dinny. You did that in brave style. Phadrick, ahagur, he'll make the darlin' of an arguer whin he gets the robes an him."

" I don't deny that; he'll be aquil to the best o' thim: still, Denis, I'd rather, whin I want to pronounce upon colours, that he'd let me keep my eyes open."

" Ay, but he did it out o' the books, man alive; an' there's no goin' beyant thim. Sure he could prove it out o' the Divinity, if you went to that. An' what is still more, he could, by shuttin' your eyes, in the same way prove black to be white, an' white black, jist as asy."

" Surely myself doesn't doubt it. I suppose, by shuttin' my eyes, the same lad could prove any thing to me."

" But, Dinny, avourneen, you didn't prove Phadrick to be an ass yit. Will you do that by histhory, too, Dinny, or by the norrations of Illocution?"

" Father, I'm surprised at your gross imperception. Why, man, if you were not a *rara avis* of somnolency, a man of most frolicsome determinations, you'd be able to see that I've proved Phadrick to be an ass already."

" Throth, I deny that you did; there wasn't a word about my bein' an ass, in the last discoorse. It was all upon the differ atween black an' white."

" Oh, how I scorn your gravity, man! *Ignorantia*, as I said, is your date an' superscription; an' when you die, you ought to go an' engage a stone-cutter to carve you a head-stone, an' make him write on it, *hic jacet Ignorantius Redivivus*. An' the translation of that is, accordin' to Publius Virgilius Maro—' here lies a quadruped who didn't know the differ atween black an' white.' "

"But, Dinny, won't you give us the histhory of how the Protestant church was invinted by the divil an' Luther, backed by Harry the aigth, while he was a Protestant? Give it to Phadrick, Dinny, till he hears it."

"Yes, my worthy *pater familias*, it shall be done; but upon the hypothesis of your taciturnity. *Experientia docet*—which is, on bein' rendered into vernacularity, "you are too much addicted to intherruption, an' throw the darkness of your intellect over the splendour of my narrations."

"But afore you go an, Dinny, will you thranslate *doshet* for Phadrick?"

"Fadher, I'll tolerate incongruity in no man. If you must become jocular, why go an larn Latin an' Greek to substantiate your jocularity. Become erudite for yourself, an' tell the story to your frinds; but I vow to Demosthenes, if you provoke me I'll unsluice the flood-gates of my classicality, an' bear you off like a sthraw on the surface of my larned indignation."

"Well, I won't Dinny; I won't, avick. I'll say nothin' barrin' listen. Phadrick, isn't that the larnin'?"

"Bedad, it couldn't be bate."

"Well! is it the history of the confab atween Luther, an' the invintor o' the long-tailed heresy I'm to give you?'"

"But why was it long-tailed, Dinny? Tell that to Phadrick."

"Fadher, I tould you before that I'll not tolerate incongruity in any man who is ignorant of the classics.

Was it not that Phadrick Murray's ignorance protects you, I'd take the liberty of lettin' you contemplate your own impenetrability to admonition. I call the Protestant heresy long-tailed for three reasons: first—*id est—primo*"——

"Phadrick!!!"

"I'm list'nin'!"

"*Primo*—Because it was not short. *Secundo*—Because the dragon that invinted it in the Revelations had a tail that reached over the third part of heaven. *Tertio*—Because the divil, who was joint partner wid the dragon, never goes widout a switcher; so that it is from the purest of logic I call it the long-tailed heresy. Are you now satisfied?"

"Throth, we are, avick. Isn't that the larnin', Phadrick?"

"Bedad, he's as ould as Killileagh bog, all but one bank."

"Well! *Quid multis?* Luther was sittin' one evenin' in his *studium* or study, afther havin' secured a profound dinner; one foot was upon the hob, an' the other in the most convanient place, of coorse. One elbow was placed upon a round black table near a decanther of wine an' a bottle of Ennishowen whiskey. I will not purtind to say which he was most in the habit of drinkin', lest I might glide into veracity. Ovid says in his Metamorphoses, that tradition is in favour of the whiskey. His words are—'*Lutherus semper potavit merum Ennishonum*', which has puzzled the Commentators very much. St. Augustin, who was a good judge, thinks that 'merum Ennishonum' means the 'pure native,' which, he

says, is jolly drink. Paul, the Hermit, an' St. Anthony, on the other hand, say that 'merum Ennishonum' is incorrect; for that had he stuck, as they did, to 'merum Ennishonum,' he would never have left the church. Others read 'clarum Ennishonum;' however, it does not significate. There he sat, as I have chalked him out for you, in a state of relaxation, frolicsome an' solitary, wid his countenance placid an' bloomin', his rosy, semi-demi-quaver dewlap dependin' from his chin, just ripe for meditation an' a tumbler.

"'Now, Luther, you sinner,' says he, lookin' over at his own shadow upon the wall beyant — 'Luther,' says he, 'here you sit, wid a good coat to your back, good shoes to your feet, good Connemara stockins to your legs, and excellent linen undher your penitential hair-cloth shirt. What more do you want, you knave you,' says he, continuin' to hould a logical controversy wid himself. 'I say, you born desaver,' says he, 'what is it you would be at? Maybe it's a fat mithre you'd be smellin' afther? But I doubt,' says he, 'that an ecclesiastical union between your head an' a mithre was never intinded to be *in rerum natura*."

"Phadrick!!!"

"I'm list'nin'!"

"What would you be at then?' says he, carryin' on the controversy: 'haven't you enough o' the world? Haven't you ase an' indepindence, an' susceptibility, an' tergiversation, not to mintion that a fast dinner wid you would make a faste for a layman? Go off wid you,' says he to a fly that was leadin' a

party of pleasure towards his nose, ‘ go long wid you, you sinner, an' don't be timptin' me! The fact or *factum* is, Luther,' says he,"——

" Dinny, thranslate whack'dem for Phadrick."

" Fadher, you're incorrigible. Why *factum's* a fact, an' so is what I'm relatin'. ‘ The fact or *factum* is, Luther,' says he, ‘ that you are anxious to thranslate some honest man's daughter into an *uxor* for yourself. You are,' says he, ‘ you born sconce; an' you're puzzlin'your *pineal gland* how to effectuate the *vinculum matrimonii*.' He was thinkin' too, at the time, of a small taste of a vow—*votum* it is in the larned languages—that he had to dispose of at first cost, because the shabby intintion was in him. But no matther: it was all the same to honest Luther in the Greek.

" ‘ Hould up your anterior countenance,' says he, ‘ an' look yourself straight in the face widout blushin', if you can.' "

" What's the manin' of antlerian countenance, Dinny?"

" It signifies, fadher, that part of the human *caput* upon which the faces of most single-faced gintleman are to be found."

" An' where do thim that have two faces keep the second, Dinny?"

" Did you never hear of the *facies hypocritica*, an' the *facies atra?* The *facies hypocritica* is worn over the *facies atra*, like a mask on a blackmoor. The former, fadher, is for the world in general, an' the latter for private use, when the wearer happens to practise a thrifle in the reflectin' style. These

belong to the double-faced gintlemen. There is a third, called the *facies candida*, which every fool an' knave can look through; but it's not worth washin'. I wouldn't give three sthraws for the *facies candida*. No, no; commend me to the other two."

"Sure they say, Dinny, two heads is betther than one; an' so, of coorse, is two faces."

"Right, fadher. *Saltem recte dixisti.* I'll practise wid both myself, plase the fates."

"Thrath, you will, avick."

"'Well,' the Reformer proceeded, 'Luther, how are we to manage? You're health! in the mean time,' says he, puttin' the dilution to his lips. 'Our best plan, at all evints, is to dhrink upon it. It's a hard subject, an' requires to be softened by the moisture, so as to make it tractable. The fact is,' he went on, 'that you're gettin' frolicsome on my hands—you are, you sinner; and have a tendency to make some honest man's daughter flesh of your flesh, an' bone of your bone, by effectin' the *vinculum*. Isn't that the case, Luther?"

"'Faith, I bleeve so,' said he to himself; 'but I'd give a thrifle to know in what manner I could accomplish the union. However, the fact cannot be denied that I'm runnin' fast into *uxoriety*, an' will marry if the whole Christian world should become champions of abnegation. There's nothin' like a plural life,' says Luther. 'I'll not only live in my own person, but by proxy, as the bishops an' cardinals go to heaven.'

"In this manner was Luther debatin' the subject wid himself, assisted by the dilution, when a grave-

looking man, in the garbage of a monk, walked in to him. He had all the appearance of a steady, sober ecclesiastic; his countenance was what they call a slate-colour — '*vultus slate-colorius*,' as Jugurtha says when giving an account of the transaction to Cornelius Agrippa, the Centurion.

" '*Salve Lutherum*,' says the *peregrinus*; which is, 'good-morrow, Luther.'

" '*Tu sis salvus quoque*,' says Luther, back to him; which is, 'Good-morrow, an' good luck.'

" Phadrick!!"

" I'm listenin'."

" 'Won't you take a sate, brother,' says Luther, 'an' be sated.'

" 'Thank you kindly, brother,' replied the other. They called each other brothers, because the stranger was dressed, as I said, in the garbage of a monk, the vagrant. 'Thank you kindly,' says he; 'an' if you'll allow me, I'll also take a tumbler of Ennishowen,' says he, 'bein' a little warm an' thirsty afther my walk.'

" 'You're as welcome as the flowers o' May,' says Luther, 'to the best in my house. Katty, get another tumbler an' more hot wather, an' place a chair over there on the opposite side o' the table. I'm sorry, brother,' says he, 'that I haven't somethin' betther to offer you; but the thruth is, this bein' a fast day wid me, I had only a cut o' salmon, an' two or three other things, more in the shape of a collation than a dinner—not but that I came undher the exception, an' might have ate meat; for, indeed, I wasn't to say too well to-day. However, I always

think it right to obsarve the rules o' the church, an' to practice macerosity an' timperance. Here's to our betther acquaintance!'

"'Thank you kindly, an' here's ditto,' says the other. 'I'm much of your way o' thinkin' myself,' says he, 'an' think it both clerical an' churchman-like to mortify myself upon turbot, salmon, or any other miserable substitute for a dinner that smacks of penance: though, indeed, like yourself, I wasn't to say well to-day, bein' rather feverish, an' might have practised the exception too.'

"'In that case, then,' said Luther, 'I'll ordher down a couple of fat pullets an' a ham for supper. You know we're commanded to observe hospitality towards God's saints; but in case you have a scruple about the exception, why I'll absolve you, an' you'll absolve me, so that, after all, it won't signify. The thing's as long as it's short,' says Luther. 'Shud orth!' says he, puttin' the dilution to his lips agin.

"'Here's to your best wishes!' says the other. 'Yes, Luther,' says he, with a sigh of devotion: 'there's nothin' like humility an' carnation in a religious ministher. We have weighty duties to perform, an' we ought to see that the practice of self-denial is properly theorized in our own persons, an' its theory reduced to practicality by the hardened laity, who would ate an' dhrink like ourselves, an' encroach upon our other privileges widout remorse, as if they had a right to them. They would ate like bastes, an' dhrink like fishes, Luther, if we allowed them,' says he. 'Here's to you!'

"'They would, the vulgarians,' says Luther. 'Katty,

more hot wather; an', Katty, asthore, put down two of the fattest of them crammed pullets, an' a ham, an' have them ready for supper, an' fetch another bottle of Ennishown; afther which, Katty, we'll give you a dispensation for absence until supper time. Well but, my worthy,' says Luther, 'what's your opinion of clerical affairs in general? Don't you think they're in a bad state?'

"'Not at all,' says the other. 'I think they're just as they ought to be.'

"'I doubt that,' says Luther. 'The infarior clargy are laid undher great restrictions, in quensequence of their poverty. Look at the Cardinals, an' Bishops, an' rich Abbots! Why they've a monopoly of all that the world's good for.'

"'Thrue,' said the *peregrinus*."

"Phadrick!!!"

"I'm list'nin'!"

"'Thrue,' says the *peregrinus*, 'an' my wish is to see that broken down.'

"'An' so is mine,' says Luther. 'They won't allow us infarior clargy to take wives to ourselves, though they're not ashamed to carry comforters about their necks in the open face of day. A poor clerical now can't afford to be licentious, for want o' money.'

"'Thrue; an' I would wish to see it made chape,' says the other, 'if it was only to vex the wealthy.'

"'You know as well as I do,' says Luther, 'that profligacy at present is at an extravagant price. The rich can afford to buy themselves dispensations for a month's or three months' licentiousness, or from a year's to seven years' indulgence, or seven hundred

years', for that matther, if they lay down the cash; but wid us it's different: we can't afford to purchase the right to sin an' threspass, yet we won't be allowed to marry. Now I'm determined to rescue the people an' the dhrudgin' clargy from this tyranny.'

" ' Then you'd wish to see the clargy married, an' dispensations taken away ?'

" ' To be sure I would; an' an interestin' sight it 'ud be, to see the rogues, every man wid a legal doxy undher his arm. I tell you, the *vinculum* must be effected.'

" ' I have no objection to the *vinculum*,' replied the *advena*, ' for it's all the same thing in the end. How do you think it could be brought about ?'

" Luther, who was meditatin' upon the subject at the time, didn't hear him.

" ' I'll hould you a gallon of Roscrea to a gallon of Ennishown,' says the strange monk, ' that I could put you on a plan of havin' them married in scores—ay, in dhroves.'

" ' If you do,' says Luther, ' I'll say you're a cleverer man than I am.'

" ' Do you know much about England ?' says the sthranger.

" ' A thrifle,' says Luther.

" ' Well,' says the other, ' there's Harry the Aighth goin' to put away his wife, an' to take another in her place. Now's your time,' says he, ' strike while the iron's hot. He's at loggerheads wid the Pope an' the church in gineral, an' will defend the right o' marryin' to the last day of his life. Broach the subject now, Luther, an' he's the boy will support it.'

" 'Give me your hand,' says Luther: 'eh, St. Pether! but your palm's burnin'.'

" 'Not at all,' says the other, 'I'm naturally hot; besides, as I said a while ago, I'm a thrifle faverish. Will you take my hint?'

" 'Would a cat take new milk?' says Luther.

" 'Well then,' says the other, 'I'll give you some advice.' "——

" But, Dinny," said the father, " wasn't all the two thieves said about the church lies?"

" Every word of it a lie—as gross as Luther himself. There was no such thing as tyranny, or persecution, or overgrown wealth in the church then, at all. No man 'ud be punished for not thinkin' or spakin' accordin' as the church commanded. The clargy were as mild as lambs, an' didn't lord it over, or trample upon the people, good or bad. If a washerwoman was to summon a bishop for his quarther's washin', he'd attend like any other man, an' pay down the money, if he had it, or if he hadn't, he'd give it to her at half-a-crown a week; so that Luther, the dirty vagrant, had no grounds for makin' sich a schism in the church as he did."

" Phadrick, there's the knowledge!"

" Bedad it bangs!"

" The *advena* thin instructed Luther at a great rate, tellin' him how he'd get on wid his heresy, an' many other things o' that nature. Luther, however, began to feel unasy where he sat. He first put one finger to his nosthril, afther that his thumb to the other, lookin' arnestly at the monk all the time.

" 'I beg your pardon,' says he, 'but maybe you'd

take the other side o' the room ; I think you'd find yourself more comfortable in it. There's a blast o' wind from your side,' says he, ' that's not pleasant, somehow.'

" ' Oh, that 'ud be too much throuble,' says the other : ' I'm very well where I am.'

" ' No throuble in life, to me,' says Luther, ' but the conthrary. I find that I'm no sich theologian as you are ; an' I think it but right that you should keep me at as respectful a distance as possible. I'll thank you to take the other side o' the room, I say ; or indeed, for that matther, if you sat on the outside for some time, it 'ud be as well. A thrifle o' fresh air 'ud sarve us both.'

" ' Why you're too delicate entirely,' said the stranger.

" ' Don't stand on ceremony wid me,' says Luther ; ' you may go out like shot, an' I'll never say ill you did it. St. Pether, what's this at all !'

" He then looked at the monk, an' saw a grim sneer upon his face : his eyes, too, began to blaze, an' a circle of fire played round his head. Another peep undher the table showed Luther the cloven foot, an' a long tail coiled round the chair. Luther, however, was a hardened sinner that there was no puttin' fear into ; so he instantly whipped up the poker that had been stickin' between the bars, an', of coorse, red hot : an' the monk, seein' him about to commence the attack, took the liberty of rethratin' in double quick time.

" ' Ha !' exclaimed Luther, ' there you go, you common vagabone ; but a sweet perfume do you lave behind you !'

"Now, Phadrick, that's the way the Protestant church was invinted by the divil an' Martin Luther. Harry the Aighth, an' his daughther Elizabeth, who was then Queen o' Scotland, both came in an' supported him aftherwards."

"Well, by the livin', Dinny, I dunna where you get all this deep readin'!"

"Sure he gets it all in the Dixonary."

"Bedad, that Dixonary must be a fine book entirely, to thim that can undherstand it."

"But, Dinny, will you tell Phadrick the Case of Conscience atween Barny Branagan's two goats an' Para Ghastha's mare?"

"Fadher, if your were a grammarian I'd castigate your incompatibility as it desarves — I'd lay the scourge o' syntax upon you, as no man ever got it since the invintion o' the nine parts o' speech. By what rule of logic can you say that aither Barny Branagan's goats or Parra Ghastha's mare had a conscience? I tell you it wasn't they had the conscience, but the divine who decided the difficulty. Phadrick, lie down till I illusthrate."

"How is that, Dinny? I can hear you sittin'."

"Lie down, you reptile, or I shall decline the narration altogether."

"Arra, lie down, Phadrick; sure he only wants to show you the rason o' the thing."

"Well, well; I'm down. Now, Dinny, don't let your feet be too larned, if you plase."

"Silence!—*taceto!* you reptile. Now, Phadrick, here, on this side o' you, lies Barny Branagan's field;

an' there, on that side, lies a field of Parra Ghastha's: you're the ditch o' mud betuxt them."

"The ditch o' mud! Faix, that's dacent!"

"Now here, on Barny Branagan's side, feeds Parra Ghastha's mare; an' there, on Parra Ghastha's side, feed Barny Branagan's goats. Do you comprehend? Do you insinuate?"

"I do—I do. Death alive! there's no use in punchin' my sides wid your feet that way."

"Well, get up now an' set your ears."

"Now listen to him, Phadrick!"

"It was one night in winter, when all nature shone in the nocturnal beauty of tenebrosity: the sun had set about three hours before; an', accordin' to the best logicians, there was a dearth of light. It's the general opinion of philosophers—that is, of the soundest o' them—that when the sun is down, the moon an' stars are usually up; an' so they were on the night that I'm narratin' about. The moon was, wid great respect to her character, night-walkin' in the sky; and the stars vegetated in celestial genuflexion around her. Nature, Phadrick, was in great state; the earth was undher our feet, an' the sky above us. The frost, too, was hard, Phadrick, the air keen, an' the grass tendher. All things were enrobed wid verisimilitude an' scrupulosity. In this manner was the terraqueous part of our system, when Parra Ghastha's mare, after havin' taken a cowld collation on Barny Branagan's grass, was returnin' to her master's side o' the merin; an' Barny Branagan's goats, havin' tasted the sweets of Parra

Ghastha's cabbages, were on their way acrass the said merin to their own side. Now it so happened that they met exactly at a narrow gap in the ditch behind Rosha Halpin's house. The goats, bein' coupled together, got one on each of the rift, wid the rope that coupled them extended acrass it. The mare stood in the middle of it, so that the goats were in the way of the mare, an' the mare in the way of the goats. In the mean time they surveyed one another wid great composure, but had neither of them the politeness to stir, until Rosha Halpin came suddenly out, an' emptied a vessel of untransparent wather into the ditch. The mare, who must have been an animal endowed wid great sensibility of soul, stooped her head suddenly at the noise; an' the goats, who were equally sentimental, gave a start from nervishness. The mare, on raisin' her head came in contact wid the cord that united the goats; an' the goats, havin' lost their commandin' position, came in contact wid the neck o' the mare. *Quid multis?* They pulled an' she pulled, an' she pulled an' they pulled, until at length the mare was compelled to practise the virtue of resignation in the ditch, wid the goats about her neck. She died by suspinsion; but the mettlesome ould crathur, wid a love of justice that did her honour, hanged the goats in requital; for they departed this vale of tears on the mountain side along wid her, so that they had the satisfaction of dyin' a social death together.—Now, Phadrick, you quadruped, the case of conscience is, whether Parra Ghastha has a right to make restitution to Barny

Branagan for the loss of his goats, or Barny Branagan to Parra Ghastha for the loss of his mare?"

"Bedad, that's a puzzler!"

"Isn't it, Phadrick? But wait till you hear how he'll clear it up! Do it for Phadrick, Dinny."

"Yis, Phadrick, I'll illusthrate your intellects by divinity. You see, Phadrick, you're to suppose me to be in the chair, as Confessor. Very well—or *valde*, in the larned languages—Parra Ghastha comes to confess to me, an' tells me that Barny Branagan wants to be paid for his goats. I tell him it's a disputed point, an' that the price o' the *goats* must go to the church. On the other hand, Barny Branagan tells me that Parra Ghastha wishes to be paid for his mare. I say again, it's a disputed point, an' that the price o' the *mare* must go to the church—the amount of the proceeds to be applied in prayer towards the benefit of the parties, in the first instance, an' of the faithful in general aftherwards."

"Phadrick!!!"

"Oh, that I may never, but he bates the globe!"

Denny's character is a very common one in the remote parts of Ireland, where knowledge is novelty, and where the slightest tinge of learning is looked upon with such reverence and admiration, as can be properly understood only by those who have an opportunity of witnessing it. Indeed, few circumstances prove the great moral influence which the Irish priesthood possess over the common people more forcibly, than the extraordinary respect paid by the latter to such as are designed for the "mission."

The moment the determination is made, an incipient sanctity begins, as it were, to consecrate the young priest; and a high opinion of his learning and talents to be entertained, no matter how dull he may be, so far as honest nature is concerned. Whatever he says is sure to have some hidden meaning in it, that would be highly edifying, if they themselves understood it. But their own humility comes in here to prop up his talents; and whatsoever perplexity there may be in the sense of what he utters, is immediately attributed to learning altogether beyond *their* depth.

Love of learning is a conspicuous principle in an Irish peasant; and in no instance is it seen to greater advantage, than when the object of it appears in the "makins of a priest." Among all a peasant's good and evil qualities, this is not the least amiable. How his eye will dance in his head with pride, when the young priest thunders out a line of Virgil or Homer, a sentence from Cicero, or a rule from syntax! And with what complacency and affection will the father and relations of such a person, when sitting during a winter evening about the hearth, demand from him a translation of what he repeats, or a grammatical analysis, in which he must show the dependencies and relations of word upon word—the concord, the verb, the mood, the gender, and the case; into every one and all of which the learned youth enters with an air of oracular importance, and a polysyllabicism of language that fails not in confounding them with astonishment and edification. Neither does Paddy

confine himself to Latin or Greek, for his curiosity in hearing a little upon all known branches of human learning is boundless. When a lad is *designed* for the priesthood, he is, as if by a species of intuition, supposed to know more or less of every thing—astronomy, fluxions, Hebrew, Arabic, and the black art, are subjects upon which he is frequently expected to dilate; and vanity scruples not, under the protection of their ignorance, to lead the erudite youth through what they believe to be the highest regions of imagination, or the profoundest depths of science and philosophy.

It is, indeed, in those brilliant moments, when the young priest is launching out in full glory upon some topic of which he knows not a syllable, that it would be a learned luxury to catch him. These flights, however, are very pardonable, when we consider the importance they give him in the eyes of his friends, and reflect upon that lofty and contemptuous pride, and those delectable sensations which the appearance of superior knowledge gives to the pedant, whether raw or trained, high or low, in this profession or the other. It matters little that such a feeling dilates the vanity in proportion to the absence of real knowledge or good sense: it is not real, but affected knowledge we are writing about. Pride is confined to no condition; nor is the juvenile pedantry of a youth upon the hob of an Irish chimney-corner much different from the pride which sits upon the brow of a worthy Lord Mayor, freshly knighted, lolling with strained dignity beside his honourable brother, the

mace, during a city procession; or of a Lady Mayoress, when she reads upon a dead wall her own name flaming in yellow capitals, at the head of a subscription ball; or, what is better still, the contemptuous glance which, while about to open the said ball, her ladyship throws at that poor creature and upstart—the sheriff's wife.

In addition, however, to the enjoyment of this assumption of profound learning which characterises the young priest, a different spirit, considerably more practical, often induces him to hook in other motives. The learning of Denis O'Shaughnessy, for instance, blazed with peculiar lustre whenever he felt himself out at elbows; for the logic with which he was able to prove the connexion between his erudition and a woollen-draper's shop, was, like the ignorance of those who are to be saved, invincible. Whenever his father considered a display of the son's powers in controversy to be *capital*, Denis, who knew the *mollia tempora fandi*, applied to him for a hat. Whenever he drew a heretic, as a person who will be found hereafter without the wedding garment, and clinched the argument with half a dozen quotations from syntax or Greek grammar, he uniformly came down upon the father for a coat, the cloth of which was fine in proportion to the web of logic he wove during the disputation. Whenever he seated himself in the chair of rhetoric, or gave an edifying homily on prayer, with such eloquence as rendered the father's admiration altogether inexpressible, he applied for a pair of small-clothes; and if, in the excursiveness of his vigorous imagination he travelled any where

beyond the bounds of common sense, he was certain to secure a pair of shoes.

This, of course, did not escape the satirical observation of the neighbours, who commented upon the circumstance with that good-humour which renders their mother wit so pleasant and spicy. The scenes where many of these displays took place, varied according to the occurrence of those usual incidents which diversify country life. Sometimes old Denis's hearth was selected; at others, a neighbouring wake-house, and not unfrequently the chapel-green, where, surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners, the young priest and his Latin would succeed in throwing the hedge-schoolmaster and his problems completely into the shade.

The father's pride, on these occasions, always prompted him to become the aggressor; but he only did this to draw out the talents of his son to more advantage. Never was man foiled with less regret than old Denis; nor did ever man more bitterly repent those little touches of vanity, which sometimes induced him, when an opportunity of prostrating Denny arrived, to show what he *could* have done, by giving the son's argument an unexpected brainblow. These accidental defeats always brought the son more than he lost by them; for the father usually made him a peace-offering in the shape of pocket-money, books, or clothes. The great amusement of the peasantry around the chapel-green of a Sunday, was to hear the father and son engaged in argument; and so simple was the character of both, that their acquaintances declared they could know by the state of

young Denis's coat, and the swaggering grasp with which old Denis held his staff, that an encounter was about to take place.

"Young Shaughnessy's gettin' bare," they would observe; "there'il be hard arguin' till he gets the clothes. He's puttin' in for a black coat now, he's so grave. Go on. Denny," they would say again: "more power an' a dacenter sleeve to your elbow. Stick to him!—very good!—that's a clincher!—you're gone beyond the skirts, Denny!—let him pocket that larnin'! Dinis, you're bate, body an' slaves!*—you're no match for the gorsoon, Dinis. Good agin, abouchal!—that's puttin the collar on it!"—And so on, varying the phrase according to the whim of the moment.

Nothing gave the father greater pleasure than these observations, although the affected earnestness with which he encountered the son, and his pretended indignation at those who affirmed him to have been beaten, were highly amusing to the by-standers.

Such discussions were considered highly edifying and instructive by them, and they were sometimes at a loss whether to give the palm of ingenuity and eloquence to the father or Denny. The reader, however, must not suppose that the contemptuous expressions scattered over Denny's rhetorical flourishes, when discussing these points with his father, implied want of reverence or affection—far from it. On the contrary, the father always liked him the better for them, inasmuch as they proved Denny's vast superiority over himself. They were, therefore, only the

* Altogether—completely.

licences and embellishments of discussion, tolerated and encouraged by him to whom they were applied.

Denny at length shot up to the stature of a young man, probably about eighteen; and during the two last years of his school studies, he presented a considerable, if not a decidedly marked change in his character and external appearance. His pride became more haughty, and the consciousness of his learning, and of the influence annexed to the profession for which he was intended, put itself forth with less discussion but more energy. His manners and attitude became constrained; the expression of his face began to darken, and to mould itself into a stiff gloomy formality that was strongly calculated to conceal the natural traits of his character. His dress, too, had undergone a great improvement; for instead of wearing shop blue or brown, he wore good black broad-cloth, had a watch in his fob, a respectable hat, and finer linen.

This change, now necessary in consequence of his semiclerical character, influenced him through every relation of life. His nearest friends, whilst their pride in him increased, fell off to a more respectful distance; and his deportment, so far from being that of the good-humoured Bobadil of polemics and pedantry upon all known and unknown subjects, became silent and solemn, checkered only during the moments of family conviviality by an excessive flow of that pleasant and still incomprehensible learning, for the possession of which he had so honestly earned himself a character. Much of his pedantry was now lopped off, it is true, because the pride of his station

prevented him from entering into discussions with the people. It cost him, however, some trouble to overcome his early tendencies; nor, after all, can it be affirmed that he altogether succeeded in eradicating them. Many a grave shrug, and solemn wink, and formal nod had he to answer for, when his foot touched the debatable land of controversy. Though contrary to the keeping and dignity of his position in life, yet did honest Denny then get desperately significant, and his face amazingly argumentative. Many a pretender has he fairly annihilated by a single smile of contempt that contained more logic than a long argument from another man. In fact, the whole host of rhetorical figures seemed breaking out of his face. By a solitary glance of his eye he could look a man into a dilemma, and practice a *sorites*, or a home-made syllogism, by the various shiftings of his countenance, as clearly as if he had risen to the full flight of his former bombast. He had, in short, a *prima facia* disposition to controversy; his nose was set upon his face in a kind of firm defiance against infidels, heretics, and excommunicated persons; and when it curled with contempt of another, or with pride in the power that slumbered in itself, it seemed to give the face from which it projected, and the world at large, the assurance of a controversialist. Nor did his negative talents rest here: a twist of his mouth to the right or left ear, was nicely shaded away into a negative or affirmative, according as he intended it should be taken; and when he used his pocket-handkerchief, he was certain, though without uttering a syllable, to silence his opponent, so

contemptuously did his intonations rout the arguments brought against him. The significance and force of all these was heightened by the mystery in which they were wrapped; for whenever unbending decorum constrained him to decline the challenges of the ignorant, with whom discussion would now be degradation, what could he do to sooth his vanity, except, as the poet says, with folded arms and a shaking of the head to exclaim—" *Well, well, we know;* or, *we could, an if we would;* or, *if we list to speak;* or, *there be an if they might,*" which left the imaginations of his hearers at liberty to conceive more fully of those powers which his modesty declined exhibiting. For some time before he got absolutely and finally into black, even his father gave up his accustomed argument in despair. The son had become an adept in all the intricacies and obscurities of Latin, and literally overwhelmed the old man with small inundations of that language, which though, like all inundations, rather muddy, yet were they quite sufficient to sweep the worthy veteran before them.

Young Denis O'Shaughnessy was now pretty nearly finished at school, that is to say, almost fit for Maynooth; his studies, though higher, were less assiduous; his leisure was consequently greater; and it is well known, that a person of his character is never asked to work, except it be his own pleasure to labour a day or two, by way of amusement. He might now be seen walking of a warm day along the shady sides of the hedges, with a book in his hand, or stretched listlessly upon the grass, at *study;* or

sauntering about among the neighbouring workmen, with his fore-finger between the leaves of his book, a monument of learning and industry.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Denis, who was an Irishman of eighteen, handsome and well made, could be altogether insensible to female beauty, and the seductive charms of the sex. During his easy saunterings—or, as the Scotch say, "dauner-ings,"—along the roads and about the green hedges, it often happened that he met a neighbour's daughter; and Denis, who, as a young gentleman of breeding, was bound to be courteous, could not do less than accost her with becoming urbanity.

"Good mornin', Miss Norah," we will suppose him to say, when meeting a good-looking, arch girl of his acquaintance.

"Good morrow, Mr. O'Shaughnessy. I hope you're well, Sir?"

"Indeed I am, at present, in superlatively eccle-siastical health, Miss Norah. I hope all *your* family are well?"

"All very well, I thank you, Sir, barrin' myself."

"An' pray what's the matther wid you, Miss Norah? I hope" (with an exceeding grave but complacent smile) "you're not affected wid the amorous passion of love?"

"Oh, that 'ud be tellin', Mr. O'Shaughnessy! But supposin' I am, what ought I to do?"

"That's really a profound question, Miss Norah. But though I cannot tell you what to do, I can tell you what I think."

"An' what is that, Sir?"

"Why, Miss Norah, that he who is so beatified as to secure you in the matrimonial paction—*compactum* it is in the larned languages—in other words—to condescend to your capacity—he who is married to you will be a happy man. There is a juvenility about your eyes, and an efflorescence of amaranthine odoriferousness about your cheeks and breath, that are enough to communicate the centrifugal motion to any brain adorned with the slightest modicum of sentiment."

"He who marries me will be a happy man!" she exclaimed, repeating his expressions, probably because they were the only words she understood. "I hope so, Misther O'Shaughnessy. But, sure enough, who'd expect to hear sich soft talk from the makins of a priest! Very well, Sir! Upon my word I'll be tellin' Father Finnerty that you do be spakin' up to the girls!—Now!!"

"No, no, Miss Norah; you wouldn't do that merely for my sayin' that you're the handsomest girl in the parish. Father Finnerty himself might say as much, for it would be nothing but veracity—nothing but truth, Miss Norah."

"Ay! but he wouldn't be pattin' me on the cheek! Be asy, Mr. O'Shaughnessy; there's Darby Brady lookin' at you, an' he'll be tellin'!"

"Where?" said Denis, starting.

The girl replied only by an arch laugh.

"Upon my classicallity, Miss Norah, you're a rogue; there's nobody lookin', you seraphim!"

"Then there's a pair of us rogues, Misther Dinis."

"No, no, Miss Norah; I was only feeling your

cheek as a philosophical experiment. Philosophers often do it, in order to make out an hypothesis. They call it in Scotland *feelosophy*."

"Misther Dinis, if I'm not marrid till you're a priest, won't you say the words for me for nothing?"

"So long as you ask it wid such a brilliant smile, Miss Norah, do you think that any educated young man, who has read about beauty an' sentimentality in books, could refuse you? But you know, Miss Norah, that the clergyman who marries a couple has always the right of kissin' the bride. Now I wouldn't claim my right *then;* but it might be possible by a present compromise to—to——. What would you think, for instance, to give me that *now?*"

"To give you what?"

"Why the —— indeed it's but a slight recompense, the—k—the salutation—the kiss. You know what tasting the head means?"

"Faix, Misther Dinis, you're a great rogue. Who'd think it indeed? Sure enough, they say smooth wather runs deep! Why one 'ud suppose butther wouldn't melt in your mouth to look at you; an' yet you want to be toyin' wid the girls! Indeed an' faix, it's a great shame for the likes o' you, that's bint on Maynooth, to be thinkin' of coortin' at all. But wait! Upon my word, I'll have a fine story agin you, plase goodness!"

This latter threat the mischievous girl threw out with a grave face, in order to bring Denis into a more ridiculous dilemma; for she saw clearly that he laboured under a heavy struggle between timidity and gallantry. The *ruse* succeeded. Denis immediately

changed his tone, and composed his face into a grave admonitory aspect, nearly equal to a homily on pru dence and good conduct.

" Miss Norah," said he, " perhaps I acted wrong in carrying my trial of your disposition too far. It's a thing, however, which we who are intended for the church are ordered to do, that we may be able to make out what are called in this very book you see wid me, *cases of conscience.* But the task is now over, Miss Norah ; and in requital, for your extrame good nature, I am bound to administer to you a slight lecture on decorum.

" In the first place, attend your duties regularly. I will soon be goin' to Maynooth ; an' as you are one of the girls for whom I have the greatest regard, I will expect on my return to hear a good account of you. It is possible that you will be introduced in my absence to the honours of matrimony ; but even so, I know that peace, an' taciturnity, an' submission will be your most signal qualifications. You will then be in a situation equal to that of a Roman matron. As for us, Miss Norah, we are subject to the dilapidations of occasional elevation. The ambrosia of sentiment lies in our path. We care not for the terrestrialities of life, when separated from the great principle of the poet—

' Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'

That's Hebrew, Miss Norah !"

" They say you know a power of larnin', Misther Dinis."

" Yes, I know the seven languages ; but what is

all that compared to the cardinal virtues? This world is a mere bird of passage, Miss Norah; and it behoves us to be ever on the wing for futurity and premeditation. Now will you remember the excellent moral advice I have given you?"

"Indeed I will, Sir," replied the roguish minx, tripping away, "particularly that you promised to marry me for nothin', if I'd give you a kiss!"

"Give up every thing like levity, Miss Norah. Attend your du"——

"You're a fool, Misther O'Shaughnessy! Why didn't you take the kiss, an' spare the king's English?"

On making this observation she redoubled her pace, and left Denis now perfectly sensible that he was a proper subject for her mirth. He turned about, and called after her.—

"Had I known that you were only in jocosity, Miss Norah, upon my classicality I'd have given you the k——."

He now perceived that she was beyond hearing, and that it was unnecessary to finish the sentence.

These accidental meetings between Denis and the pretty daughters of the neighbouring farmers, were, somehow, very frequent. Our hero, however, was always extremely judicious in tempering his gallantry and moral advice to his young female acquaintances. In the beginning of the conversation he was sly and complimentary, afterwards he became more insinuating, then more direct in his praises of their beauty; but as his timidity on the point of character was known, the mischief-loving girls uniformly ended

with a threat of exposing him to the priest, to his friends, or to the neighbours, as the whim directed them. This brought him back to his morality again; he immediately commenced an exhortation touching their religious duties, thus hoping to cover by a trait more becoming his future destination, the little harmless *badinage* in which he had indulged

The girls themselves frequently made him the topic of conversation, a proof that he was not altogether indifferent to them. In these little conclaves he came very well off. Among them all it was admitted, "that there was a rogue in his coat;" but this was by no means uttered in a tone of voice that betrayed any disrelish to him. On the contrary, they often said—and many of them with an involuntary sigh—that "he was too purty to be made a priest of;" others, that "it was a pity to make a priest of so fine a young man;" others, again, that "if he must be a priest, the colleens would be all flockin' to hear his sarmons." There was one, however, among them who never mentioned him either in praise or censure; but the rapid changes of her expressive countenance gave strong indications to an observing eye, that his name, person, and future prospects were capable of exciting a deep and intense interest in her heart.

At length he began to appear on horseback; and as he had hitherto been in the habit of taking that exercise bare-backed, so he was resolved to get into a saddle, and ride like a gentleman. Henceforth he might be seen mounted upon one of his father's horses, quite erect, and with but one spur, which was,

in fact, the only spur, except the whiskey bottle, that had been in the family for three generations. This was used, he declared, for no other purpose in life than that of stimulating the animal to the true clerical trot.

From the moment he became a mounted man, he assumed an air of less equivocal command in the family; and not only to his own relations was this authority manifested, but to his more distant acquaintances, and, in short, to the whole parish. The people now began to touch their hats to him, which act of respect he returned as much in imitation of the parish priest as possible. They also began to ask him what o'clock it was, and Denis, with a peculiar condescension, balanced still with becoming dignity, stopped, pulled out his watch, and told the hour, after which he held it for a few seconds to his ear with an experienced air, then put it in a dignified manner in his fob, touched the horse with the solitary spur, put himself more erect, and proceeded with — as he himself used to say, when condemning the pride of the curate—" all the lordliness of the parochial priest."

The notions which the peasantry entertain of a priest's learning are as extravagant as they are amusing, and such, indeed, as would be too much for the pedantic vanity inseparable from a half-educated man to disclaim. The people are sufficiently reasonable, however, to admit gradations in the extent of knowledge acquired by their pastors; but some of the figures and illustrations which they use in estimating their comparative merits are highly ludicrous.

I remember a young man, who, at the age of twenty-two, set about preparing himself for the church. He lived in the bosom of a mountain, whose rugged breast he cultivated with a strength proportioned to the difficulty of subduing it. He was a powerful young fellow, quiet and inoffensive in his manners, and possessed of great natural talents. It was upon a Monday morning, in the month of June, that the school-room door opened a foot and a half wider than usual, and a huge colossal figure stalked in, with a kind of bashful laugh upon his countenance, as if conscious of the disproportion betwixt his immense size and that of the other schoolboys. His figure, without a syllable of exaggeration, was precisely such as I am about to describe. His height six feet, his shoulders of an enormous breadth, his head red as fire; his body-coat made after the manner of his grandfather's—the skirts of it being near his heels—and the buttons behind little less than eighteen inches asunder. The pockets were cut so low, that when he stretched his arm to its full length, his fingers could not get further than the flaps; the breast of it was about nine inches longer than was necessary, so that when he buttoned it, he appeared all body. He wore no cravat, nor was his shirt collar either pinned or buttoned, but lay open as if to disclose an immense neck and chest scorched by the sun into a rich and healthy scarlet. His chin was covered with a *sole* of red dry bristles that appeared to have been clipped about a fortnight before; and as he wore neither shoe nor stocking, he exhibited a pair of legs to which Rob Roy's were drumsticks. They gave proof of

powerful strength, and the thick *fell* of bristly hair with which they were covered, argued an amazing hardihood of constitution and tremendous physical energy.

"Sure, Masther, I'm comin' to school to you!" were the first words he uttered.

Now there ran beneath the master's solemnity of manner, a broad but shallow under-current of humour which agreed but poorly with his pompous display of learning. On this occasion his struggle to retain the grave and overcome the ludicrous, was unavailing. The startling fact thus uncouthly announced by so grotesque a candidate for classical knowledge, occasioned him to receive the intelligence with more mirth than was consistent with good breeding. His pupils, too, who were hitherto afraid to laugh aloud, on observing his countenance dilate into an expression of laughter which he could not conceal, made the roof of the house ring with their mirth.

"Silence, gintlemen!" said he, "*legite*, *perlegite*, *et relegite*—study, gintlemen, study—pluck the tree of knowledge, I say, while the fruit is in season. Denny Shaughnessy, what are you facetious for? *Quid rides*, *Dionysi?* And so, Pether—is Pether your pronomen—*quo nomine gowdes?* Silence, boys!—perhaps he was at Latin before, and we'll try him—*quo nomine gowdes*, *Pethre?*"

A stare of awkward perplexity was the only reply he could get from the colossus he addressed.

"And so you're fished up from the Streights at last, Pether?"

" Sir, my name's not Pether. My father's name is Paddy Doorish, but my own is Franky. I was born in Lisnagh; but we lived double as long as I can mind in the Mountain Bar."

" And, Franky, what put Latin into your head?"

" There was no Latin put into my head; I'm comin' to you for that."

" And, you graceful sprig of juvenility, have you the conscience to think that I'd undhertake to fill what you carry on your showlders on the same terms that I'd take for replenishing the head of a rasonable youth? Would you be so unjust in all the principles of correct erudition as to expect that, my worthy man-mountain?"

" I don't expect it," said Frank; " all that's in your head wouldn't fill a corner of mine, if you go accordin' to size; but I'll *pay* you for tachin' me as much as you know yourself, an' the more I larn the less pains you'll have wid me."

Franky, however, made an amazing progress—so very rapid, indeed, that in about three years after that day he found himself in Maynooth, and in three years more was an active curate, to whom that very teacher appeared as slavishly submissive as if he had never ridiculed his vulgarity or ungainly dimensions. Poor Frank, however, in consequence of the rapid progress he made, and of the very short interval which elapsed from the period of his commencing Latin until that of his ordination, was assigned by the people the lowest grade in learning. The term used to designate the rank which they supposed him to hold, was both humorous and expressive.

"Franky," they would say, "is no *finished* priest in the larnin'; *he's but a scowdher.*"

Now a *scowdher* is an oaten cake laid upon a pair of tongs placed over the *greeshaugh*, or embers, that are spread out for the purpose of baking it. In a few minutes the side first laid down is scorched: it is then turned, and the other side is also scorched; so that it has the appearance of being baked, though it is actually quite raw within. It is a homely, but an exceedingly apt illustration, when applied to such men as Frank.

"Poor Frank," they would observe, "is but a *scowdher*—the sign of the tongs—No. 11, is upon him; so that it is asy known he never was laid to the *muddha arran*,"*—that is to say, properly baked—or duly and thoroughly educated.

Denis, however, to resume more directly the thread of our narrative, on finding himself mounted, took an inveterate prejudice against walking. There was something, he thought, far more dignified in riding than in pacing slowly upon the earth, like a common man who had not the justification of Latin and Greek for becoming an equestrian. Besides this accomplishment, there were also many other habits to be broken off, and more genteel ones to be adopted in their place. These were all suggested by his rising pride; and, in sooth, they smacked strongly of that

* The *Muddha Arran* is literally "the bread stick," a term in opposition to the *scowdher*. It is a forked stick with three legs, that stands opposite the fire, and supports the cake, which is placed on the edge until it is gradually baked. The *scowdher* is, for the most part, made in cases of hurry.

adroitness with which the Irish priest, and every priest, contrives to accomplish the purpose of feeding well through the ostensible medium of a different motive.

He accordingly took his father aside one morning, after he had eaten a more meagre breakfast than usual, and, after licking his lips, addressed him in these words:—

"I think, father, that upon considerating the consequence to which I am now entitled, and the degree of respectability which, in my own person—*in propria persona*—I communicate to the vulgarians with whom I am connected—I call them vulgarians from no derogatory motive; but you will concede yourself, that they are ignorant of the larned languages, an' consequently, though dacent enough, still in reference to Latin an' Greek, but vulgarians. Well! *Quid multis?*—I say, that taking all these things into speculation, looking at them—*veluti in speculum*—it is neither dacent nor becoming that I should ate in the manner I have done, as vulgarly as themselves—that I should ate, I say, any longer without knife and fork. Neither, I announce, shall I in future drink my milk any longer, as I have, with all humility, done hitherto, out of a noggin; nor continue to disrobe my potatoes any longer without a becoming instrument. I must also have better viands to consume. You are not to be informed that I am in that situation of life, in which, from my education and other accomplishments, I must be estimated as duly qualified to ate beef and mutton instead of bacon, an' to have my *tay* breakfast instead of stirabout,

which, in polite society, is designated *porridge*. You know yourself, and must acknowledge, that I'm soon likely to confer distinction and pre-eminence upon the poor illiterate, but honest creatures, with whom I am associated in the bonds of blood-relationship. If I were a dunce, or a booby, or a leather-head, the case might be different; but you yourself are well acquainted with my talents at logic and conthroversy; an' I have sound rasons and good authority, which I could quote, if necessary, for proving that nothing increases the weight of the brain, and accelerates to gravity and solidity more than good feeding. Pay attention, therefore to my words, for I expect that they will be duly observed:—buy me a knife and fork; and when I get them, it's not to lay them past to rust, you consave. The beef and mutton must follow; and in future I'm resolved to have my *tay* breakfast. There are geese, and turkeys, and pullets enough about the yard, and I am bent on accomplishing myself in the art of carving them. I'm not the man now to be placed among the other riff-raff of the family over a basket of potatoes, wid a black clerical coat upon me, and a noggin of milk under my arm! I tell you the system must be changed: the schoolmaster is abroad, and I'll tolerate such vulgarity no longer. Now saddle the horse till I ride across the bog to Pether Rafferty's Station, where I'm to sarve mass: plase heaven, I'll soon be able to say one myself, and give you all a lift in spirituals—ehem!"

"Throth, Dinny, I b'lieve you're right, avick; and"——

"*Vick* me no longer, father—that's another thing I forgot. It's full time that I should be *sirred;* and if my own relations won't call me *Sir* instead of Dinny, it's hardly to be expected that strangers will do it. I wish to Goodness you had never stigmatized me wid so vulgar an epithet as Dinny. The proper word is Dionysius; and, in future, I'll expect to be called Misther Dionysius."

"Sure, I or your mother needn't be *sirrin'* you, Dinny?"

"I haven't made up my mind as to whether I'll demand that proof of my respectability from you and my mother, or not; but on this I'm immovable, that instead of Dinny, you must, as I said, designate me Dionysius."

"Well, well, avourneen, I suppose only it's right you wouldn't be axin' us; but I'm sure your poor mother will never be able to get her tongue about Dionnisis, it's so long and larned a word."

"It *is* a larned word, no doubt; but she must persevere until she's able to masther it. I wouldn't for three tenpennies that the priest would hear one of you call me Dinny; it would degradate me very much in his estimation. At all events, if my mother cannot manage the orthography of Dionysius, let it be Denis, or any thing but that signature of vulgarity, Dinny. Now, father, you won't neglect to revale what I've ordered to the family."

"No, indeed, I will not, avick—I mane Dionnisis, avourneen—I'll tell them every thing as you ordhered, but as to Dionnisis, I'm cock sure that poor Mave will never be able to get her ould tongue about so

new-fangled a piece of larnin' as that is. Well, well, this knowledge bates the world!"

When the horse was saddled, and Dionysius on his way with all due pomp to the station, old Denis broke the matter to his wife.

"Mave, achora," said he, "I have sthrange news to tell you: sure Dionnisis is goin' to make himself a gintleman."

"Sure what?"

"Dionnisis, our son Dionnisis, is goin' to make himself a gintleman; he'll ate no longer widout a knife and fork."

"Saints about us," exclaimed Mave, rising and looking with alarm into her husband's face—"saints about us, Denis, what is't ails you? Sure there would be nothin' wrong wid you about the head, Denis? or may be it's a touch of a faver you've got, out riddling that corn bare-headed, yistherday? I remimber the time my aunt Bridget tuck the scarlet faver, she begun to rave and spake foolish in the same way."

"Why, woman, if your aunt Bridget had a faver made up of all the colours in the rainbow, I tell you I'm spakin' sinse! Our son Dionnisis proved himself a gintleman out in the garden wid me about an hour ago."

"I suppose so, Denis," she replied, humouring him, for she was still doubly convinced that he laboured under some incipient malady, if not under actual insanity; "an' what son is *this*, Dinny? I've never heard of *him* before."

"Our son Denis, woman alive. You must know

he's not to be called Dinny or Dinis any more, but Dionnisis; he's to begin atin' wid a knife an' fork to-morrow; we must get him beef and mutton, an' a tay breakfast. He says it's not fair play in any one that's so deep read in the larnin' as he is, to ate like a vulgarian, or to peel his phaties wid his fingers, an' him knows so much Latin an' Greek; an' my sowl to happiness but he'll stick to the gintlemanly way of livin', so far as the beef, an' mutton, an' tay is consarned."

"He will! An', Dinis Shaughnessy, who has a betther right to turn gintleman, nor the gorsoon that studied for that? Isn't it proud you ought to be that he has the spirit to think of sich things?"

"I'll engage, Mave, on that point you'll find him spirited enough; for my part I don't begrudge him what he wants, but I heard the people say, that no man's a gintleman who's not *College-bred*, and you know he's not that yet."

"You forget that he has gentle blood in his veins, Denis. There was a day, when my family, the Magennises, held their heads up; and Kolumkill says that the same time is to come back agin to all the ould families. Who knows if it's altogether from *himself* he's takin' to the beef an' mutton, but from *prophecy;* he knows what he's about, I'll warrant him. For our part, it's not right for us to cross him in it; it's for the good of the church, no doubt, an' we might lose more by a *blast* upon the corn or the cattle, than he'd ate the other way. That's my dhrame out that I had last night about him. I thought we were all *gother* somewhere that I can't

rightly remimber; but anyhow there was a great *sight* of people in it, an' high doins goin' an in the atin' way. I looked about me, an' seen ever so many priests dressed all like the Protestant clargy; our Dinis was at the head of them, wid a three-cocked hat, an' a wig upon him; he was cuttin' up beef an' mutton at the rate of a weddin', an' dhrinkin' wine in metherfuls.

" 'Musha, Dinis,' says myself, 'what's all this for?'

" 'Why,' says he, 'it's all for the good of the church an' the faithful. I'm now Archbishop of the county,' says he, 'the Protestants are all banished, an' we are in their place.

" The sorra one o' myself all this time but thought he was a priest still; so says I, 'Dinny, you're a wantin' to anoint Paddy Diarmud, who's given over, an' if you don't make haste you won't *overtake* him?'

" 'He must wait then till mornin',' says Dinny, 'or if he chooses to die against my will, an' the will o' the church, let him take the quensequences. We're wealthy now.'

" I was so much frightened at the kind of voice that he spoke to me in, that I awoke; an' sure enough, the first thing I heard was the fizzin' o' bacon on the pan. I wondered who could be up so early, an' puttin' my head through the door, there was Dinny busy at it, wid an ould knife in one hand, an' an iron skiver in the other, imitatin' a fork.

" 'What are you doin' so early, Dinny?' says I.

" 'I'm practisin',' says he.

" 'What for?' says I.

" ' Oh, I'm practisin',' says he, back again, ' go to bed; I'm practisin' for the church, an' the Station that's to be in Pether Rafferty's to-day.'

" Now, Dinny, between you an' me, that dhrame didn't come for nothin'. So give the gorsoon his way, an' if he chooses to be a gintleman, why let him; he'll be the more honour to thim that reared him."

" Thrue for you, indeed, Mave; he always had a high spirit ever since he was intinded for the *robes*, and would have his own way and will in whatever he took into his head, right or wrong, as cleverly as if he had the authority for it."

" An' so he ought, seein' he wasn't to be slavin' at the spade, like the rest o' the family. The ways o' them that have great larnin' as he has, isn't like other people's ways—they must be humoured, and have their own will, otherwise what 'ud they be bether than their neighbours."

The other arrangements laid down by Denis, touching his determination not to be addressed so familiarly by his brothers and sisters, were next discussed in this conversation, and of course, the same prejudice in his favour was manifested by his indulgent parents. The whole code of his injunctions was subsequently disclosed to the family in all its extent and rigour. Some of them heard it with surprise, and others with that kind of dogged indignation evinced by those who are in some degree prepared for the nature of the communication about to be laid before them. Altogether the circumstances in which it placed them were peculiar and embarrassing. The

Irish peasant can seldom bear to have the tenderness of domestic affection tampered with, whether from pride, caprice, or any other motive not related to his prejudices. In this instance the strongest feelings of the O'Shaughnessys were brunted, as it were in hostile array against each other; and although the moral force on each side was nearly equal, still the painful revulsion produced by Denis's pride, as undervaluing their affection, and substituting the cold forms of artificial life for the warmth of honest hearts like theirs, was, in the first burst of natural fervour, strongly, and somewhat indignantly expressed.

Denis had been their pride, the privileged person among them—the individual whose talents were to throw lustre upon a nameless and unknown family; the future priest—the embryo preacher of eminence—the resistless controversialist—the holy father confessor—and perhaps, for with that vivacity of imagination peculiar to the Irish, they could scarcely limit his exaltation—perhaps the bishop of a whole diocese. Had not the Lord Primate himself been the son of as humble a man? "And who knows," said his youngest and fairest sister, who of all the family was most devoted to him, "but Dinny might yet be a primate?" And as she spoke, the tear of affection, pride, and enthusiasm glistened in her eye. Denis, therefore, had been much, even in his youth, to their simple hearts, and far more to their hopes and expectations, than he was in all the pride of his petty polemics; but when he, before whose merits, both real and imaginary, every heart among them bowed as before the shrine of a tutelar saint, turned

round, ere the destined eminence he aimed at was half attained, and laid upon their fervent affection the icy chain of pride and worldly etiquette—the act was felt keenly and unexpectedly as the acute spasm of some sudden malady.

The father and mother, however, both defended him with great warmth; and by placing his motives in that point of view which agreed best with their children's prejudices, they eventually succeeded in reconciling his brothers and sisters in some degree to the necessity of adopting the phraseology he proposed —that they might treat him with suitable respect in the eye of the world.

"It's proud of him we ought to be," said his father, "and delighted that he has sich a risin' spirit; an' sure the more respect is paid to him, the greater credit he will be to ourselves."

"But, sure he has no right," said his eldest brother, "to be settin' up for a gintleman till he's priested. I'm willin' enough to *Sir* him, only that it cuts me more than I'll say, to think that I must be callin' the boy that I'd spill the last dhrop of my blood for, afther the manner of a sthranger; and besides," he added, "I'm not clear but the neighbours will be passin' remarks upon us, as they did when you and he used to be arguin'."

"I'd like to see them that 'ud turn it into a joke," said his father; "I would let them know that Dinis O'Shaughnessy's dog is neither to be made or meddled wid in a disrespectful manner, let alone his son. We are not widout friends and connections that 'ud take our quarrel upon them in his defince, if

there was a needcessity for it; but there will not, for didn't my heart lep the other day to my throat wid delight, when I saw Larry Neil put his hand to his hat to him, comin' up the Esker upon the mare; and may I never do an ill turn, if he didn't answer the bow to Larry, as if he was the priest of the parish already. It's the wondher of the world how he picks up a jinteel thing any how, an' ever did, since he was the hoith o' that."

"Why," said the mother, "what a norration yees rise about thratin' the boy as every one like him ought to be thrated. Wait till ye see him a parish priest, and then ye'll be comin' round him to get your daughters to keep house for him, and your sons edicated and made priests of; but now that the child takes a ginteel relish for beef and mutton, and wants to be respected, yees are mane an' low spirited enough to grumble about it."

"No, mother," said his youngest sister, bursting into tears, "I'd beg it for him, sooner nor he should want; but I can't bear to be callin' my brother Dinny —*Sir*—like a stranger. It looks as if *I* didn't love him, or as if *he* was forgettin' us, or carin' less about us nor he used to do."

This, in fact, was the root and ground of the opposition which Denis's plan received at the hands of his relations; it repressed the cordial and affectionate intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between them; but the pride of life and, what is more, the pride of an office which ought always to be associated with humility, had got into his heart; the vanity of learning, too, thin and shallow though it was, inflated

him; and the effect of both was a gradual induration of feeling—an habitual sense of his own importance, and a notion of supreme contempt for all who were more ignorant than himself.

After the first impression of pain and mortification had passed away from the minds of his brothers and sisters, it was, however, unanimously admitted that he was right, and ere long, no other feeling than one of good humour mingled with drollery, could be perceived among them. They were clearly convinced, that he claimed no more from strangers than was due to him; but they certainly were not prepared to hear that he had brought the exaction of personal respect, so completely and unexpectedly home to themselves as he had done. The thing, too, along with being unreasonable, was awkward and embarrassing in the extreme; for there is a kind of feeling among brothers and sisters, which, though it cannot be described, is very trying to their delicacy and shamefacedness under circumstances of a similar nature. In humble life you will see a married woman who cannot call her husband after his Christian name; or a husband, who, from some extraordinary restraint, cannot address his wife, except in that distant manner which the principle I allude to dictates, and habit confirms.

Denis, however, had overcome this modesty, and felt not a whit too shamefaced to arrogate to his own learning and character, the most unhesitating manifestation of their deference and respect, and they soon scrupled not to pay it.

The night of that evening was pretty far advanced, when a neighbour's son, named Condy Callaghan,

came to inform the family, that Denis, when crossing the bog on his way home, had rode into a swamp, from which he found much difficulty in extricating himself, but added, "the mare is sunk to the saddle-skirts, and cannot get out widout men and ropes." In a short time a sufficient number of the neighbours were summoned together, and proceeded to the animal's relief. Denny's importance, as well as his black dress, was miserably tarnished; he stood, however, with as dignified an air as possible, and in a bombastic style, proceeded to direct the men as to the best manner of relieving her.

"Asy, Dinny," said his brother, with a good humoured but significant smile—"larning may be very good in its place; in the mane time, lave the business in our hands rather than in your own head—or if you have e'er a scrap of Greek or Latin that 'ud charm ould Sobersides out, where was the use of sendin' for help?"

"I say," replied Denis, highly offended, "I'll not tolerate vulgarity any longer; you must *larn* to address me in a more polite style. If the animal—that purblind quadruped—walked into the mire, by what logic can you produce an association between her blindness and my knowledge of Latin and Greek? But why do I degradate my own consequence by declaiming to you a eulogium upon logic? It's only throwing pearls before swine."

"I didn't mane to offind you," replied the warm-hearted brother; "I meant you no offince in what I said, so don't take it ill—we'll have Sobersides out in

no time—and barrin an' extra rubbin' down to both of you, neither will be the worse, I hope."

"As to what you hope or despair, Brian, it could produce no other impression on the subtilty of my fancy, than pity for the man who could compare me —considering the brilliancy of my career, and the extent of my future speculations—to a quadruped like Sobersides, by asserting that I, as well as she, ought to be *rubbed down!* And were it not that I confront the offince with your own ignorance, I would expose you before the townland in which we stand; ay, to the whole parish—but I spare you, out of respect to my own consequence."

"I ax your pardon," said the brother, "I won't offind you in the same way again. What I said, I said to you as I thought a brother might—I ax your pardon!"

There was a slight agitation approaching to a tremour in his brother's voice that betokened sorrow for his own impropriety in too familiarly addressing Denis, and perhaps regret that so slight and inoffensive a jest should have been so harshly received in the presence of strangers, by a brother who had in reality been his idol. He reflected upon the conversation held on that morning in the family, touching Denny's prerogative in claiming a new and more deferential deportment from them all; and he could not help feeling that there was in it a violation of some natural principle long sacred to his heart. But the all-pervading and indefinite awe felt for that sacerdotal character into which his brother was about to

enter, subdued all, and reconciled him to those inroads upon violated nature, despite her own voice, loudly expressed as it was in his bosom.

When the family was once more assembled that night, Denis addressed them in a tone, which implied that the *odium theologicum* had not prevented the contrition expressed by his brother from altogether effacing from his mind the traces of his offence.

" Unworthy of respect," he proceeded, " as it appears by some of my relations I am held," and he glanced at his brother, " yet I beg permission to state, that our worthy parochial priest, or I should rather say, the Catholic Rector of this parish, is of a somewhat different habit of thought or contemplation. I dined with him to-day—ehem—dined with him upon an excellent joint of mutton—I say, father — the *mutton* was good—and with his proud pertinacious curate, whom I do not at all relish; whether, as Homer says—I enumerate his scurrilous satire, or his derogatory insinuations. His parochial pastor and spiritual superior is a gentleman, or as Horace says *homo factus ad unguem*—which is paraphrastically—every inch a gentleman—or more literally a gentleman to the tops of his fingers—ehem—hem—down to the very nails—as it were.

" Well—having discussed that—*observatis observandis*, *quoad sacerdotem*—having passed my eulogium upon Father Finnerty—upon my word and credit though, punch is *prima facie* drink—and father, that brings me to remember an omission which I committed in my dialogue with you this morning. I forgot to say, that after my dinner, in the manner I

expounded to you, it will be necessary to have a tumbler of punch—for as Father Finnerty says, there is nothing which so effectually promotes the organs of digestion. Now, my introduction of *this*, in the middle of my narrative, is what the hypercritics call a *Parenthesis*, which certainly betrays no superficial portion of literary perusal on my part, if you could at all but understand it as well as Father Finnerty, our worthy parochial incumbent does. As for the curate, should I ever come to authority in the Irish hierarchy, I shall be strongly disposed to discountenance him; if it were only for his general superciliousness of conduct. So there's another clause disposed of.

"Well—to proceed—I say I have intelligence regarding myself, that will be by no means unsavoury to you all. Father Finnerty and I had, about an hour before dinner this day, a long and tedious conversation, the substance of which was my future celebrity in the church. He has a claim on the Bishop, which he stated to me will be exercised in my favour, although there are several candidates for it in this parish, not one of whom, however, is within forty-five degrees of being so well qualified for college as myself. Father, is there not a jar—an *amphora*—as that celebrated satirist, Juvenal, has it—an *amphora*—in the chimly-brace, filled with liquor—get it, and let us inter animosity—I'll not be long a member of the domestic circle with you—so, upon the basis of the communication I have to make, let us, as I said, become sextons to animosity and care. 'Dionysius,' said Father Finnerty, addressing me, which shows, at all events, that I am not so unim-

portant as some of my friends would suppose—'*Dionysius*,' said he *inter nos*—'between you and me, I believe I have it in my power to send up a candidate to Maynooth. 'Tis true, I never make a promise—*nunquam facio votum*, except in certain cases, or in other words, Dionysius, *exceptis excipiendis*—in which is the *essence*, as it were, of a proper vow.' In the mean time he proceeded—'With regard to your prospects in the church, I can only say in the first place, and I say it with much truth and sincerity—*that I'm badly off for a horse;* that, however, is, as I said, *inter nos—sub sigillo*. The old *garran* I have is fairly worn out—and, not that I say it, your father has as pretty a colt as there is within the bounds—*intra terminos parochii mei*, within the two ends of my parish: *verbum sat*—which is, I'm sure you are a sensible and discreet young man. Your father, Dionysius, is a parishioner, whom I regard and esteem to the highest degree of comparison, and you will be pleased to report my eulogium to himself and to his dacent family—and proud may they be of having so brilliant a youth among them as you are—ehem!"

"Now, you may all think that this was plain conversation; but I had read too much for that. In fact, it was *logic*—complate, convincing logic, every word of it. So I responded to him in what is called in the books, the *argumentum ad crumenam;* although I question but it ought to be designated here the *argumentum ad bestiam*. Said I, 'Father Finnerty, the colt, my paternal property, which you are pleased to eulogize so highly, is a good one; it was

designed for myself when I should come out on the mission; however I will undertake to say, if you get me into Maynooth, that my father on my authority will *lend* you the colt to-morrow, and the day of his claiming it will be dependent upon the fulfilment of your promise, or *votum*.'

" *Signatum et sigillatum est*,'—said he, for indeed the best part of the discussion was conducted in Latin; ' and now,' he continued, ' my excellent Dionysius, nothing remains but that the colt be presented'——

——" ' Lent,' I responded, correcting him, you see, even although he was the priest—' *lent*,' said I, ' and your Reverence will be good enough to give the *votum* before one or two of my friends.'

He looked at me sharply, not expecting to find such deep logic in one he conjectured to be but a *tyro*.

" ' You will be a useful man in the church,' he added, ' and you deserve to be pushed on at all events. In the mean time, tell your father that I'll ride up and breakfast with him to-morrow, and he can have a friend or two to talk over the *compactum*.'

" So father, there's the state of the question at present, the accomplishment of the condition is dependent upon yourself."

My readers may perceive that Denis, although a pedant, was not a fool. It has been said that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre;* but I think the truth of the sentiment contained in that saying is questionable. Denis, on the contrary, was no where so great a man as in his own chimney-corner, surrounded by his family. It was there he was learned,

accomplished, profound; next to that he was great among those who, although not prejudiced in his favour by the bonds of affection, were too ignorant to discover those literary pranks which he played off, because he knew he could do so without detection. The basis, however, of his character was shrewd humour and good sense; and even at the stage of life which we have just described, it might have been evident to a close observer that, when a proper knowledge of his own powers, joined to a further acquaintance with the world, would enable him to cast off the boyish assumption of pedantry, a man of a keen, ready intellect and considerable penetration would remain.

Many of my readers may be inclined to exclaim, that the character of Denny is not to be found in real life; but they are mistaken who think so. They are not to suppose that Denis O'Shaughnessy was the same person in his intercourse with intelligent men and scholars, that he appeared among the illiterate peasantry, or his own relations. Far from it. With the former, persons like him are awkward and bashful, or modest and unassuming, according to the bent of their natural disposition. With scholars Denis made few pretensions to superior knowledge; but on the contrary, took refuge, if he dreaded a scrutiny into his acquirements, in the humblest acknowledgment of his limited reading, and total unacquaintance with those very topics on which he was, under other circumstances, in the habit of expatiating so fluently. In fact, were I to detail some of the scenes of his exhibitions as they were actually

displayed, *then* I have no doubt I might be charged with colouring too highly.

When Denis had finished the oration from the chimney-corner, delivered with suitable gesticulation while he stood drying himself at the fire after the catastrophe of the swamp, a silence of some minutes followed. The promise of the colt made to the priest with such an air of authority, was a *finale* which the father did not expect, and by which he was not a little staggered.

"I could like it all very well," replied the father, "save an' except giviu' away the coult that's worth five-an'-twenty guineas, if he's worth a *crona-bawn*. To tell the blessed thruth, Dinis, if you had settled the business widout *that*, I'd be betther plased."

"Just exercise your contemplation upon it for a short period," replied Denis, and you will perceive that I stipulated to *lend* him before witnesses; and if Father Finnerty does not matriculate me into Maynooth, then do you walk down some brilliant morning or other, and take your baste by the head, direct yourself home, hold the bridle as you proceed, and by the time you're at the rack, you'll find the horse at the manger. I have now stated the legality of the matter, and you may act as your own subtilty of perception shall dictate. I have laid down the law, do you consider the equity."

"Why," said the father, "if I thought he would get you into" ——

"Correct, quite correct: the cardinal point there is the *if*. If he does, give him the horse; but if not, reclaim the quadruped without hesitation. I

am not to be kept back, if profundity and erudition can substantiate a prospect. Still, father, the easiest way is the safest, and the shortest the most expeditious."

The embarrassing situation in which the other members of the family were placed, imposed upon them a profound silence, in reference to the subject of conversation. Yet, while Denny delivered the aforesaid harangue from the chimney-corner, every eye was fixed upon him with an expression of pride and admiration which escaped not his own notice. Their deportment towards him was affectionate and respectful; but none of them could so far or so easily violate old habits as to address him according to his own wishes; they therefore avoided addressing him at all.

The next morning Father Finnerty paid them his purposed visit, and, as he had promised, arrived in time for breakfast. A few of Denis's relations *were* assembled, and in their presence the arrangements respecting the colt and Denny's clerical prospects were privately concluded. So far every thing was right; the time of Denny's departure for Maynooth was to be determined by the answer which Father Finnerty should receive from the bishop; for an examination must, of course, take place, which was to be conducted by the prelate, or by some other clergyman appointed for that purpose. This and the necessary preparation usual on such occasions, were the only impediments in the way of his departure for Maynooth, a place associated with so many dreams of

that lowly ambition which the humble circumstances of the peasantry permit them to entertain.

The Irish people, I need scarcely observe, are a poor people; they are, also, very probably for the same reason, an imaginative people; at all events, they are excited by occurrences which would not produce the same vivacity of emotion which they experience upon any other people in the world. This, after all, is but natural; a long endurance of hunger will render the coarsest food delicious; and, on the contrary, when the appetite is glutted with the richest viands, it requires a dish whose flavour is proportionably high and spicy to touch the jaded palate. It is so with our moral enjoyments. In Ireland, a very simple accession to their hopes or comforts produces an extraordinary elevation of mind, and so completely unlocks the sluices of their feelings, that every consideration is lost in the elation of the moment. At least it was so in Denis O'Shaughnessy's family upon this occasion.

No sooner had Father Finnerty received the colt, and pledged himself that Denny should have the place in Maynooth that was then vacant, than a tumultuous expression of delight burst from his family and relations. Business was then thrown aside for the day; the house was scoured and set in order, as if it were for a festival; their best apparel was put on; every eye was bright, every heart throbbed with a delightful impulse, whilst kindness and hilarity beamed from their faces. In a short time they all separated themselves among their neighbours to

communicate the agreeable tidings; and the latter, with an honest participation in their happiness, instantly laid aside their avocations, and flocked to Denis O'Shaughnessy's, that they might congratulate him and his friends upon what was considered the completion of their hopes. When the day was more advanced, several of Denny's brothers and sisters returned, and the house was nearly filled with their acquaintances and relations.—Ere one o'clock had passed they were all assembled, except old Denis, of whom no person could give any intelligence. Talk, loud laughter, pure poteen, and good humour, all circulated freely; the friendly neighbour unshaved, and with his Sunday coat thrown hastily over his work-day apparel, drank to Denny's health, and wished that he might "bate all Maynewth out of the face; an' sure there's no doubt of that, any how—doesn't myself remimber him puttin' the explanations to Pasthorini before he was the bulk o' my fist." His brothers and sisters now adopted with enthusiasm the terms of respect which he had prescribed for them through his father; he was *Sirred* and *Misthered*, and all but *Reverenced*, with a glow of affectionate triumph which they strove not to conceal. He was also overwhelmed with compliments of all hues and complexions; one reminded him of the victory he obtained over a hedge-schoolmaster who came one Sunday a distance of fifteen miles to *sack* him in English Grammar on the chapel-green; but as the man was no classical scholar, "Sure," observed his neighbour, "I remember well that he couldn't get a word out of Misther Denis's head

there but Latin; so that the poor crathur, afther travellin' fifteen long miles, had to go home agin, the show o' the world, widout undherstandin' a sintence of the larnin' that was put an him; an' so here's wishin' you health, Misther Dinis, agra, an' no fear in life but you'll be the jewel at the prachin', Sir, plase Goodness!"

Another reminded him of "how often he proved Phaidrick Murray to be an ass, and showed him how he couldn't make out the differ atween black an' white."

"Sure, an' he did," said Phadrick, scratching his head, for he was one of the first at the house; "an' no wondher, wid his long-headed screwtations from the books. Throth, his own father was the best match, barrin' Father Lawdher that was broke of his bread, he ever met wid, till he got too many for him by the Latin an' Greek."

This allusion to old Denis occasioned his absence to be noticed.

"Can nobody tell where Denis More is?" said the wife; "my gracious, but it's quare he should be from about the place this day, any way. Brian, mavourneen, did you see him goin' any where?"

"No," said Brian, "but I see him comin' down there carryin' some atables in a basket."

Brian had scarcely ended when his father entered, bearing beef and mutton, as aforesaid, both of which he deposited upon the kitchen table, with a jerk of generosity and pride, that seemed to say, as he looked significantly at Denny — and, in fact, as he did say afterwards—"Never spare, Dinny; ate like a

gintleman; make yourself as bright an' ginteel as you can; you won't want for beef an' mutton!"

Old Denis now sat down, and, after wiping the perspiration from his forehead, took the glass of poteen which the wife handed him: he held it between his finger and thumb for a moment, glanced around him upon the happy faces present, then laid it down again, fixed his eyes upon his son, and cast them once more upon the company. The affectionate father's heart was full; his breast heaved, and the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. By a strong effort, however, he mastered his emotion; and taking the glass again, he said in a broken voice:—

"Neighbours!—God bless yees!—God bless yees!—Dinny—Dinny—I"——

The last words he pronounced with difficulty; and drinking off his glass, set it down empty upon the table. He then rose up, and shook his neighbours by the hand.—

"I am," said he, "a happy man, no doubt of it, an' we're all happy; an' it's proud any father might be to hear the account of his son, that I did of mine, as I was convoyin' Father Finnerty a piece o' the way home. 'Your son,' says he, when he took that bit of a coult out o' my hand, 'will be an honour to you all. I tell you,' says he, 'that he's nearly as good a scholar as myself, an' spakes Latin not far behind my own; an' as for a praeher,' says he, 'I can tell you, that he'll be hard *farther* nor any man I know.' He tould me them words wid his own two lips. An' surely, neighbours," said he, relapsing into strong

feeling, " you can't blame me for bein' both proud an' happy of sich a son."

My readers, from the knowledge already given them of Denny's character, are probaby disposed to think that his learning was thrown out on this occasion in longer words and more copious quotations than usual. This, however, was not the case; so far from that, he never displayed less pedantry, nor interspersed his conversation with fewer scraps of Latin. In fact the proceedings of the day appeared to affect him with a tone of thought, decidedly at variance with the exuberance of joy experienced by the family. He was silent, moody, and evidently drawn by some secret reflection from the scene around him. He held a book in his hand, into which he looked from time to time, with the air of a man who balances some contingency in his mind. At length when the conversation of those who were assembled became more loud and boisterous, he watched an opportunity of gliding out unperceived; having accomplished this, he looked cautiously about him, and finding himself not observed, he turned his steps to a glen which lay about half a mile below his father's house.

At the lowest skirt of this little valley, protected by a few spreading hawthorns, stood a small white farm-house, more immediately shaded by a close row of elder, or boor-tree, which hung over one of the gables, and covered the garden gate, together with a neat grassy seat, that was built between the gate and the gable. It was impervious to sun and rain: one of those pretty spots which present themselves on

the road-side in the country, and strike the eye with a pleasing notion of comfort; especially when, during a summer shower, the cocks and hens of the little yard are seen by the traveller who takes shelter under it, huddled up in silence, the white dust quite dry, whilst the heavy shower patters upon the leaves above, and upon the dark drenched road beside them.

Under the shade of this sat an interesting girl, aged about seventeen, named Susan Connor. She was slender, and not above the middle size; but certainly, in point of form and feature, such as might be called beautiful—handsome she unquestionably was; but be that as it may, with this rustic beauty the object of Denis's stolen visit was connected. She sat knitting under the shade of elder which we have described, a sweet picture of innocence and candour. Our hero's face, as he approached her, was certainly a fine study for any one who wished to embody the sad and the ludicrous. Desperate was the conflict between pedantry and feeling which he experienced. His manner appeared more pompous and affected than ever; yet was there blended with the flush of approaching triumph as a candidate, such woe-begone shades of distress flitting occasionally across his features, as rendered his countenance inscrutably enigmatical.

When the usual interchange of preliminary conversation had passed, Denis took his seat beside her on the grassy bench; and after looking in several directions, and giving half a dozen hems, he thus accosted her:—

"Susan, cream of my affections, I may venture to conjecture that the fact, or *factum*, of my being the

subject of a *fama clamosa* to-day, has not yet reached your ears?"

"Now, Denis, you are at your deep larning from the books again. Can't you keep your reading for them that undherstands it, an' not be spakin so Englified to a simple girl like me."

"There is logic in that same, however. Do you know, Susan, I have often thought that, provided always you had resaved proper instruction, you would have made a first-rate classical scholar."

"So you tould me, Denis, the Sunday evening we exchanged the promise. But sure when you get me, I can larn it. Won't you tache me, Denis?"

She turned her laughing eyes archly at him as she spoke, with a look of joy and affection: it was a look, indeed, that staggered for the moment every ecclesiastical resolution within him. He returned her glance, and ran over the features of her pure and beautiful countenance for some minutes; then, placing his open hand upon his eyes, he seemed buried in reflection. At length he addressed her:—

"Susan, I am thinking of that same Sunday evening on which we exchanged the hand-promise. I say, Susan,—*dimidium animæ meæ*—I am in the act of meditating upon it; and sorry am I to be compel—to be under the neces—to be reduced, I say—that is *redactus* in the larned langua——: in other words—or terms, indeed, is more elegant—in other terms then, Susan, I fear that what I just now alluded to, touching the *fama clamosa* which is current about me this day, will render that promise a rather premature one on both our parts. Some

bachelors in my situation might be disposed to call it foolish, but I entertain a reverence—a veneration for the feelings of the feminine sex, that inclines me to use the mildest and most classical language in divulging the change that has taken place in my fortunes since I saw you last."

"What do you mane, Denis?" inquired Susan, suddenly ceasing to knit, and fixing her eyes upon him with a glance of alarm.

To be plain, Susy, I find that Maynooth is my destination. It has been arranged between my father and Docthor Finnerty, that I must become a labourer in the vineyard; that is, that I must become a priest, and cultivate the grape. It's a sore revelation to make to an amorous maiden; but destiny will be triumphant:—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

The poor girl suddenly laid down the work on which she had been engaged, her face became the colour of ashes, and the reply she was about to make died upon her lips. She again resumed her stocking, but almost instantly laid it down a second time, and appeared wholly unable either to believe or comprehend what he said.

"Denis," she at length asked, "did you say that all is to be over between us?"

"That was my insinuation," replied Denis. "The fact is, Susy, that destiny is adverse; clean against our union in the bonds of matrimonial ecstasy. But, Susy, my charmer, I told you before that you were

not destitute of logic, and I hope you will bear this heavy visitation as becomes a philosopher."

"Bear it Denis! How ought I to bear it, after your saying and swearing, too, that neither father, nor mother, nor priest, nor any body else would make you desart me?"

"But, Susan, my nightingale, perhaps you are not aware that there is an authority in existence to which father, mother, and all must knuckle down. That is the church, Susan. Reflect—*dulce decus meum*—that the power of the church is able to loose and unloose, to tie and untie, to forgive and to punish, to raise to the highest heaven, or to sink to the profoundest Tartarus. That power, Susan, thinks proper to claim your unworthy and enamoured swain as one of the brightest Colossuses of her future glory. The Irish hierarchy is plased to look on me as a luminary of almost superhuman brilliancy and coruscation: my talents she pronounces to be of the first magnitude; my eloquence classical and overwhelming, and my learning only adorned by that poor insignificant attribute denominated by philosophers unfathomability!—hem! hem!"

"Denis," replied the innocent girl, "you sometimes speak that I can undherstand you; but you oftener spake in a way that I can hardly make out what you say. If it's a thing that my love for you, or the solemn promise that passed between us, would stand in your light, or prevint you from higher things as a priest, I am willing to—to—to give you up, whatever I may suffer. But you know yourself, that you brought me on from time to time undher your

promise, that nothing would ever lead you to lave me in sorrow an' disappointment. Still, I say, that—— But, Denis, is it thrue that you could lave *me* for *any thing?*"

The innocent confidence in his truth expressed by the simplicity of her last question, staggered the young candidate; that is to say, her words, her innocence, and her affection sank deeply into his heart.

"Susan," he replied, "to tell the blessed truth, I am fairly dilemma'd. My heart is in your favour; but—but—hem—you don't know the prospect that is open to me. You don't know the sin of keeping back such a—a—a—galaxy as I am from the church. I say, you don't know the *sin* of it. *That's* the difficulty. If it was a common case it would be nothing · but to keep back a person like me—*a rara avis in terris*—from the priesthood, is a sin that requires a great dale of interest with the Pope to have absolved."

"Heaven above forgive me!" exclaimed the artless girl. "In that case I wouldn't for the riches of the wide earth stand between you and God. But I didn't know that before, Denis; and if you had tould me, I think, sooner than get into sich a sin I'd struggle to keep down my love for you, even although my heart should break."

"Poor darling," said Denis, taking her passive hand in his, "and would it go so hard with you. Break your heart! Do you love me so well as that, Susan?"

Susan's eyes turned on him for a moment, and the tears which his question drew forth gave it a full and

a touching reply. She uttered not a word, but after a few deep sobs, wiped her eyes, and endeavoured to compose her feelings.

Denis felt the influence of her emotions; he remained silent for a short time, during which, however, ambition drew in the background all those dimly splendid visions that associate themselves with the sacerdotal functions, in a country where the people place no bounds to the spiritual power of their pastors.

"Susan," said he, after a pause, "do you know the difference between a Christian and a hathen?"

"Between a Christian an' a hathen? Why aren't hathens all sinners?"

"Very right. Faith, Susan, you would have shone at the classics. You see, *dilecta cordis mei*, or, *cordi meo*, for either is good grammar—you see, Susan, the difference between a Christian and a hathen is this:—a Christian bears disappointments with fortitude—with what is denominated Christian fortitude; whereas, on the contrary, a hathen doesn't bear disappointments at all. Now, Susan, it would cut me to the heart to find that you would become a hathen on this touching and trying occasion."

"I'll pray to God, Denis. Isn't that the way to act under afflictions?"

"Decidedly. There is no other legitimate mode of quelling a heart-ache. And, Susan, when you go to supplication you are at liberty to mention my name—no, not yet; but if I were once consecrated you might. However, it is better to sink this; say nothing about me when you pray, for, to tell you

truth, I believe you have as much influence above—*super astra*—as I have. There is one argument which I am anxious to press upon you. It is a very simple but a very respectable one after all. I am not all Ireland. You will find excellent good husbands even in this parish. There is, as the old proverb says, as good fish in the *say* as ever were caught. Do you catch one of them. For me, Susan, the vineyard claims me; I must, as I said, cultivate the grape. We must, consequently—hem!—we must—hem! hem!—consequently strive to forget—hem!—I say, to forget each other. It is a trial—I know—a desperate visitation, poor fawn, upon your feelings; but, as I said, destiny will be triumphant. What is decreed, is decreed—I must go to Maynooth."

Susan rose, and her eyes flashed with an indignant sense of the cold-blooded manner in which he advised her to select another husband. She was an illiterate girl, but the purity of her feeling supplied the delicacy which reading and a knowledge of more refined society would have given her.

"Is it from *your* lips, Denis," she said, "that I hear sich a mane and low-minded an advice? Or do you think that with my weak, and I now see, foolish heart, settled upon you, I could turn round and fix my love upon the first that might axe me? Denis, you promised before God to be mine, and mine only; you often said and swore that you loved me above any human being: but I now see that you only intended to lead me into sin and disgrace, for indeed, and before God, I don't think—I don't—I don't—believe that you ever loved me."

A burst of grief, mingled with indignation and affliction, followed the words she had uttered. Denis felt himself called on for a vindication, and he was resolved to give it

"Susan," he returned, "your imagination is erroneous. By all the classical authors that ever were written, you are antipodially opposed to facts. What harm is there, seeing that you and I can never be joined in wedlock—what harm is there, I say, in recommending you another husb——"

Susan would hear no more. She gathered up her stocking and ball of thread, placed them in her apron, went into her father's house, shut and bolted the door, and gave way to violent grief. All this occurred in a moment, and Denis found himself excluded.

He did not wish, however, to part from her in anger; so, after having attempted to look through the key-hole of the door, and applied his eye in vain to the window, he at length spoke.

"Is there any body within but yourself, Susy?"

He received no reply.

"I say, Susy—*dilecta juventutis meæ*—touching the recommendation—now don't be crying—touching the recommendation of another husband, by all the classics that ever were mistranslated, I meant nothing but the purest of consolation. If I did, may I be reduced to primeval and aboriginal ignorance! But you know yourself, that they never prospered who prevented a *rara avis* like me from entering the church—from labouring in the vineyard, and cultivating the grape. Don't be hathenish; but act with a philosophy suitable to so dignified an occasion—

Farewell! *Macte virtute*, and be firm. I swear again by all the class——"

The appearance of a neighbour caused him to cut short his oath. Seeing that the man approached the house, he drew off, and returned home, more seriously affected by Susan's agitation than he was willing to admit even to himself.

This triumph over his affection was, in fact, only the conquest of one passion over another. His attachment to Susan Connor was certainly sincere, and ere the prospects of his entering Maynooth were unexpectedly brought near him, by the interference of Father Finnerty, his secret purpose all along had been to enter with her into the state of matrimony, rather than into the church. Ambition, however, is beyond all comparison the most powerful principle of human conduct, and so Denny found it. Although his unceremonious abandonment of Susan appeared heartless and cruel, yet it was not effected on his part without profound sorrow and remorse. The two principles, when they began to struggle in his heart for supremacy, resembled the rival destinies of Cesar and Mark Anthony. Love declined in the presence of ambition; and this, in proportion as all the circumstances calculated to work upon the strong imagination of a young man naturally fond of power, began to assume an appearance of reality. To be in the course of a few years a *bonâ fide* priest; to possess unlimited sway over the fears and principles of the people; to be endowed with spiritual gifts to he knew not what extent; and to enjoy himself as he had an opportunity of seeing Father Finnerty and

his curate do, in the full swing of convivial pleasure, upon the ample hospitality of those who, in addition to this, were ready to kiss the latchet of his shoes—were, it must be admitted, no inconsiderable motives in influencing the conduct of a person reared in an humble condition of life. The claims of poor Susan, her modesty, her attachment, and her beauty—were all insufficient to prevail against such a host of opposing motives; and the consequence, though bitter, and subversive of her happiness, was a final determination on the part of Denny, to acquaint her, with a kind of ex-officio formality, that all intercourse upon the subject of their mutual attachment must cease between them. Notwithstanding his boasted knowledge, however, he was ignorant of sentiment, and accordingly confined himself, as I have intimated, to a double species of argument; that is to say, first, the danger and sin of opposing the wishes of the church which had claimed him, as he said, to labour in the vineyard; and secondly the undoubted fact, that there were plenty of good husbands besides himself in the world, from some one of which, he informed her, he had no doubt, she could be accommodated.

In the mean time, her image, meek, and fair, and uncomplaining, would from time to time glide into his imagination; and the melody of her voice send its music once more to his vacillating heart. He usually paused then, and almost considered himself under the influence of a dream; but ambition, with its train of shadowy honours, would immediately present itself, and Susan was again forgotten.

When he rejoined the company, to whom he had given the slip, he found them all gone, except about six or eight whom his father had compelled to stop for dinner. His mind was now much lighter than it had been before his interview with Susan, nor were his spirits at all depressed by perceiving that a new knife and fork lay glittering upon the dresser for his own particular use.

"Why, thin, where have you been all this time," said the father, "an' we wantin' to know whether you'd like the mutton to be boiled or roasted?"

"I was soliloquizing in the glen below," replied Denny, once more resuming his pedantry, "meditating upon the transparency of all human events; but as for the beef and mutton, I advise you to boil the beef, and roast the mutton, or *vice versâ*, to boil the mutton, and roast the beef. But I persave my mother has anticipated me, and boiled them both with that flitch of bacon that's playing the vagrant in the big pot there. *Tria juncta in uno*, as Horace says in the Epodes, when expatiating upon the Roman Emperors—ehem!"

"Misther Denis," said one of those present, "maybe you'd tell us upon the watch, what the hour is, if you plase, Sir; myself never can know right at all, except by the shadow of the sun from the corner of our own gavel."

"Why," replied Denis, pulling it out with much pomp of manner, "it's just half-past two to a quarter of a minute, and a few seconds."

"Why thin what a quare thing entirely a watch

is," the other continued; "now what makes you hould it to your ear, Misther Denis, if you plase?"

"The efficient cause of that, Larry, is, that the drum of the ear, you persave—the drum of the ear—is enabled to catch the intonations produced by the machinery of its internal operations—otherwise the fact of applying it to the ear would be unnecessary—altogether unnecessary."

"Dear me! see what it is to have the knowledge, any way! But isn't it quare how it moves of itself like a livin' crathur? How is that, Misther Denis?"

"Why, Larry—ehem—you see the motions of it are—that is—the works or operations, are all continually going; and sure it is from that explanation that we say a watch *goes* well. That's more than you ever knew before, Larry."

"Indeed it surely is, Sir, an' is much oblaged to you, Misther Denis; sure if I ever come to wear a watch in my fob, I'll know something about it, any how."

For the remainder of that day Denis was as learned and consequential as ever; his friends, when their hearts were opened by his father's hospitality, all promised him substantial aid in money, and in presents of such articles as they supposed might be serviceable to him in Maynooth. Denny received their proffers of support with suitable dignity and gratitude. A scene of bustle and preparation now commenced among them, nor was Denny himself the least engaged; for it somehow happened, that notwithstanding his profound erudition, he felt it necessary to

read night and day in order to pass with more *éclat* the examination which he had to stand before the bishop ere his appointment to Maynooth. This ordeal was to occur upon a day fixed for the purpose, in the ensuing month; and indeed Denis occupied as much of the intervening period in study as his circumstances would permit. His situation was, at this crisis, certainly peculiar. Every person related to him in the slightest degree, contrived to revive their relationship; his former school-fellows on hearing that he was actually destined to be of the church, renewed their acquaintance with him, and those who had been servants to his father, took the liberty of speaking to him upon the strength of that fact. No child, to the remotest shade of affinity, was born, for which he did not stand god-father; nieces and nephews thickened about him, all with remarkable talents, and many of them, particularly of the nieces, said to be exceedingly genteel—very thrifty for their ages, and likely to make excellent housekeepers. A strong likeness to himself was also pointed out in the features of his nephews, one of whom had his born nose—another his eyes—and a third again had his brave high flown way with him. In short he began to feel some of the inconveniences of greatness; and like it, to be surrounded by cringing servility and meanness. When he went to chapel he was beset, and followed from place to place, by a retinue of friends who were all anxious to secure to themselves the most conspicuous marks of his notice. It was the same thing in fair or market; they contended with each other who should do him most honour;

or afford to him and his father's immediate family, the most costly treat, accompanied by the grossest expressions of flattery. Every male infant born among them was called Dionysius; and every female one Susan, after his favourite sister. All this, to a lad like Denis, already remarkable for his vanity, was very trying; or rather it absolutely turned his brain, and made him probably as finished a specimen of pride, self-conceit, and domineering arrogance, mingled with a kind of lurking humorous contempt for his cringing relations, as could be displayed in the person of some shallow but knavish prime minister, surrounded by his selfish sycophants, whom he encourages and despises.

At home he was idolized—overwhelmed with respect and deference. The slightest intimation of his wish was a command to them; the beef, and fowl, and mutton, were at hand in all the variety of culinary skill and not a soul in the house durst lay a hand upon his knife and fork but himself. In the morning, when the family were to be seen around the kitchen table at their plain but substantial breakfast, Denis was lording it in solitary greatness, over an excellent breakfast of tea and eggs in another room.

It was now, too, that the king's English, as well as the mutton, was carved and hacked to some purpose; epithets prodigiously long and foreign to the purpose were pressed into his conversation, for no other reason than because those to whom he spoke could not understand them; but the principal portion of his time was devoted to study. The bishop he had heard was a sound scholar, and exceedingly

scrupulous in recommending any to Maynooth, except such as were well versed in the preparatory course. Independently of this, he was anxious, he said, to distinguish himself in his examination, and, if possible, to sustain as high a character with the bishop and his fellow-students, as he did among the peasantry of his own neighbourhood.

At length the day approached. The bishop's residence was not distant more than a few hours' ride, and he would have sufficient time to arrive there, pass his examination, and return in time for dinner. On the eve of his departure, old Denis invited Father Finnerty, his curate, and about a dozen relations and friends, to dine with him the next day; when—Denis having surmounted the last obstacle to the accomplishment of his hopes—their hearts could open without a single reflection to check the exuberance of their pride, hospitality, and happiness.

I have often said to my friends, and I now repeat it in print, that after all, there is no people bound up so strongly to each other by the ties of domestic life, as the Irish. On the night which preceded this joyous and important day, a spirit of silent but tender affection dwelt in every heart of the O'Shaughnessys. The great point of interest was the son. He himself was serious, and evidently laboured under that strong anxiety so natural to a youth in his circumstances. A Roman Catholic bishop, too, is a personage looked upon by the people with a kind of feeling that embodies in it awe, reverence, and fear. Though, in this country, an humble man possessing neither the rank in society, outward splendour, nor the gorgeous pro-

fusion of wealth and pomp which characterise a prelate of the Established Church; yet it is unquestionable that the gloomy dread, and sense of formidable power with which they impress the minds of the submissive peasantry, immeasurably surpass the more legitimate influence which any Protestant dignitary could exercise over those who stand, with respect to him, in a more rational and independent position.

It was not surprising that Denis, who practised upon ignorant people that petty despotism for which he was so remarkable, should now, on coming in contact with great spiritual authority, adopt his own principles, and relapse from the proud pedant into the cowardly slave. True it is, that he presented a most melancholy specimen of independence in a crisis where moral courage was so necessary; but his dread of the coming day was judiciously locked up in his own bosom. His silence and apprehension were imputed to the workings of a mind learnedly engaged in arranging the vast stores of knowledge with which it was so abundantly stocked; his moody picture of the bishop's brow; his reflection that he was going before so sacred a person, as a candidate for the church, with his heart yet redolent of earthly affection for Susan Connor; his apprehension that the bishop's spiritual scent might sagaciously smell it out, were all put down by the family to the credit of uncommon learning, which, as his mother observed truly, "often makes men do quare things." His embarrassments, however, in as much as they were ascribed by them to wrong causes, endeared him

more to their hearts than ever. Because he spoke little, neither the usual noise nor bustle of a large family disturbed the silence of the house: every word was uttered that evening in a low tone, at once expressive of tenderness and respect. The family supper was tea, in compliment to Denis; and they all partook of it with him. Nothing humbles the mind, and gives the natural feelings their full play, so well as a struggle in life, or the appearance of its approach.

"Denis," said the father, "the time will come when we won't have you at all among us; but, thank goodness, you'll be in a betther place."

Denis heard him not, and consequently made no reply.

"They say Maynewth's a tryin' place, too," he continued, "an I'd be sorry to see him pulled down to an atomy, like some of the scarecrows that come out of it. I hope you'll bear it betther."

"Do you speak to me?" said Denis, awaking out of a reverie.

"I do, *Sir*," replied the father; and as he uttered the words the son perceived that his eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of affectionate sorrow and pride.

The youth was then in a serious mood, free from the dominion of that learned *mania* under which he had so frequently signalized himself: the sorrow of his father, and a consciousness of the deep affection and unceasing kindness which he had ever experienced from him, joined to a recollection of their former friendly disputes and companionship, touched

Denny to the quick. But the humility with which he applied to him the epithet *Sir*, touched him most. What! thought he—ought my affectionate father to be thrown to such a distance from a son, who owes every thing to his love and goodness! The thought of his stooping so humbly before him, smote the boy's heart, and the tears glistened in his eyes.

"Father," said he, "you have been kind and good to me, beyond my deserts; surely then I cannot bear to hear you address me in that manner, as if we were both strangers. Nor while I am with you, shall any of you so address me. Remember that I am still your son."

The natural affection displayed in this speech soon melted the whole family into tears—not excepting Denis himself, who felt that grief which we experience when about to be separated for the first time from those we love.

"Come over, avourneen," said his mother, drying her eyes with the corner of her check apron: "come over, acushla machree, an' sit beside me; sure although we're sorry for you, Denis, it's proud our hearts are out of you, an' good right we have, a suilish! Come over, an' let me be near you as long as I can, any way."

Denis placed himself beside her, and the proud mother drew his head over upon her bosom, and bedewed his face with a gush of tears.

"They say," she observed, "that it's sinful to shed tears when there's no occasion for grief; but I hope it's no sin to cry when one's heart is full of somethin' that brings them to one's eyes, whether they will or not."

"Mave," said the father, "*I'll* miss him more nor any of you: but sure he'll often send letters to us from Maynewth, to tell us how he's gettin' on; an' we'll be proud enough, never fear."

"You'll miss me, Denis," said his favourite sister, who was also called Susan; "for you'll find no one in Maynewth that will keep your linen so white as I did: but never fear, I'll be always knittin' you stockins; an' every year I'll make you half a dozen shirts, an' you'll think them more natural nor other shirts, when you know they came from your own home, —from them that you love! Won't you, Denis?"

"I will, Susy, and I will love the shirts for the sake of the hands that made them."

"And I won't allow Susy Connor to help me as she used to do: they'll be all Alley's sewin' and mine."

"The poor colleen — listen to her!" exclaimed the affectionate father: "indeed you will, Susy; ay, and hem his cravats, that we'll send him ready made an' all."

"Yes," replied Denis, "but as to Susy Connor— hem—why, upon considera—he — hem — upon second thoughts, I don't see why you should prevent her from helping you; she's a neighbour's daughter, and a well-wisher, of whose prosperity in life I'd always wish to hear."

"The poor girl's very bad in her health, for the last three weeks," observed his other sister, Alley: "she has lost her appetite, an' is cast down entirely in her spirits. You ought to go an' see her, Denis, before you set out for the college, if it was only on her

dacent father's account. When I was tellin' her yisterday that you wor to get the bishop's letter for Maynewth to-morrow, she was in so poor a state of health that she nearly fainted. I had to give her a drink of wather, and sprinkle her face with it. Well, she's a purty crathur an' a good girl, an' was always that, dear knows!"

"Denis achree," said his mother, somewhat alarmed, "are you any way unwell? Why your heart's batin' like a new catched chicken! Are you sick, acushla; or are you used to this?"

"It won't signify," replied Denis, gently raising himself from his mother's arms, "I will sit up mother; it's but a sudden stroke or two of *tremor cordis*, produced probably by having my mind too much upon one object."

"I think," said his father, "he will be the betther of a little drop of the poteen made into punch, an' for that matter we can all take a sup of it; as there's no one here but ourselves, we will have it snug an' comfortable."

Nothing resembles an April day more than the general disposition of the Irish people. When old Denis's proposal for the punch was made, the gloom which hung over the family—originating, as it did, more in joy than in sorrow—soon began to disappear. Their countenances gradually brightened, by and by mirth stole out, and ere the punch had accomplished its first round, laughter, and jest, and good-humour —each, in consequence of the occasion, more buoyant and vivacious than usual, were in full play. Denis himself, when animated by the unexcised liquor,

threw off his dejection, and ere the night was half spent, found himself in the highest region of pedantry.

"I would not," said he, "turn my back upon any other candidate in the province, in point of preparatory excellence and ardency of imagination. I say, sitting here beside you, my worthy and logical father, I would not retrograde from any candidate for the honours of the Catholic Church in the province—in the kingdom—in Europe; and it is not improbable but I might progradiate another step, and say Christendom at large. And now what's a candidate? Father, you have some apprehension in you, and are a passable second-hand controversialist—what's a candidate? Will you tell me?"

"I give it up, Denis; but you'll tell us."

"Yes, I will tell you. Candidate signifies a man dressed in fustian; it comes from *candidus*, which is partly Greek, partly Latin, and partly Hebrew. It was the learned designation for Irish linen, too, which in the time of the Romans was in great request at Rome; but it was changed to signify fustian, because it was found that every thing a man promised on becoming a candidate for any office, turned out to be only fustian when he got it."

"Denis, avourneen," said his mother, "the greatest comfort myself has is to be thinkin' that when you're a priest, you can be sayin' masses for my poor sinful sowl."

"Yes, there is undoubtedly comfort in that reflection; and depend upon it, my dear mother, that I'll be sure to *clinch* your masses in the surest mode. I'll not fly over them like Camilla across a

field of potato oats, without discommoding a single walk, as too many of my worthy brethren—I mane as too many of those whose worthy brother I will soon be—do in this present year of grace. I'm no fool at the Latin, but, as I'm an unworthy candidate for Maynooth, I cannot even understand every fifteenth word they say when reading mass, independently of the utter scorn with which they treat those two scholastic old worthies, called Syntax and Prosody."

"Denis," said the father, "nothing would give me greater delight than to be present at your first mass, an' your first sarmon; and next to that would I like to be stumpin' about wid a dacent staff in my hand, maybe wid a bit of silver on the head of it, takin' care of your place when you'd have a parish."

"At all events, if you're not with me, father, I'll keep you comfortable wherever you'll be, whether in this world or the other; for, plase Goodness I'll have some influence in both.—When I get a parish, however, it is not improbable that I may have occasion to see company; the neighbouring gentlemen will be apt to relish my society, particularly those who are addicted to conviviality; and our object will be to render ourselves as populous as possible; now, whether in that case it would be compatible—but never fear, father, whilst I have the means, you or one of the family shall never want."

"Will you let the people be far behind in their dues, Denis?" inquired Brian.

"No, no—leave that point to my management. Depend upon it, I'll have them like mice before me—

ready to run into the first augur-hole they meet. I'll collect lots of oats, and get as much yarn every year as would clothe three regiments of militia, or for that matther, of dragoons. I'll appoint my Stations, too, in the snuggest farmers' houses in the parish, just as Father Finnerty, our worthy parochial priest, ingeniously contrives to do. And, to revert secondarily to the collection of the oats, I'll talk liberally to the Protestant Boddaghs; give the Presbyterians a learned homily upon civil and religious freedom; make hard hits with them at that INCUBUS, the Established Church; and, never fear, but I shall fill bag after bag with good corn from many of both creeds."

"That," said Brian, "will be givin' them the bag to hould in arnest."

"No, Brian, but it will be makin' them fill the bag when I hold it, which will be better still."

"But," said Susan, "who'll keep house for you? You know that a priest can't live widout a housekeeper."

"That, Susy," replied Denis, "is, and will be the most difficult point on which to accomplish any thing like a satisfactory determination. I have nieces enough, however. There's Peter Finnegan's eldest daughter, Mary, and Hugh Tracy's Ailsey — (to whom he added about a dozen and a half more) — together with several yet to be endowed with existence, all of whom will be brisk candidates for the situation."

"I don't think," replied Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "that you'll ever get any one who'd be more com-

fortable about you nor your own ould mother. What do you think of takin' myself, Denis?"

"Ay, but consider the accomplishments in the culinary art—*in re vel in arte culinaria*—which will be necessary for my housekeeper to know. How would you, for instance, dress a dinner for the Bishop if he happened to pay me a visit, as you may be certain he will? How would you make pies and puddings, and disport your fancy through all the varieties of roast and boil? How would you dress a fowl that it would stand upon a dish as if it was going to dance a hornpipe? How would you amalgamate the different *genera* of wine with boiling fluid and crystallized saccharine matter? How would you dispose of the various dishes upon the table according to high life and mathematics? Wouldn't you be too old to bathe my feet when I'd be unwell? Wouldn't you be too old to bring me my whey in the morning as soon as I'd awake, perhaps with a severe head-ache, after the plenary indulgence of a clerical compotation? Wouldn't you be too old to sit up till the middle of the nocturnal hour, awaiting my arrival home? Wouldn't you be——"

"Hut, tut, that's enough, Denny, I'd never do at all. No, no, but I'll sit a clane dacent ould woman in the corner upon a chair that you'll get made for me! There I'll be wid my pipe and tobacco, smokin' at my ase, chattin' to the sarvints, and sometimes discoorsin' the neighbours that'll come to inquire for you, when they'll be sittin' in the kitchen waitin' till you get through your office. Jist let me have that, Dinny achora, and I'll be as happy as the day's long."

"And I on the other side," said his father, naturally enough struck with the happy simplicity of the picture which his wife drew, "on the other side, Mave, a snug, dacent ould man, chattin' to you across the fire, proud to see the bishop an' the gintlemen about him. An' I wouldn't ax to be taken into the parlour at all, except, maybe, when there would be nobody there but yourself, Denis; an' that your mother an' I would go into the parlour to get a glass of punch, or if it could be spared, a little taste of wine for novelty."

"And so you shall both of you—you, father, at one side of the hob, and my mother here at the other, the king and queen of my culinarian dominions. But practise taciturnity a little—I'm visited by the muse, and must indulge in a strain of vocal melody—hem—'tis a few lines of my own composure, the offspring of a moment of inspiration by the nine female Heliconians; but before I incipiate, here's to my own celebrity to-morrow, and afterwards all your healths!"

He then proceeded to sing in his best style a song composed, as he said, by himself, but which, as the composition was rather an eccentric one, we decline giving.

"Denis," said his brother, "you'll have great sport at the Stations."

"Yes, Brian, most inimitable specimen of fraternity, I do look into the futurity of a station with great complacency. Hem—in the morning I rise up in imagination, and after reading part of my office, I and my curate—*ego et coadjutor meus*—or if I get a large parish, perhaps I and my two curates—*ego et*

coadjutores mei—order our horses, and of a fine calm summer morning we mount them as gracefully as three throopers. The sun is up, and of coorse, the moon is down, and the glitter of the light, the sparkling of the dew, the canticles of the birds, and the melodious cawing of the crows in Squire Grimshaw's rookery——"

"Why, Denis, is it *this* parish you'll have?"

"Silence, silence, till I complate my rural ideas—in some gentleman's rookery at all events; the thrush here, the blackbird there, the corn-craik chanting its varied note in another place, and so on. In the mean time, we reverend sentimentalists advance, gazing with odoriferous admiration upon the prospect about us, and expatiating in the purest of Latin upon the beauties of unsophisticated nature. When we meet the peasants going out to their work, they put their hands to their hats for us; but as I am known to be the parochial priest, it is to me the salutation is directed, which I return with the air of a man who thinks nothing of such things; but, on the contrary, knows them to be his due. The poor creatures of curates, you must know, don't presume to speak of themselves, but simply answer whenever I condescend to propose conversation, for I'll keep them down, never fear. In this edifying style we proceed—I a few steps in advance, and they at a respectful distance behind me, the heads of their horses just to my saddle skirts—my clerical boots as brilliant as the countenance of Phebus, when decked with rosy smiles, theirs more subordinately polished, for there should be gradations in all things, and humility is the

first of virtues in a Christian curate. My bunch of goold sales stands out proudly from my anterior rotundity, for by this time, plase God, I'll be getting frolicsome and corpulent; they with only a poor bit of ribbon, and a single two-penny kay, stained with verdigrace. In the mean time, we come within sight of the wealthy farmer's house, wherein we are to hold the edifying solemnity of a station. There is a joyful appearance of study and bustle about the premises; the peasantry are flocking towards it, dressed in their best clothes; the proprietors of the mansion itself are running out to try if we are in appearance, and the very smoke disports itself hilariously in the air, and bounds up as if it was striving to catch the first glimpse of the clargy. When we approach, the good man—*pater-familias*—comes out to meet us, and the good woman—*mater-familias*—comes curtseying from the door to give us the *kead millia failtha.* No sooner do we persave ourselves noticed, than out comes the Breviary, and in a moment we are at our morning devotions. I being the rector, am particularly grave and dignified. I do not speak much, but am rather sharp, and order the curates, whom I treat however with great respect before the people, instantly to work. This impresses those who are present with awe and reverence for us all, especially for Father O'Shaughnessy *himself*—(that's me.)—I then take a short turn or two across the floor, silently perusing my office, after which I lay it aside and relax into a little conversation with the people of the house, to show that I can conciliate by love as readily as I can impress them with fear; for, you see,

divide et impera is as aptly applied to the passions as to maxims of state policy—ehem. I then go to my tribunal, and first hear the man and woman and family of the house, and afther them the other penitents according as they can come to me.

" Thus we go on absolving in great style, till it is time for the matutinal meal—vulgarly called breakfast; when the whiskey, eggs, toast, and tea as strong as Hercules, with ham, fowl, beef-steaks, or mutton-chops, all pour in upon us in the full tide of hospitality. Helter-skelter, cut and thrust, right and left, we work away, till the appetite reposes itself upon the cushion of repletion: and off we go once more, full and warm, to the delicate employment of adjudicating upon sin and transgression, until dinner comes, when, having despatched *as many as possible*—for the quicker we get through them the better—we set about despatching what is always worth a ship-load of such riff-raff—videlicet, a good and extensive dinner. Oh, ye pagan gods of eating and drinking, Bacchus and——let me see who the presiding deity of good feeding was in the Olympian synod—as I'm an unworthy candidate I forget that topic of learning; but no matter, *non constat*. Oh, ye pagan professors of ating and drinking, Bacchus, Epicurus, and St. Heliogabalus, Anthony of Padua, and Paul the Hermit, who poached for his own venison, St. Tuck, and St. Tak'em, St. Drinkem, and St. Eatem, with all ye other reverend worthies, who bore the blushing honours of the table thick upon your noses, come and inspire your unworthy candidate, while he essays to chant the praises of a station dinner!

" Then, then, does the priest appropriate to himself his due share of enjoyment. Then does he, like Elias, throw his garment of inspiration upon his coadjutors. Then is the goose cut up, and the farmer's distilled Latin is found to be purer and more edifying than the distillation of Maynooth.

> ' Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
> A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

And so it is, as far as this inspiring language is concerned. A station dinner is the very pinnacle of a priest's happiness. There is the fun and frolic; then does the lemon-juice of mirth and humour come out of their reverences, like secret writing, as soon as they get properly warm. The song and the joke, the laugh and the leer, the shaking of hands, the making of matches, and the projection of weddings, the nipping on the ribs, and the pressing of the toes, the poking and the joking—och, I must conclude, or my brisk fancy will dissolve in the deluding vision! Here's to my celebrity to-morrow, and may the Bishop catch a Tarthar in your son, my excellent and logical father! —as I tell you among ourselves he will do. Mark me, I say it, but it's *inter nos*, it won't go further; but should he trouble me with profundity, I'll make a *ludibrium* of him."

" But you forget the weddings and christenings, Denis; you'll have great sport at them too."

" I can't remember three things at a time, Brian: but you are mistaken, however, I had them snug in one corner of my cranium. The weddings and the

christenings! do you think I'll have nothing to do in them, you *stultus* you?"

"But, Denis, is there any harm in the priests' enjoying themselves, and they so holy as we know they are?" inquired his mother.

"Not the least in life; considering what severe fasting, and great praying they have; besides it's necessary for them to take something to put the sins of the people out of their heads, and that's one reason why they are often jolly at Stations."

"My goodness, what light Denis can throw upon any thing!"

"Not without deep study, mother; but let us have another portion of punch each, afther which I'll read a Latin *De Profundis*, and we'll go to bed. I must be up early to-morrow; and, Brian, you'll please to have the black mare saddled and my spur brightened as jinteely as you can, for I must go in as much state and grandeur as possible." Accordingly, in due time, after hearing the *De Profundis*, which Denis read in as sonorous a tone, and as pompous a manner, as he could assume, they went to bed for the night, to dream of future dignities for their relative.

When Denis appeared the next morning, it was evident that the spirit of prophecy in which he had contemplated the enjoyments annexed to his ideal station on the preceding night, had departed from him. He was pale and anxious, as in the early part of the previous evening. At breakfast, his very appetite treacherously abandoned him, despite the buttered toast and eggs which his mother forced upon

him with such tender assiduity, in order, she said, to make him stout against the Bishop. Her solicitations, however, were vain; after attempting to eat to no purpose, he arose and began to prepare himself for his journey. This, indeed, was a work of considerable importance, for, as they had no looking-glass, he was obliged to dress himself over a tub of water, in which, since truth must be told, he saw a very cowardly visage. In due time, however, he was ready to proceed upon his journey, apparelled in a new suit of black that sat stiffly and awkwardly upon him, crumpled in a manner that enabled any person at a glance, to perceive that it was worn for the first time.

When he was setting out, his father approached him with a small jug of holy water in his hand, "Denis," said he, "I think you won't be the worse of a sprinkle of this;" and he accordingly was about to shake it with a little brush over his person, when Denis arrested his hand.

"Easy, father," he replied, "you don't remember that my new clothes are on. I'll just take a little with my fingers, for you know one drop is as good as a thousand."

"I know that," said the father, "but on the other hand you know it's not *lucky* to refuse it."

"I did'nt refuse it," rejoined Denis, "I surely took a *quantum suff.* of it with my own hand."

"It was very near a refusal," said the father, in a disappointed and somewhat sorrowful tone; "but it can't be helped now. I'm only sorry you put it and *quantum suff.* in connexion at all. *Quantum suff.*

is what Father Finnerty says, when he will take no more punch; and it doesn't argue respect in you to make as little of a jug of holy wather as he does of a jug of punch."

"I'm sorry for it too," replied Denis, who was every whit as superstitious as his father; "and to atone for my error, I desire you will sprinkle me all over with it—clothes and all."

The father complied with this, and Denis was setting out, when his mother exclaimed, "Blessed be them above us, Denis More! Look at the boy's legs! There's luck! Why one of his stockins has the wrong side out, and it's upon the right leg too! Well, this will be a fortunate day for you, Denis, any way; the same thing never happened myself, but something good followed it."

This produced a slight conflict between Denis's personal vanity and superstition; but on this occasion superstition prevailed: he even felt his spirits considerably elevated by the incident, mounted the mare, and after jerking himself once or twice in the saddle, to be certain that all was right, he touched her with the spur, and set out to be examined by the Bishop, exclaiming as he went, "Let his lordship take care that I don't make a *ludibrium* of him."

The family at that moment all came to the door, where they stood looking after, and admiring him, until he turned a corner of the road and left their sight.

Many were the speculations entered into during his absence, as to the fact, whether or not he would put down the bishop in the course of the examination;

some of them holding that he could do so if he wished; but others of them denying that it was possible for him, inasmuch as he had never received holy orders.

The day past, but not in the usual way, in Denis More O'Shaughnessy's. The females of the family were busily engaged in preparing for the dinner, to which Father Finnerty, his curate, and several of their nearest and wealthiest friends had been invited; and the men in clearing out the stables and other offices for the horses of the guests. Pride and satisfaction were visible on every face, and that disposition to cordiality and to the oblivion of every thing unpleasant to the mind, marked, in a prominent manner, their conduct and conversation. Old Denis went, and voluntarily spoke to a neighbour, with whom he had not exchanged a word, except in anger, for some time. He found him at work in the field, and advancing with open hand and heart, he begged his pardon for any offence he might have given him.

"My son," said he, "is goin' to Maynooth; and as he is a boy that we have a good right to be proud of, and as our friends are comin' to ate their dinner wid us to day, and as—as my heart is too full to bear ill will against any livin' sowl, let alone a man that I know to be sound at the heart, in spite of all that has come between us—I say, Darby, I forgive you, and I expect pardon for my share of the offence. There's the hand of an honest man—let us be as neighbours ought to be, and not divided into parties and factions against one another, as we have been too long. Take

your dinner wid us to-day, and let us hear no more about ill will and unkindness."

"Denis," said his friend, "it ill becomes you to spake first. 'Tis I that ought to do that, and to do it long ago too; but you see, somehow, so long as it was to be decided by blows between the families, I'd never give in. Not but that *I* might do so, but my sons, Denis, wouldn't hear of it. 'Throth I'm glad of this, and so will they too; for only for the honour and glory of houldin' out, we might be all friends through other long ago. And I'll tell you what, we couldn't do better, the two factions of us, nor join and thrash them Haigneys that always put between us."

"No, Darby, I tell you, I bear no ill will, no bad thoughts agin any born Christian this day, and I won't hear of that. Come to us about five o'clock: we're to have Father Finnerty, and Father Farrell, his curate: all friends, man, all friends; and Denny, God guard him this day, will be home, afther passin' the Bishop, about four o'clock."

"I always thought that gorsoon would come to somethin'. Why it was wondherful how he used to discoorse upon the chapel-green, yourself and himself: but he soon left you behind. And how he sealed up poor ould Dixon, the parish clark's mouth, at Barny Boccagh's wake. God rest his soul. It was talkin' about the Protestant church they wor. 'Why,' said Misther Denis, 'you ould termagant, can you tell me who first discovered your church?' The dotin' ould crathur began of hummin' and hawin',

and advisin' the boy to have more sense. ' Come,' said he, ' you ould canticle, can you answer? But for fear you can't, I'll answer for you. It was the divil discovered it, one fine mornin' that he went to get an appetite, bein' in delicate health.' Why, Denis, you'd tie all that wor present wid a rotten sthraw."

" Darby, I ax your pardon over agin for what came between us; and I see now betther than I did, that the fault of it was more mine nor yours. You'll be down surely about five o'clock."

" I must go and take this beard off o' me, and clane myself; and I may as well do that now: but I'll be down, never fear."

" In throth the boy was always bright!—ha, ha, ha!—and he sobered Dixon?"

" Had him like a judge in no time.'

" Oh, he could do it—he could do that, at all times. God be wid you, Darby, till I see you in the evenin'."

" *Bannaght lhath*, Denis, an' I'm proud we're as we ought to be."

About four o'clock the expected guests began to assemble at Denis's; and about the same hour one might perceive Susan O'Shaughnessy running out to a stile a little above the house, where she stood for a few minutes, with her hand shading her eyes, looking long and intensely towards the direction from which she expected her brother to return. Hitherto, however, he could not be discovered in the distance, although scarcely five minutes elapsed during the intervals of her appearance at the stile to watch him. Some horsemen she did notice; but after straining

her eyes eagerly and anxiously, she was enabled only to report, with a dejected air, that they were their own friends coming from a distant part of the parish, to be present at the dinner. At length, after a long and eager look, she ran in with an exclamation of delight, saying—

"Thank goodness, he's comin' at last; I see somebody dressed in black ridin' down the upper end of Tim Marly's *boreen*, an' I'm sure an' certain it must be Denis, from his dress!"

"I'll warrant it is, my colleen," replied her father; "he said he'd be here before the dinner would be ready, an' it's widin a good hour of that. I'll thry myself.

He and his daughter once more went out; but, alas! only to experience a fresh disappointment. Instead of Denis, it was Father Finnerty; who, it appeared, felt as anxious to be in time for dinner, as the young candidate himself could have done. He was advancing at a brisk trot, *not* upon the colt which had been presented to him, but upon his old nag, which seemed to feel as eager to get at Denis's oats, as its owner did to taste his mutton.

"I see, Susy, we'll have a day of it, plase goodness," observed Denis to the girl: "here's Father Finnerty, and I wouldn't for more nor I'll mention that he had staid away; and I hope the *cowjuther* will come as well as himself. Do you go in, aroon, and tell them he's comin', and I'll go and meet him."

Most of Denis's friends were now assembled, dressed in their best apparel, and raised to the highest pitch of good humour; for no man who knows the

relish with which Irishmen enter into convivial enjoyments, can be ignorant of the remarkable flow of spirits which the prospect of an abundant and hospitable dinner produces among them.

Father Finnerty was one of those priests who constitute a numerous species in Ireland; regular, but loose and careless in the observances of his church, he could not be taxed with any positive neglect of pastoral duty. He held his stations at stated times and places, with great exactness, but when the severer duties annexed to them were performed, he relaxed into the boon companion, sang his song, told his story, laughed his laugh, and occasionally danced his dance, the very beau ideal of a rough, shrewd, humorous divine, who, amidst the hilarity of convivial mirth, kept an eye to his own interest, and sweetened the severity with which he exacted his "dues" by a manner at once jocose and familiar. If a wealthy farmer had a child to christen, his reverence declined baptizing it in the chapel, but as a proof of his marked respect for its parents, he and his curate did them the honour of performing the ceremony at their own house. If a marriage was to be solemnized, provided the parties were wealthy, he adopted the same course, and manifested the same flattering marks of his particular esteem for the parties, by attending at their residence; or if they preferred the pleasure of a journey to his own house, he and his curate accompanied them home from the same motives. This condescension, whilst it raised the pride of the parties, secured a good dinner, and a pleasant evening's entertainment for the priests,

enhanced their humility exceedingly, for the more they enjoyed themselves, the more highly did their friends consider themselves honoured. This mode of life might, one would suppose, lessen their importance and that personal respect which is entertained for the priests by the people; but it is not so—the priests can, the moment such scenes are ended, pass, with the greatest aptitude of habit, into the hard gloomy character of men who are replete with profound knowledge, exalted piety, and extraordinary power. The sullen frown, the angry glance, or the mysterious allusion to the omnipotent authority of the church, as vested in their persons, joined to some unintelligible dogma, laid down as their authority, are always sufficient to check any thing derogatory towards them, which is apt to originate in the unguarded moments of conviviality.

"Plase your Reverence, I'll put him up myself," said Denis to Father Finnerty, as he took his horse by the bridle, and led him towards the stable, "and how is *my* cowlt doin' wid you, Sir?"

"Troublesome, Denis; he was in a bad state when I got him, and he'll cost me nearly his price before I have him thoroughly broke."

"He was pretty well broke wid me, I know," replied Denis, "and I'm afear'd you've given him into the hands of some one that knows little about horses. Mave," he shouted, passing the kitchen door, "here's Father Finnerty—go in Docthor, and put big Brian Buie out o' the corner; for goodness' sake *Exkumnicate* him from the hob—an' sure you have power to do that any way."

The priest laughed, but immediately assuming a grave face, as he entered, exclaimed—

"Brian Buie, in the name of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's Elements—in the name of the cube and square roots of Algebra, Mathematics, Fluxions, and the doctrine of all essential spirits that admit of proof—in the name of Nebuchadanezar the divine, who invented the convenient scheme of taking a cold collation under a hedge—by the power of that profound branch of learning, the Greek Digamma—by the authority of true Latin, *primo*, of Beotian Greek, *secundo*, and of Arabian Hebrew, *tertio;* which is, when united by the skill of profound erudition, *primo, secundo, tertio;* or, being reversed by the logic of illustration, *tertio, secundo, primo. Commando te in nomine botteli potheeni boni drinkandi his ædibus, hac nocte, inter amicos excellentissimi amici mei, Dionisii O'Shaughnessy, quem beknavavi ex excellentissimo colto ejus, causa pedantissimi filii ejus, designati ecclesiæ, patri, sed nequaquam deo, nec naturæ, nec ingenio;—commando te, inquam, Bernarde Buie, surgere, stare, ambulare, et decedere e cornero isto vel hobbo, quo nunc sedes!* Yes, I command thee, Brian Buie, who sit upon the hob of my worthy and most excellent friend and parishioner, Denis O'Shaughnessy, to rise, to stand up before your spiritual superior, to walk down from it, and to tremble as if you were about to sink into the earth to the neck, but no further;—before the fulminations of him who can wield the thunder of that mighty Salmoneus, his holiness the Pope, successor to St.

Peter, who left the servant of the Centurion earless, I command and objurgate thee, sinner as thou art, to vacate your seat on the hob for the man of sanctity, whose legitimate possession it is, otherwise I shall send you like that worthy archbishop, the aforesaid Nebuchadanezar, to live upon leeks for seven years in the renowned kingdom of Wales, where the leeks may be seen to this day! Presto!"

These words, pronounced with a grave face, in a loud, rapid, and sonorous tone of voice, startled the good people of the house, who sat mute and astonished at such an exordium from the worthy pastor; but no sooner had he uttered Brian Buie's name, giving him, at the same time, a fierce and authoritative look, than the latter started to his feet, and stepped down in a kind of alarm towards the door. The priest immediately placed his hand upon his shoulder in a mysterious manner, exclaiming—

"Don't be alarmed, Brian, I have taken the force of the *anathema* off you; your power to sit, or stand, or go where you please, is returned again. I wanted your seat, and Denis desired me to excommunicate you out of it, which I did, and you accordingly left it without your own knowledge, consent, or power; I transferred you to where you stand, and you had no more strength to resist me, than if you were an infant not three hours in the world!"

"I ax God's pardon, an' your Reverence's," said Brian, in a tremour, "if I have given offince. Now, bless my soul! what's this? As sure as I stand before you, neighbours, I know neither act nor part

of how I was brought from the hob at all—neither act nor part! Did any of yees see me lavin' it; or how did I come here—can yees tell me?"

"Paddy," said one of his friends, "did you see him?"

"The sorra one o' me seen him," replied Paddy: "I was lookin' at his Reverence, sthrivin' to know what he was sayin'."

"Pether, did you?" another inquired.

"Me! I never seen a stim of him till he was standin' alone on the flure! Sure, when he did'nt see or find himself goin', how could another see him?"

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed Mave; "one ought to think well what they say, when they spake of the clargy, for they don't know what it may bring down upon them, sooner or later!"

"Our Denis will be able to do that yet," said Susan to her eldest sister.

"To be sure he will, *girsha*, as soon as he's ordained—every bit as well as Father Finnerty," replied Mary.

The young enthusiast's countenance brightened as her sister spoke: her dark eye became for a minute or two fixed upon vacancy, during which it flashed several times; until, as the images of her brother's future glory passed before her imagination, she became wrapt—her lip quivered—her cheek flushed into a deeper colour, and the tears burst in gushes from her eyes.

The mother, who was now engaged in welcoming Father Finnerty—a duty which the priest's comic miracle prevented her from performing sooner—did

not perceive her daughter's agitation, nor, in fact, did any one present understand its cause. Whilst the priest was taking Brian Buie's seat, she went once more to watch the return of Denis; and while she stood upon the stile, her father, after having put up the horse, entered the house, "to keep his Reverence company."

"Au' pray, Docthor," he inquired, "where is Father Molony, that he's not wid you? I hope he won't disappoint us; he's a mighty pleasant gintleman of an evenin', an', barrin' your Reverence, I don't know a man that tells a betther story."

"He entreated permission from me this morning," replied Father Finnerty, "and that was leave to pay a visit to the Bishop; for what purpose I know not, unless to put in a word in season for the first parish that becomes vacant."

"Throth, an' he well desarves a parish," replied Denis; "an' although we'd be loath to part wid him, still we'd be proud to hear of his promotion."

"He'll meet Denis there," observed Susan, who had returned from the stile: "he'll be apt to be present at his trial wid the Bishop; an' maybe he'll be home along wid him. I'll go an' thry if I can see them agin;" and she flew out once more to watch their return.

"Now, Father Finnerty," said an uncle of Denis's, "you can give a good guess at what a dacent parish ought to be worth to a parish priest?"

"Mrs. O'Shaughnessy," said the priest, "is that fat brown goose suspended before the fire, of your own rearing?"

"Indeed it is, plase your Reverence; but as far as good male an' phaties could go for the last month, it got the benefit of them."

"And pray, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, have you many of the same kidney? I only ask for information, as I said to Peery Hacket's wife, the last day I held the Station in Peery's. There was just such another goose hanging before the fire; but, you must know, the cream of the joke was, that I had been after coming from the confessional, as hungry as a man could conveniently wish himself; and seeing the brown fat goose before the fire, just as that is, why my teeth, Mave, began to get lachrymose. Upon my Priesthood, it was such a goose as a priest's corpse might get up on its elbow to look at, and exclaim, *avourneen machree*, it's a thousand pities that I'm not living, to have a cut at you!—ha, ha, ha! God be good to old Friar Hennessy, I have that joke from him.

"'Well, Mrs. Hacket,' says I, as I was airing my fingers at the fire, 'I dare say you haven't another goose like this about the house? Now, tell me, like an honest woman, have you any of the same kidney?—I only ask for information.'

"Mrs. Hacket, however, told me she believed there might be *a few* of the same kind straggling about the place, but said nothing further upon it, until the Saturday following, when her son brings me down a pair of the fattest geese I ever cut up for my Sunday's dinner. Now, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, wasn't that doing the thing *dacent?*"

"Well, well, Docthor," said Denis, "that was all

right; let Mave alone, an' maybe she'll be apt to find out a pair that will match Mrs. Hacket's. Not that I say it, but she doesn't like to be outdone in any thing."

"Docthor, I was wishin' to know, Sir," continued the uncle of the absent *candidate*, "what the value of a good parish might be."

"I think, Mave, there's a discrepancy between the goose and the shoulder of mutton. The fact is, that if it be a disputation between them, as to which will be roasted first, I pronounce that the goose will have it. It's now, let me see, half past four o'clock, and, in my opinion, it will take a full half hour to bring up the mutton. So Mave, if you'll be guided by your priest, advance the mutton towards the fire about two inches, and keep the little *girsha* basting steadily, and then you'll be sure to have it rich and juicy."

"Docthor, wid submission, I was wantin' to know what a good parish might be——"

"Mike Lawdher, if I don't mistake, you ought to have good grazing down in your meadows at Ballinard. What will you be charging for a month or two's grass for this colt I've bought from my dacent friend, Denis O'Shaughnessy, here? And, Mike, be rasonable upon a poor man, for we're all poor, being only tolerated by the state we live under, and ought not, of coorse, to be hard upon one another."

"An' what did he cost you, Docthor?" replied Mike, answering one question by another; "what did you get for him, Denis?" he continued, referring for information to Denis, to whom, on

reflection, he thought it more decorous to put the question.

Denis, however, felt the peculiar delicacy of his situation, and looked at the priest, whilst the latter, under a momentary embarrassment, looked significantly at Denis. His Reverence, however, was seldom at a loss.

"What would *you* take him to be worth, Mike?" he asked; "remember he's but badly trained, and I'm sure it will cost me both money and trouble to make any thing dacent out of him."

"If you got him somewhere between five and twenty and thirty guineas, I would say you have good value for your money, plase your Reverence. What do *you* say, Denis—am I near it?"

"Why, Mike, you know as much about a horse as you do about the Pentateuch or Paralipomenon. Five and twenty guineas, indeed! I hope you won't set your grass as you would sell your horses."

"Why, thin, if your Reverence *ped* ready money for him, I maintain he was as well worth twenty guineas as a thief's worth the gallows; an' you know Sir, I'd be long sorry to differ wid you. Am I near it now, Docthor?"

"Denis got for the horse more than that," said his Reverence, "and he may speak for himself."

"Thrue for you, Sir," replied Denis; "I surely got above twenty guineas for him, an' I'm well satisfied wid the bargan."

"You hear that now, Mike—you hear what he says."

"There's no goin' beyant it," returned Mike;

" the proof o' the puddin' is in the atin', as we'll soon know, Mave—eh, Docthor?"

" I never knew Mave to make a bad one," said the priest, " except upon the day Friar Hennessy dined with me here—my curate was sick, and I had to call in the Friar to assist me at confession; however, to do Mave justice, it was not *her* fault, for the Friar drowned the pudding, which was originally a good one, with a deluge of strong whiskey.

" ' It's too gross,' said the facetious Friar in his loud strong voice—' it's too gross, Docthor Finnerty, so let us *spiritualize* it, that it may be Christian atin', fit for pious men to digest,' and then he came out with his thundering laugh—oigh, oigh, oigh, oigh! but he had consequently the most of the pudding to himself, an' indeed brought the better half of it home in his saddle-bags."

" Faix, an' he did," said Mave, " an' a fat goose that he coaxed Mary to kill for him unknownst to us all, in the coorse o' the day."

" How long is he dead, Docthor?" said Denis; " God rest him any way, he's happy!"

" He died in the hot summer, now nine years about June last; and talking about him, reminds me of a trick he put on me about two years before his death. He and I had not been on good terms for long enough before that time; but as the curate I had was then sickly, and as I wouldn't be allowed two, I found that it might be convenient to call in the friar occasionally, a regulation he did not at all relish, for he said he could make far more by *questing* and poaching about among the old women of the

parish, with whom he was a great favourite, in consequence of the Latin hymns he used to sing for them, and the great cures he used to perform—a species of devotion which neither I nor my curate had time to practise. So, in order to renew my intimacy, I sent him a bag of oatmeal and a couple of flitches of bacon, both of which he readily accepted, and came down to me on the following day to borrow three guineas. After attempting to evade him—for, in fact, I had not the money *to spare*—he at length succeeded in getting them from me, on the condition that he was to give my horse a month's grass, by way of compensation, for I knew that to expect payment from him was next to going for piety to a parson.

" ' I will,' said he, ' give your horse the run of my best field'—for he held a comfortable bit of ground ; ' but,' he added, ' as you have been always cutting at me about my principle, I must insist, if it was only to convince you of my ginerosity, that you'll lave the choosing of the month to myself.'

" As I really wanted an assistant at the time, he had me bound, in some degree, to his own will. I accordingly gave him the money ; but from that till the day of his death, he never sent for my horse, except when there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, at which time he was certain to despatch a messenger for him, ' with Father Henessy's compliments, and he requested Doctor Finnerty to send his horse to Father Henessy's field, to ate his month's grass.' "

"But is it true, Docthor, that his face was shinin' afther his death?"

"True enough, and to my own knowledge, long *before* that event."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mave, "he was a holy man afther all!"

"Undoubtedly he was," said the priest; "there are spots in the sun, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy—we are not all immaculate. There never was one sent into this world without less or more sin upon them. Even the saints themselves had venial touches about them, but nothing to signify."

"Docthor," said the uncle, pertinaciously adhering to the original question, "you have an opportunity of knowin' what a good parish might be worth to a smart, active priest? For the sake of a son of mine that I've some notion of——"

"By the by, I wonder Denis is not here before now," exclaimed his Reverence, lending a deaf ear to Mike O'Shaughnessy's interrogatory.

Old Denis's favourite topic had been started, and he accordingly launched out upon it with all the delight and ardour of a fond father.

"Now, Docthor, dear, before us all—an' sure you know as well as I do, that we're all friends together—what's your downright opinion of Denis? Is he as bright as you tould me the other mornin' he was?"

"Really, Denis O'Shaughnessy," replied his Reverence, "it's not pleasant to me to be pressed so often to eulogize a young gintleman of whose talents

I have so frequently expressed my opinion. Is not once sufficient for *me* to say what I've said concerning him? But, as we *are* all present, I now say and declare, that my opinion of Denis O'Shaughnessy, jun. is decidedly *peculiar*—decidedly.—Come, girshah, keep basting the mutton, and never heed my boots—turn it about and baste the back of it better."

"God be thanked," exclaimed the delighted father, "sure it's a comfort to hear *that*, any how—afther all the pains and throuble we've taken wid him, to know it's not lost. Why that boy was so smart, Docthor, that, may I never sin, when he went first to the Latin, but—an' this is no lie, for I have it from his own lips—when he'd look upon his task two or three times over night, he'd waken wid every word of it, pat aff the book, the next mornin.' And how do you think he got it? Why, the crathur, you see, used to dhrame that he was readin' it off, and so he used to get it that way in his sleep!"

At this moment Darby Moran, Denis's old foe, entered, and his reception was cordial, and, if the truth were known, almost magnanimous on the part of Denis.

"Darby Moran," said he, "not a man, barrin' his Reverence here, in the parish we sit in, that I'm prouder to see on my flure—give me your hand, man alive, and Mave and all of yees welcome him. Every thing of what you know is buried between us, and you're bound to welcome him, if it was only in regard of the handsome way he spoke of our son this day—here's my own chair, Darby, and sit down."

"Throth," said Darby, after shaking hands with

the priest and greeting the rest of the company, "the same boy no one could spake ill of; and, although we and his people were not upon the best footin', still the sarra one o' me but always gave *him* his due."

"Indeed, I believe you, Darby," said his father; "but are you comfortable? draw your chair nearer the fire—the evenin's gettin' cowld."

"I'm very well, Denis, I thank you;—nearer the fire! Faix, except you want to have me roasted along wid that shouldher of mutton and goose, I think I can't go much nearer it."

"I'm sorry, you warn't in sooner, Darby, till you'd hear what Docthor Finnerty here—God spare him long among us—said of Denis a while ago. Docthor, if it would'nt be makin' too free, maybe you'd oblage me wid repatin' it over again?"

"I can never have any hesitation," replied the priest, "in repeating anything to his advantage—I stated, Darby, that young Misther O'Shaughnessy was a youth of whom my opinion was decidedly *peculiar*—keep basting child, you're forgetting the goose now; did you never see a priest's boots before?"

"An' nobody has a better right to know nor yourself, wherever larnin' and education's consarned," said the father.

"Why it's not long since I examined him myself; I say it sitting here, and I believe every one that hears me is present; and during the course of the examination I was really astonished. The translations, and derivations, and conjugations, and ratiocinations,

and variations, and investigations that he gave, were all the most remarkably original I ever heard. He would not be contented with the common sense of a passage; but he'd keep hunting, and hawking, and fishing about for something that was out of the ordinary course of reading, that I was truly struck with his eccentric turn of genius."

"You think he'll pass the Bishop wid great credit, docthor?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Denis—which is going further than I went yet—I think that if *he* were the Bishop, and the *Bishop* the candidate for Maynooth, that his lordship would have but a poor chance of passing. There's the pinnacle of my eulogium upon him; and now to give my opinion on another important subject; I pronounce both the goose and mutton done to a turn. As it appears that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has every other portion of the dinner ready, I move that we commence operations as soon as possible."

"But Denis, docthor? it would be a pleasure to me to have him, poor fellow, wid *all* his trouble over, and his mind at ase; maybe if we wait a weeshy while longer, docthor, that he'll come, and you know Father Molony too is to come yet, and some more of our friends."

"If the examination was a long one, I tell you that Misther O'Shaughnessy may not be here this hour to come; and you may be sure, the Bishop, meeting such a bright boy, wouldn't make it a short one. As for Father Molony, he'll be here time enough, so I move again that we attack the citadel."

"Well, well, never say it again—the sarra one o' me will keep it back, myself bein' as ripe as any of you, barrin' his Reverence, that we're not to take the foreway of in any thing. Ha! ha! ha!"

Whilst Mave and her daughters were engaged in laying dinner, and in making all the other arrangements necessary for their comfort, the priest took Denis aside, and thus addressed him:

"Denis, I need scarcely remark, that this meeting of our friends is upon no common occasion; that it's neither a wedding, nor a station, nor a christening, but a gathering of relations for a more honourable purpose than any of them, excepting the station, which you know is a *religious rite.* I just mention this privately, lest you might not be properly on your guard, and to prevent any appearance of maneness; or—in short, I hope you have abundance of every thing; I hope you have, and that not for your own sake, so much as for that of your son. Remember your boy, and what he's designed for, and don't let the dinner or its concomitants be discreditable to *him;* for, in fact, it's his dinner, observe, and not yours."

"I'm thankful, I'm deeply thankful, an' for ever oblaged to your Reverence for your kindness; although widout at all makin' little of it, it was'nt wanted here; never fear, Docthor, there'll be lashins and lavins."

"Well but make that clear, Denis; here now are near two dozen of us, and you say there are more to come, and all the provision I see for them is a shoulder of mutton, a goose, and something in

that large pot on the fire, which I suppose is hung beef."

"Thrue for you, Sir, but you don't know that we've got a tarin' fire down in the barn, where there's two geese more and two shouldhers of mutton to help what you seen—not to mintion a great big puddin', an' lots of other things. Sure you might notice Mave and the girls runnin' in an' out to attind the cookin' of it."

"Enough, Denis, that's sufficient; and now, between you and me, I say your son will be the loadstar of Maynooth, which out-tops any thing I said of him yet."

"There's a whole keg of whiskey, Docthor."

"I see nothing to prevent him from being a Bishop; indeed, it's almost certain, for he can't be kept back."

"I only hope your Reverence will be livin' when he praches his first sarmon. I have the dam of the coult still, an' a wink's as good as a nod, please your Reverence."

"A strong letter in his favour to the President of Maynooth will do him no harm," said the priest.

They then joined their other friends, and in a few minutes an excellent dinner, plain and abundant, was spread out upon the table. It consisted of the usual materials which constitute an Irish feast in the house of a wealthy farmer, whose pride it is to compel every guest to eat so long as he can swallow a morsel. There were geese and fowl of all kinds—shoulders of mutton, laughing-potatoes, carrots, parsnips and cabbage, together with an immense pudding, boiled

in a clean sheet, and ingeniously kept together with long straws * drawn through it in all directions. A lord or duke might be senseless enough to look upon such a substantial yeoman-like meal with a sneer; but with all their wealth and elegance, perhaps they might envy the health and appetite of those who partook of it. When Father Finnerty had given a short grace, and the operations of the table were commenced, Denis looked round him with a disappointed air, and exclaimed,

"Father Finnerty, there's only one thing, indeed I may say two, a wantin' to complate our happiness—I mean Denis and Father Molony! What on earth does your Reverence think can keep them?"

To this he received not a syllable of reply, nor did he consider it necessary to urge the question any further at present. Father Finnerty's powers of conversation seemed to have abandoned him; for although there were some few expressions loosely dropped, yet the worthy priest maintained an obstinate silence.

At length, in due time, he began to let fall an occasional remark, impeded considerably by hiccups, and an odd *Deo Gratias* or *Laus Deo*, uttered in that indecisive manner which indicates the position of a man who debates within himself, whether he ought to rest satisfied or not.

At this moment the trampling of a horse was heard approaching the door, and immediately every one of Denis's family ran out to ascertain whether it was

* This, about thirty years ago, was usual at weddings and other feasts, where every thing went upon a large scale.

the young candidate. Loud and clamorous was their joy on finding that they were not mistaken; he was alone, and, on arriving at the door, dismounted slowly, and received their welcomes and congratulations with a philosophy which perplexed them not a little. The scene of confusion which followed his entrance into the house could scarcely be conceived: every hand was thrust out to welcome him, and every tongue loud in wishing him joy and happiness. The chairs and stools were overturned as they stood in the way of those who wished to approach him; plates fell in the bustle, and wooden trenchers trundled along the ground; the dogs, on mingling with the crowd that surrounded him, were kicked angrily from among them by those who had not yet got shaking hands with Denis. Father Finnerty, during this commotion, kept his seat in the most dignified manner; but the moment it had subsided, he stretched out his hand to Denis, exclaiming,

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I congratulate you upon the event of this auspicious day! I wish you joy and happiness!"

"So do we all, over and over agin!" they exclaimed; "a proud gintleman he may be this night!"

"I thank you, Father Finnerty," said Denis, "and I thank you all!"

"Denis avourneen," said his mother, "sit down an' ate a hearty dinner; you must be both tired and hungry, so sit down, avick, and when you're done you can tell us all."

"*Bonum concilium, mi chare Dionysi*—the advice is good, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and I myself will, in

honour of this day, although I have already dined, just take another slice;" and as he spoke he helped himself. "Any thing to honour a friend," he continued; "but, by the by, before I commence, I will try your own prescription, Denis—a whetter of this poteen at intervals. Hoch, that's glorious stuff—pure as any one of the cardinal virtues, and strong as fortitude which is the champion of them all."

Denis, during these pleasant observations of the priest, sat silent, with a countenance pale and apparently dejected. When his mother had filled his plate, he gently put it away from him; but poured out a little spirits and water, which he drank."

"I cannot eat a morsel," said he; "mother, don't press me, it's impossible. We are all assembled here—friends, neighbours, and relations—I'll not disguise the fact—but the truth is, I have been badly treated this day; I have been, in the most barefaced manner, rejected by the Bishop, and a nephew of Father Molony's elected in my place."

The effect which this disclosure produced upon the company present, especially upon his own family, utterly defies description. His father hastily laid down his glass, and his eyes opened to the utmost stretch of their lids; his mother let a plate fall which she was in the act of handing to one of her daughters, who was about to help a poor beggar at the door; all convivial enjoyment was suspended; the priest laid down his knife and fork, and fixed his large eyes upon Denis, with his mouth full; his young sister, Susan, flew over to his side, and looked intensely into his countenance for an explanation

of what he meant, for she had not properly understood him.

"Rejected!" exclaimed the priest—"rejected! Young man, I am your spiritual superior, and I command you, on this occasion, to practise no jocularity whatsoever—I lay it upon you as a religious duty to be serious and candid, to speak truth, and inform us at once whether what you have advanced be true or not?"

"I wish," said Denis, "that it was only jocularity on my part; but I solemnly assure you all that it is not. The Bishop told me that I suffered myself to be misled as to my qualifications for entrance; he says it will take a year and a half's hard study to enable me to matriculate with a good grace. I told him that your Reverence examined me, and said I was well prepared; and he said to me in reply, that your Reverence was very little of a judge as to my fitness."

"Very well," said the priest, "I thank his lordship; 'tis true, I deserved that from *him;* but it can't be helped. I see, at all events, how the land lies. Denis O'Shaughnessy, I pronounce you to be, in the first place, an extremely stultified and indiscreet young man; and, in the next place, as badly treated, and as oppressed a candidate for Maynooth as ever entered it. I pronounce you, in the face of the world, right well prepared for it; but I see now who is the spy of the diocese—oh, oh, thank you, Misther Malony—I now remimber, that he is related to his lordship through the beggarly clan of the M——'s. But wait a little; if I have failed here,

thank heaven I have interest in the next diocese, the Bishop of which is my cousin, and we will yet have a tug for it."

The mother and sisters of Denis were now drowned in tears; and the grief of his sister Susan was absolutely hysterical. Old Denis's brow became pale and sorrowful, his eye sunk, and his hand trembled. His friends all partook of this serious disappointment, and sat in silence and embarrassment around the table. Young Denis's distress was truly intense: he could not eat a morsel; his voice was tremulous with vexation; and, indeed, altogether the aspect of those present betokened the occurrence of some grievous affliction.

"Well," said Brian, Denis's elder brother, "I only say this, that it's a good story for him to tell that he is a Bishop, otherwise I'd think no more of puttin' a bullet through him from behind a hedge, than I would of shootin' a cur dog."

"Don't say that, Brian," said his mother; "bad as it is, he's one of our clargy, so don't spake disrespectful of him; sure a year is not much to wait, an' the next time you go before him it won't be in his power to keep you back. As for Father Molony, we wish him well, but undher the roof of this house, at a Station, or any thing else of the kind, he will never sit, barrin' I thought he was either dhry or hungry, that I wouldn't bring evil upon my substance by refusin' him."

"And that was his lordship's character of me?" inquired the priest once more with chagrin.

"If that was not, pernaps you will find it in this

letter," replied Denis, handing him a written communication from the bishop. Father Finnerty hastily broke open the seal, and read silently as follows:

"*To the Rev. Father Finnerty, peace, and benediction.*

"REV. SIR,

"I feel deep indignation at hearing the disclosure made to me this day by the bearer, touching your negotiation with him and his family, concerning a horse, as the value paid by them to you for procuring the use of my influence in his favour; and I cannot sufficiently reprobate such a transaction, nor find terms strong enough in which to condemn the parties concerned in it. Sir, I repeat it, that such juggling is more reprehensible on your part than on theirs, and that it is doubly disrespectful to me, to suppose that I could be influenced by any thing but merit in the candidates. I desire you will wait upon me to-morrow, when I hope you may be able to place the transaction in such a light as will raise you once more to the estimation in which I have always held you. There are three other candidates, one of whom is a relation of your excellent curate's; but I have as yet made *no* decision, so that the appointment is still open. In the mean time, I command you to send back the horse to his proper owner, as soon after the receipt of this as possible, for O'Shaughnessy must not be shackled by any such stipulations. I have now to ask your Christian forgiveness for having, under the influence of temporary anger, spoken of you before this lad with disrespect. I hereby make restitution, and beg that you will forgive me, and remember me by name in your prayers, as I shall also name you in mine.

"I am, &c.

"✠ JAMES M."

When Father Finnerty read this letter, his countenance gradually assumed an expression of the most irresistible humour; nothing could be more truly comic than the significant look he directed at each

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individual of the O'Shaughnessys, not omitting even the little girl who had basted the goose, whom he patted on the head with that mechanical abstraction resulting from the occurrence of something highly agreeable. The cast of his features was now the more ludicrous, when contrasted with the rueful visage he presented on hearing the manner in which his character had been delineated by the Bishop. At length he laid himself back in his chair, and putting his hands to his sides, fairly laughed out loudly for near five minutes.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "Dionysius, Dionysius, but you are the simple and unsophisticated youth! Oh, you *bocaun* of the wide earth, to come home with a long face upon you telling us that you were rejected, and you *not* rejected."

"Not rejected!—not rejecet!—not rejeckset!—not raxjaxet!" they all exclaimed, attempting to pronounce the word as well as they could.

"For the sake of heaven above us, Docthor, don't keep us in doubt one minute longer," said old Denis.

"Follow me," said the priest, becoming instantly grave, "follow me, Dionysius; follow me Denis More, and Brian, all follow—follow *me*. *I* have news for you! My friends, we'll be back instantly."

They accordingly passed into another room, where they remained in close conference for about a quarter of an hour, after which they re-entered in the highest spirits.

"Come," said Denis, "Pether, go over, abouchal, to Andy Bradagh's for Larry Cassidy the piper—fly like a swallow, Pether, an' don't come widout him.

Mave, achora, all's right. Susy, you darlin', dhry your eyes, avourneen, all's right. Nabours, friends—fill, fill—I say all's right still. My son's not disgraced, nor he won't be disgraced whilst I have a house over my head, or a beast in my stable. Docthor, reverend Docthor, drink; may I never sin, but you must get merry, an' dance a '*cut-along*' wid myself, when the music comes, and you must thrip the 'priest in his boots' wid Susy here afther. Excuse me, nabours—Docthor, you won't blame me, there's both joy and sorrow in these tears. I have had a good family of childhre, an' a faithful wife; an' Mave, achora, although time has laid his mark upon you, as well as upon myself, and the locks are grey that wor once as black as a raven: yet, Mave, I seen the day, an' there's many livin' to prove it—ay, Mave, I seen the day when you wor worth lookin' at—the wild rose of Lisbuie she was called, Docthor. Well, Mave, I hope that my eyes may be closed by the hands I loved an' love so well—an' that's your own, agrah machree, an' Denis's.

"Whisht, Denis asthore," said Mave, wiping her eyes, "I hope I'll never see that day. Afther seein' Denis here, what we all hope him to be, the next thing I wish is, that I may never live to see my husband taken away from me, acushla; no, I hope God will take me to himself before *that* comes."

There is something touching in the burst of pathetic affection which springs strongly from the heart of a worthy couple, when, seated among their own family, the feelings of the husband and the father, the wife and the mother, overpower them. In this

case, the feeling is always deep in proportion to the strength and purity of domestic affection; still it is checked by the melancholy satisfaction, that our place is to be filled by those who are dear to us.

"But now," said the priest, "that the scent lies still warm, let me ask you, Dionysius, how the Bishop came to understand the *compactum?*"

"I really cannot undertake to say," replied Denis; "but if any man has an eye like a *basileus* he has. On finding, Sir, that there was some defect in my responsive powers, he looked keenly at me, closing his piercing eyes a little, and inquired upon what ground I had presented myself as a candidate. I would have sunk the *compactum* altogether, but for the eye. I suspended and hesitated a little, and at length told him that there was an understanding—a—a—kind of—in short, he squeezed the whole secret out o' me gradationally. You know the result!"

"Ah, Dionysius, you are yet an unfledged bird; but it matters little. All will be rectified soon."

"Arrah, Dinis," inquired his mother, "was it only takin' a rise out of us you wor all the time? Throth myself's not the betther of the fright you put me into."

"No," replied Denis, "the Bishop treated me harshly I thought: he said I was not properly fit. 'You might pass,' said he, 'upon a particular occasion, or under peculiar circumstances; but it will take at least a year and a half's study, to enable you to enter Maynooth as I would wish you. You may go home again,' said he; 'at present I have dismissed the subject.'

" After this, on meeting Father Molony, he told me that his cousin had passed, and that he would be soon sent up to Maynooth: so I concluded all hope was over with me; but I didn't then know what the letter to Father Finnerty contained. I now see that I may succeed still."

" You may and *shall*, Denis; but no thanks to Father Molony for that: however, I shall keep my eye upon the same curate, never fear. Well, let that pass, and now for harmony, conviviality, and friendship. Gentlemen, fill your glasses—I mean your respective vessels. Come, Denis More, let that porringer of yours be a brimmer. Ned Hanratty, charge your noggin. Darby, although your mug wants an ear, it can hold *the full* of it. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, that old family cruiskeen ought to be with your husband: but no matther—*non constat.—Eh? Dionysi? Intelligisne?*"

" *Intelligo, domine.*"

" Here then is health, success, and prosperity to Mr. Dionysius O'Shaughnessy, jun.! May he soon be on the Retreat in the vivacious walls of that learned and sprightly seminary, Maynooth! On the Retreat, I say, getting fat upon half a meal a day for the first week, fasting tightly against the grain, praying sincerely for a set in at the king's mutton, and repenting thoroughly of his penitence!"

" Well, Docthor, that is a toast. Denis, have you nothing to say to that? Won't you stand up an' thank his Reverence, any how?"

" I am really too much oppressed with relaxation," said Denis, " to return thanks in that florid style

which would become my pretensions. I cannot, however, but thank Father Finnerty for his ingenious and learned toast, which does equal honour to his *head* and heart, and I might superadd, to his *intellects* also; for in drinking toasts, my friends, I always elaborate a distinction between strength of head and strength of intellect. I now thank you all for having in so liberal a manner drunk my health; and in grateful return, I request you will once more fill your utensils, and learnedly drink—long life and a mitre to the Reverend Father Finnerty, of the Society of St. Dominick, Doctor of Divinity and Parochial Priest of this excellent parish!—*Propino tibi salutem, Doctor doctissime, reverendissime, et sanctissime; nec non omnibus amicis hic congregatis!*"

The priest's eye, during this speech, twinkled with humour: he saw clearly that Denis thoroughly understood the raillery of his toast, and that the compliment was well repaid. On this subject he did not wish, however, to proceed further, and his object now was, that the evening should pass off as agreeably as possible.

Next morning Father Finnerty paid Denis a timely visit, having first, as he had been directed, sent home the colt a little after day-break. They then took an early breakfast, and after about half an hour's further deliberation, the priest, old Denis, and his son —the last mounted upon the redoubtable colt—proceeded to the Bishop's residence. His lordship had nearly finished breakfast, which he took in his study; but as he was engaged with his brother, the barrister, who slept at his house the night before, in order to

attend a public meeting on that day, he could not be seen for some time after they arrived. At length they were admitted. The Right Reverend Doctor was still seated at the breakfast table, dressed in a morning gown of fine black stuff, such as the brothers of the Franciscan order of monks usually wear, to which order he belonged. He wore black silk stockings, gold knee-buckles to his small-clothes, a rich ruby ring upon his finger, and a small gold cross, set with brilliants, about his neck. This last was not usually visible; but as he had not yet dressed for the day, it hung over his vest. He sat, or rather lolled back in a stuffed easy chair, one leg thrown indolently over the other. Though not an old man, he wore powder, which gave him an air of greater reverence; and as his features were sharp and intelligent, his eye small but keen, and his manner altogether impressive and gentlemanly, if not dignified, it was not surprising that Father Finnerty's two companions felt awed and embarrassed before him. Nor was the priest himself wholly free from that humbling sensation which one naturally feels when in the presence of a superior mind in a superior station of life.

"Good morning to your Lordship!" said the priest, "I am exceedingly happy to see you look so well. Counsellor, your most obedient: I hope, Sir, you are in good health!"

To this both gentlemen replied in the usual common-place terms.

"Docthor," continued the priest, "this is a worthy dacent parishioner of mine, Denis O'Shaughnessy;

and this is his son who has the honour to be already known to your Lordship."

"Sit down, O'Shaughnessy," said the Bishop, "take a seat young man."

"I humbly thank your Lordship," replied Denis the elder, taking a chair as he spoke, and laying his hat beside him on the carpet.

The son, who trembled at the moment from head to foot, did not sit as he was asked, but the father, after giving him a pluck, said in a whisper, "Can't you sit when his Lordship bids you." He then took a seat, but appeared scarcely to know whether he sat or stood.

"By the by, Doctor, you have improved this place mightily," continued Father Finnerty, "since I had the pleasure of being here last. I thought I saw a green-house peeping over the garden-wall."

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "I am just beginning to make a collection of shrubs and flowers upon a small scale. I believe you are aware that tending and rearing flowers, Mr. Finnerty, is a favourite amusement with me."

"I believe I have a good right to know as much, Dr. M——," replied Mr. Finnerty. "If I don't mistake, I sent you some specimens for your garden that were not contemptible. And if I don't mistake again, I shall be able to send your Lordship a shrub that would take the pearl off a man's eye only to look at it. And what's more, it's quite a new comer; not two years in the country."

"Pray how is it called, Mr. Finnerty?"

"Upon my credit, Doctor, with great respect, I

will tell you nothing more about it at present. If you wish to see it, or to know its name, or to get a slip of it, you must first come and eat a dinner with me. And, Counsellor, if you, too, could appear on your own behalf, so much the better."

"I fear I cannot, Mr. Finnerty, but I dare say my brother will do himself the pleasure of dining with you."

"It cannot be for at least six weeks, Mr. Finnerty," said the Bishop. "You forget that the Confirmations begin in ten days; but I shall have the pleasure of dining with you when I come to confirm in your parish."

"Phoo! Why Doctor, that's a matter of course. Couldn't your Lordship make it convenient to come during the week, and bring the Counsellor here with you? Don't say no, Counsellor; I'll have no demurring."

"Mr. Finnerty," said the Bishop, "it is impossible at present. My brother goes to Dublin to-morrow, and I must go on the following day to attend the consecration of a chapel in the metropolis."

"Then upon my credit, your Lordshsip will get neither the name nor description of my *Fucia*, until you earn it by eating a dinner, and drinking a glass of claret with the Rev. Father Finnerty. Are those hard terms, Counsellor?—Ha! ha! ha! I'm not the man to be put off a thing, I assure you."

"Mr. Finnerty," said the Bishop, smiling at, but not noticing the worthy priest's blunder about the Fucia, "if possible, I shall dine with you soon; but at present it is out of my power to appoint a day."

" Well, well, Docthor make your own time of it; and now for the purport of our journey. Denis O'Shaughnessy here, my Lord, is a warm respectable parishioner of mine—a man indeed for whom I have a great regard. He is reported to have inherited from his worthy father, two horns filled with guineas. His grandmother, as he could well inform your Lordship, was born with a *lucky caul* upon her, which caul is still in the family. Isn't it so, Denis?"

" My Lord, in dignity, it's thruth," replied Denis, " and from the time it came into the family they always thruv, thanks be to goodness!"

The lawyer sat eyeing the priest and Denis alternately, evidently puzzled to comprehend what such a remarkable introduction could lead to.

The Bishop seemed not to be surprised, for his features betrayed no change whatsoever.

" Having, therefore, had the necessary means of educating a son for the church, he has accordingly prepared this young man with much anxiety and expense for Maynooth."

" Plase your Lordship," said Denis, " Docthor Finnerty is clothin' it betther than I could do. My heart is fixed upon seein' him what we all expect him to be, your lordship."

" Mr. Finnerty," observed the Bishop, " you seem to be intimately acquainted with O'Shaughnessy's circumstances; you appear to take a warm interest in the family, particularly in the success of his son."

" Undoubtedly, my Lord; I am particularly anxious for his success.

" You received my letter yesterday?"

" I am here to-day, my Lord, in consequence of having received it. But, by the by, there was, under favour, a slight misconception on the part of your——"

" What misconception, Sir ?"

" Why, my Lord—Counsellor, this is a—a—kind of charge his Lordship is bringing against me, under a slight misconception. My Lord, the fact is, that I did'nt see what ecclesiastical right I had to prevent Denis here from disposing of his own property to——'

" I expect an apology from you, Mr. Finnerty, but neither a defence nor a justification. An attempt at either will not advance the interests of your young friend, believe me."

" Then I have only to say that the wish expressed in your Lordship's letter has been complied with. But wait awhile, my Lord, continued the priest good humouredly, I shall soon turn the tables on yourself."

" How is that, pray ?"

" Why, my Lord, the horse is in your stable, and Denis declares he will not take him out of it."

" I have not the slightest objection to that," replied the Bishop, " upon the express condition that his son shall never enter Maynooth.'

" For my part," observed Mr. Finnerty, " I leave the matter now between your Lordship and O'Shaughnessy himself. You may act as you please, Doctor, and so may he."

" Mr. Finnerty, if I could suppose for a moment

that the suggestion of thus influencing me originated with *you*, I would instantly deprive you of your parish, and make you assistant to your excellent curate, for whom I entertain a sincere regard. I have already expressed my opinion of the transaction alluded to in my letter. You have frequently offended me, Mr. Finnerty, by presuming too far upon my good temper, and by relying probably upon your own jocular disposition. Take care, Sir, that you don't break down in some of your best jokes. I fear that under the guise of humour, you frequently avail yourself of the weakness, or ignorance, or simplicity, of your parishioners. I hope, Mr. Finnerty, that while *you* laugh at the jest, *they* don't pay for it."

The priest here caught the Counsellor's eye, and gave him a dry wink, not unperceived, however, by the Bishop, who could scarcely repress a smile.

" You should have known me better, Mr. Finnerty, than to suppose that any motive could influence me in deciding upon the claims of candidates for Maynooth, besides their own moral character and literary acquirements. So long as I live, this, and this alone will be the rule of my conduct, touching persons in the circumstances of young O'Shaughnessy."

" My gracious lord," said Denis, " don't be angry wid Misther Finnerty. I'll bear it all, for it was my fau't. The horse is mine, and say what you will, out of your stable I'll never bring him. I think, wid great sibmission, a man may do what he pleases wid his own."

" Certainly," said the Bishop! " my consent to

permit your son to go to Maynooth is my own. Now this consent I will not give if you press that mode of argument upon me."

"My Reverend Lord, as heaven's above me, I'd give all I'm worth to see the boy in Maynooth. If he doesn't go afther all our hopes, I'd break my heart." He was so deeply affected that the large tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke.

"Will your Lordship *buy* the horse?" he added; "I don't want him, and you, maybe, do?"

"I do *not* want him," said the Bishop, "and if I did, I would not, under the present circumstances, purchase him from you."

"Then my boy won't get in, your lordship? And you'll neither buy the horse, nor take him as a present. My curse upon him for a horse! The first thing I'll do when I get home will be to put a bullet through him, for he has been an unlucky thief to us. Is my son aquil to the others that came to pass your lordship?" asked Denis.

"There is none of them properly qualified," said the Bishop. "If there be any superiority among them your son has it. He is not without natural talent, Mr. Finnerty; his translations are strong and fluent, but ridiculously pedantic. That, however, is perhaps less his fault than the fault of those who instructed him."

"Are you anxious to dispose of the horse?" said the Counsellor.

"A single day, Sir, he'll never pass in my stable," said Denis; "he has been an unlucky baste to me an' mine, an' to all that had any thing to do wid him."

" Pray what age is he?"

" Risin' four, Sir ; 'deed I believe he's four all out, an' a purty devil's clip he is, as you'd wish to see."

" Come," said the Counsellor, rising, " let us have a look at him. Mr. Finnerty, you're an excellent judge ; will you favour me with your opinion ?"

The priest and he, accompanied by the two O'Shaughnessys, passed out to the stable yard, where their horses stood. As they went, Father Finnerty whispered to O'Shaughnessy :—

" Now, Denis, is your time. Strike while the iron is hot ; Don't take a penny !—don't take a fraction! Get into a passion, and swear you'll shoot him unless he accepts him as a present. If he does, all's right; he can twine the bishop round his finger."

" I see, Sir," said Denis ; " I see ! Let me alone for managin' him."

The barrister was already engaged in examining the horse's mouth, as is usual, when the priest accosted him with—

" You are transgressing etiquette in this instance, Counsellor. You know the proverb—never look a gift horse in the mouth."

" How, Mr. Finnerty?—a gift horse !"

" His Reverence is right !" exclaimed Denis : " the sorra penny ever will cross my pocket for the same horse. You must take him as he stands, Sir, barrin' the bridle an' saddle, that's not my own."

" He will take no money," said the priest.

" Nonsense, my dear Sir ! Why not take a fair price for him ?"

" Divil the penny will cross my pocket for him, the unlucky thief!" replied the shrewd farmer.

" Then in that case the negotiation is ended," replied the barrister. " I certainly will not accept him as a present. Why should I? What claim have I on Mr. O'Shaughnessy?"

I don't want you to take him," said Denis; " I want nobody to take him: but I know the dogs of the parish 'll be pickin' his bones afore night. You may as well have him, Sir, as not."

" Is the man serious, Mr. Finnerty?"

" I never saw a man in my life having a more serious appearance, I assure you," said the priest.

" By Jove it's a queer business," replied the other: " a most extraordinary affair as I ever witnessed! Why it would be madness to destroy such a fine animal as that! The horse is an excellent one! However, I shall certainly *not* accept him, until I ascertain whether I can prevail upon the Bishop to elect his son to this vacancy. If I can make the man no return for him, I shall let him go to the dogs."

" Go up and set to work," said the priest; " but remember that *tace* is Latin for a candle. Keep his Lordship in the dark, otherwise this scion is ousted."

" True," said the other. " In the mean time bring them into the parlour, until I try what can be done."

" Take the Bishop upon the father's affection for him," said the priest.

" You are right. I am glad you mentioned it."

"The poor man will break his heart," said the priest.

"He will," responded the Counsellor, smiling

"So will the mother, too," said the priest, with an arch look.

"And the whole family," replied the Counsellor.

"Go up instantly," said the priest; "you have often got a worse fee."

"And perhaps with less prospect of success," said the other. "Gentlemen, have the goodness to walk into the parlour for a few minutes, while I endeavour to soften my brother a little, if I can, upon this untoward business."

When the priest and his two friends entered the parlour, which was elegantly furnished, they stood for a moment to survey it. Old Denis, however, was too much engaged in the subject which lay nearest his heart to take pleasure in any thing else; at least until he should hear the priest's opinion upon the posture of affairs.

"What does your Reverence think?" said Denis.

"Behave yourself," replied the pastor. "None of your nonsense! You know what I think as well as I do myself."

"But will Dionnisis pass?—Will he go to Maynooth?"

"Will you go to your dinner to-day, or to your bed to-night?"

"God be praised! Well, Docthor, wait till we see him off, then I'll be spakin' to you!"

"No," said the priest; "but wait till you take a toss upon this sofa, and then you will get a taste of ecclesiastical luxury."

" Ay," said Denis, " but would it be right o' me to sit in it? Maybe it's consecrated."

" Faith, you may swear that; but it is to the ease and comfort of his lordship! Come, man, sit down, till you see how you'll sink in it."

" Oh, murdher!" exclaimed Denis, " where am I at all? Docthor dear, am I in sight? Do you see the crown o' my head, good or bad? Oh, may I never sin, but that's great state!—Well to be sure!"

" Ay," said the priest, " see what it is to be a bishop in any church! The moment a man becomes a bishop, he fastens tooth and nail upon luxury, as if a mitre was a dispensation for enjoying the world that they have sworn to renounce. Dionysius, look about you! Isn't this worth studying for?"

" Yes," replied the hitherto silent candidate, " if it was perusal on the part of his lordship that got it."

" Upon my credit, a shrewd observation! Ah, Dionysius, merit is overlooked in every church, and in every profession; or perhaps—hem!—ehem!—perhaps some of your reverend friends might be higher up! I mean nobody; but if sound learning, and wit, and humour, together with several other virtues which I decline enumerating, could secure a mitre, why mitres might be on other brows."

" This is surely great state," observed the candidate; " and if it be a thing that I matriculate"——

" And yet," said the priest, interrupting him, " this same bishop—who is, no doubt, a worthy man, but who has no natural ear for a jest—was once upon a time the priest of an indifferent good parish, like

myself; ay, and a poor, cowardly, culprit-looking candidate, ready to sink into the earth before his bishop, like you."

"Me cowardly!" said the candidate: "I decline the insinuation altogether. It was nothing but vene ration and respect, which you know we should entertain for all our spiritual superiors."

"That's truth decidedly; though, at the same time, your nerves were certainly rather entangled, like a ravelled hank. But no matter, man; we have all felt the same in our time. Did you observe how I managed the bishop?"

"I can't say I did," replied the candidate, who felt hurt at the imputation of cowardice, before his father; "but I saw, Sir, that the bishop managed you."

"Pray for a longer vision, Dionysius. I tell you that no other priest in the diocese could have got both you and me out of the dilemma in which we stood but myself. He has taken to the study of weeds and plants in his old days; and I, who have a natural taste for botany, know it is his weak side. I tell you, he would give the right of filling a vacancy in Maynooth any day in the year, for a rare plant or flower. So much for your knowledge of human nature. You'll grant I managed the Counsellor?"

"Between my father and you, Sir, things look well. We have not, however, got a certificate of success yet."

"*Patientia fit levior ferendo!*—Have patience, man. Wait till we see the Counsellor."

He had scarcely uttered the last words when that gentleman entered.

"Well, Counsellor," said the priest, "is it a hit?"

"Pray what is your Christian name, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?" inquired the lawyer of young Denis.

"My Christian name, Sir," replied Denis, "is Di-o-ny-si-us O'Shaughnessy. That, Sir, is the name by which I am always appellated."

"That's quite sufficient," said the other. "I shall be with you again in a few minutes."

"But won't you give us a hint, my good Sir, as to how the land lies?" said the priest, as the lawyer left the room.

"Presently, Mr. Finnerty, presently."

"*Intelligisne, Dionisi?*"

"*Vix Domini. Quid sentis?*"

"*Quid sentis!* No, but it was good fortune sent us. Don't you persave, Dionysius, and you, Denis—don't you know, I say, that this letter of admission couldn't be written except the Bishop knew his name in full? Unlucky! Faith if ever a horse was lucky this is he."

"I declare, Docthor," said the father, "I can neither sit nor stand, nor think of any one thing for a minute, I'm so much on the fidgets to know what the Bishop 'ill say."

"I also," said Dionysius, "am in a state of evaporation and uncertainty touching the same point. However, this I can affirm with veracity, that if I am rejected, my mind is made up to pursue an antithetical course of life altogether. If he rejects me now, he will never reject me again."

"Musha, how—Denny—Dionnissis, avick? What do you mane?" said the father.

"I will give," said the son, "what is designated a loose translation of my meaning to Mr. Finnerty here, if I find that I am excluded on this occasion."

"And if you *do* succeed," said the priest, "I would advise you to hire a loose translator during the remainder of your residence among us; for upon my veracity, Dionysius, the king's English will perform hard duty until you enter Maynooth. Not a word under six feet will be brought into the ranks—grenadiers every one of them, not to mention the thumpers you will coin."

"Come, Docthor Finnerty," said our candidate, pulling up a little, "if the base Latin which you put into circulation were compared with my English thumpers, it would be found that of the two, I am more legitimate and etymological."

"I shall be happy to dispute that point with you another time," said the priest; "when we can—Silence, here comes the Counsellor."

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy," said the lawyer, addressing the candidate, "allow me to congratulate you on your success! Your business is accomplished. The Bishop is just finishing a letter for you to the President of Maynooth. I assure you, I feel great pleasure at your success."

"Accept my thanks, Sir," said Denis, whose eye was instantly lit up with delight—"accept my most obsequious thanks to the very furthest extent of my gratitude."

The Barrister then shook hands with old Denis. "O'Shaughnessy," said he, "I am very happy that I have had it in my power to serve you and your son."

"Counsellor," said Denis, seizing his hand in both his—"Counsellor, ahagur machree—Counsellor, oh, what—what—can I say! Is he—is it possible—is it thruth that my boy is to go to Maynewth this time? Oh, if you knew, *but* knew, the heavy, dead weight you tuck off o' my heart! Our son not cast aside—not disgraced!—for what else would the people think it? The horse!—a poor bit of a coult—a poor unsignified animal! To the devil wid him! What is he compared to the joy an' delight of this minute! Take him, Sir; take him—an' if he was worth his weight in goold, I vow to heaven above me, I'd not think him too good. Too good!—no nor half good enough for you. God remimber this to you! an' he will, too. Little you know the happiness you have given us, Counsellor! Little you know it. But no matther! An' you, too, Father Finnerty, helped to bring this about. But sure you were ever an' always our friend! Well, no matther—no matther! God will reward you both."

"My brother wishes to see Mr. Finnerty and your son," said the Barrister; "I think they had better go up to him. He is anxious to get a slip of your shrub, Mr. Finnerty."

"Ah, I thought so," said the priest—"I thought as much."

The Bishop, on their re-appearance, presented Denis with the long wished-for letter. He then gave him a suitable exhortation with reference to the serious and responsible duties for which he was about to prepare himself. After concluding his admonition, he addressed Father Finnerty as follows:

"Now Mr. Finnerty, this matter has ended in a manner satisfactory, not only to your young friend, but to yourself. You must promise me that there shall be no more horse-dealing. I do not think jockeying of that description either creditable or just. I am unwilling to use harsher language, but I could not conscientiously let it pass without reproof. In the next place, will you let me have a slip of that flowering shrub you boast of."

"Doctor," said the priest, "is it possible you ask it of me? Why, I think your lordship ought to know that it's your own, as is every plant and flower in my garden that you fancy. Do you dine at home to-morrow, my lord?"

"I do," said the bishop.

"Well, then, I shall come up with a slip or two of it, and dine with you. I know the situation in which it grows best; and knowing this, I will put it down with my own hands. But I protest, my lord, against your allowing me to be traced in the business of the shrub at all, otherwise I shall have the whole county on my back."

"Be under no apprehension of that, Mr. Finnerty. I shall be happy if you dine with me, but bring it with you. How did you come to get it so early after its appearance in this country?"

"I got it from head quarters, Doctor—from one of the best botanists in the three kingdoms; certainly from the best Irish botanist living—my friend, Mr. Mackay, of the College Botanic Gardens. My lord, I wish you good morning; but before I go, accept my thanks for your kindness to my young friend. I

assure you he will be a useful man; for he is even now no indifferent casuist."

"And I, my lord," said Denis, "return you my most grateful—hem—my most grateful—and—most supercilious thanks for the favour—the stupendous favour you have conferred upon me."

"God bless you, my dear child," returned the bishop; "but if you be advised by me, speak more intelligibly. Use plain words, and discard all difficult and pedantic expressions. God bless you! Farewell!"

On coming down, they found old Denis in the stable-yard in rather a ridiculous kind of harness. The saddle that had been on the colt was strapped about him with the bridle, for both had been borrowed from a neighbour.

"Dionnisis an' I must both ride the same horse," said he, "an' as we have two saddles, I must carry one of them."

An altercation then ensued as to which should ride foremost. The son, now in high glee, insisted on the father's taking the seat of honour; but the father would not hear of this. The lad was, in his opinion, at least semi-clerical, and to ride behind would be a degradation to so learned a youth. They mounted at length, the son foremost, and the father on the crupper, the saddle strapped about him, with the stirrups dangling by the horse's flanks. Father Finnerty, who accompanied them, could not, however, on turning from the bishop's grounds into the highway, get a word out of them. The truth is, both their hearts

were full; both were, therefore, silent, and thought every minute an hour until they reached home.

This was but natural. A man may conceal calamity or distress even from his dearest friends; for who is there who wishes to be thrust back from his acknowledged position in life? Or who, when he is thrust back, will not veil his misfortunes or his errors with the guise of indifference or simulation? In good fortune we act differently. It is a step advanced; an elevation gained; there is nothing to fear, or to be ashamed of, and we are as strongly prompted by vanity to proclaim it to the world, as we are by pride to ascribe its occurrence to our own talents or virtues. There are other and purer motives for this. The affections will not be still; they seek the hearts to which they tend; and having found them, the mutual interchange of *good* takes place. Father Finnerty—whose heart, though a kind one, had, probably, been too long out of practice to remember the influence and working of the domestic affections—could not comprehend the singular conduct of the two O'Shaughnessys.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" he inquired, "Have you lost the use of your speech?"

"Push an, avourneen," said the father to Denis—"push an; lay the spur to him. Isn't *your* spur on the right foot?"

"Most certainly," said Denis, now as pedantic as ever—"most certainly it is. You are not to be informed that our family spur is a right-foot spur."

Designed & Etched by W.H. Brooke F.S.A.

Push on avourneen! never heed the Priest!!!

" Well, then, Pether Gallagher's spur that I have an is a left-foot spur, for it's an my left foot."

" You are a bright pair," said the priest, somewhat nettled at their neglect of him—" you are a bright pair, and deeply learned in spurs. Can't you ride asier?"

" Never heed him," said the father in a whisper; " do you give the mare the *right* spur, an' I'll give her the *left*. Push an! That's it."

They accordingly dashed forward, Denis plying one heel, and the father another, until the priest found himself gradually falling behind. In vain *he* plied *both* spurs; in vain he whipped, and wriggled on the saddle, and pressed forward his hack. Being a priest's horse, the animal had been accustomed for the last twelve years to a certain jog-trot-pace, beyond which it neither would nor could go. On finding all his efforts to overtake them unsuccessful, he at last shouted after them:

" Do you call that gratitude, my worthy friends? To lave me creeping over the ups and downs of this villanous road without company?"

" Lay an, aroon," said the father. " Let us get home. Oh, how your poor mother will die wid joy, an' Susy, an' Nanny, an' Brian, an' Michael, an' Dick, an' Lanty, an' all o' them. Glory be to heaven! what a meetin' we'll have! An' the nabours, too! Push an, avick machree."

" My curse upon you, Friar Henessy!" exclaimed the priest, in a soliloquy, " it was you who first taught this four-footed snail to go like a thief to the gallows. I wish to heaven you had palmed him on

some one else, for many a dinner I have lost by him in my time. Is that your gratitude, gentlemen? Do I deserve this?"

"What is he sayin'?" said the father.

"He is declaiming about gratitude," replied Denis.

"Lay, an' her," said the father. "Poor Mave!"

"Such conduct does you credit," shouted the priest. "It's just the way of the world. You have got what you wanted out of me, an' now you throw me off. However, go on."

"What's that?" said the father again.

"He is desiring us to go on," replied the son.

"Then, in the name o' Goodness, do so, avourneen. Susy will die downright."

"Where am I to dine to-day?" shouted the priest, in a louder voice. "I say, where am I to come in for my dinner, for I'm not expected at home, and my curate dines out?"

"I can't hear him," said the father.

"He says the curate dines out; an' he want's to know if he's to dine with us."

"Throth, an' he won't; not that we begrudge it to him; but for this day the sarra one we'll have but our own relations. Push an. An' Brian, too, poor fellow, that was always so proud of you!"

They had now reached the top of an ascent on the road, whilst the priest toiled up after them. In a few minutes they began to descend, and consequently were out of his sight.

No description of mine could give an adequate perception to the reader of what was felt by the family on hearing that the object of Denis's hopes, and their

own proud ambition, was at length accomplished. The Bishop's letter was looked at, turned in every direction, and the seal inspected with a kind of wonderful curiosity, such as a superstitious person would manifest on seeing or touching some sacred relic. The period appointed for his departure now depended upon the despatch with which they could equip him for college. But until this event should arrive, his friends lost no opportunity of having him among them. Various were the treats he got in fair and market. Proud were his relations when paying him the respect which he felt right sincere pleasure in receiving. The medium between dignity and humility which he hit off in these scenes, was worthy of being recorded; but, to do him justice, his fort lay in humility. He certainly condescended with a grace, and made them feel the honour done them by his vouchsafing to associate with such poor creatures, as if he were one of themselves. To do *them also* justice, they appeared to feel his condescension; and, as a natural consequence, were ready to lick the very dust under his feet considering him, as they did, a priest in every thing but ordination.

Denis, besides his intercourse with humble relatives, was now asked to dine with the neighbouring clergymen, and frequently made one at their parties. In the beginning, his high opinion and awe of the clerical character, kept him remarkably dull and sheepish. Many an excellent joke was cracked at his expense; and often did he ask himself what Phadrick Murray, his father's family, or his acquaintances in general, would say, if they saw his learning

and his logic so villanously degraded. In proportion, however, as conviviality developed among his reverend friends many defects, opinions, and failings, which he never suspected them to possess, so did he begin to gather courage and facility of expression. By degrees he proceeded modestly from the mild and timid effort at wit, to the steadier nerve of moderate confidence; another step brought him to the indifference of a man who can bear an unsuccessful attempt at pleasantry, without being discomposed; the third and last stage advanced him to downright assurance, which having reached, he stopped at nothing. From this forward he began to retort upon his clerical companions, who found that the sheepish youth whom they had often made ridiculous, possessed skill, when properly excited, to foil them at their own weapons. He observed many things in their convivial meetings. The holy man, whom his flock looked upon as a being of the highest sanctity, when lit up into fun and frolic, Denis learned to estimate at his just value. He thought, besides, that a person resolved to go to heaven, had as good a chance of being saved by the direct mercy of God, as through the ministration of men, whose only spiritual advantage over himself consisted in the mere fact of being in orders. To be sure, he saw the usual exceptions among them that are to be found among every other class; but he drew his conclusions from the general rule. All this, however, failed in removing that fundamental principle of honest superstition in which he had been trained. The clergymen whom he saw were only a few of those who constituted the great body of the

church; but when the long and sanctified calendar of saints and miracles opened upon him, there still remained enough to throw a dim and solemn charm of shadowy pomp around the visions of a mind naturally imaginative.

Messengers were once more sent abroad, to inform their friends of his triumph, who, on ascertaining that his journey was fixed for an early day, lost no time in pouring in, each with some gift suited to their circumstances. Some of these were certainly original, the appropriateness having been in every case determined by the wealth or poverty, ignorance or knowledge of those who offered them. Some poor relation, for instance, brought him a shirt or two of materials so coarse, that to wear it in a college would be out of the question; others offered him a pair of brogues, much too vulgar for the society he was about to enter; others, again, would present him with books—for it is not at all uncommon to find in many illiterate Irish families, half a dozen old volumes, of whose contents they are ignorant, lying in a dusty corner, where they are kept till some young scion shall be sufficiently instructed to peruse them. The names of these were singular enough. One presented him with "The Necessity of Penance," another with "Laugh and be Fat;" a third with the "Key of Paradise," a fourth with "Hell open;" a fifth handed him a copy of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," a sixth gave him "Butler's Lives of Saints," a seventh "The Necessity of Fasting," an eighth "The Epicure's *Vade Mecum*." The list ran on very ludicrously. Among them were the "Garden of Love and Royal

Flower of Fidelity;" "An Essay on the Virtue of Celibacy;" and another "On the Increase of Population in Ireland." To these we may add "The Devil upon Two Sticks," and "The Life of St. Anthony."

"Take these, Misther Denis," said the worthy souls; "they're of no use to us at all at all; but they'll sarve you, of coorse, where you're goin', bekase when you want books in the college you can use them."

Honest Phadrick Murray, in lieu of a more valuable present, brought him his wife's largest and best shawl as a pocket handkerchief.

"Katty, Sir, sent you this," said Phadrick, "as a pocket handkerchy; an' be gorra, Misther Denis, if you begin at this corner, an' take it out o' the face, it'll last you six months at a time, any how."

Another neighbour came with a *cool* of rendered lard, hoping it might be serviceable.

"Norah, Sir," said the honest friend who brought it, "sent you a crock of her own lard. When you're makin' colcanon, Sir, or *sthilk*,* in the college, if you slip in a lump of this, it'll save you the price of butther. The grace 'ill be useful to you, whether or not; an' they say there's a scarcity of it in the college."

A third brought him an oak sapling to keep in his hand about the purlieus of the establishment.

* *Sthilk* is made by bruising a quantity of boiled potatoes and beans together. The potatoes, however, having first been reduced to a pulpy state, the beans are but partially broken. It is then put into a dish, and a pound of butter or rendered lard thrust into the middle of it.

"We know," said he, "that you're given to arguin' an' to that thing you call logic, Misther Denis. Now, Sir, if you're ever hard set in an argument or the like o' that, or if any o' the shthudjeents 'ud be throublesome or imperant, why give them a touch o this—a lick of it, do you see; jist this a way. First come wid a back sthroke upon the left ear, if they want to be properly convinced; an' thin agin' afore they have time to recover, come down wid a visitation upon the kidney. My life for yours, they'll soon let you alone. Nothin' puzzles one in an argument more than it does."

"Ay," said Denis, "that is what they call in the books the *argumentum baculinum*. I accept your present, Roger; but I flatter myself I shall be a match for any of the collegians without having recourse to the *argumentum baculinum*."

A poor old widow, who was distantly related to them, came upwards of four miles with two or three score of eggs, together with a cock and hen; the eggs for his own use, and the latter for breeding in Maynooth.

"Avourneen, Misther O'Shaughnessy," said she, in broken English, "when you ate out all the eggs, maybe you could get a sonsy little corner about the collegian that you're goin' to larn to be a priest in, an' put them both into it;"—pointing at the same time to the cock and hen—"an' whishper," she continued, in a low, friendly voice, "if you could get a weeshy whisp o' sthraw, an' slip it undher your own bed, it would make a nest for them, an' they'd lay an egg for your breakfast all days in the year. But,

achora, don't let them be widout a nest egg: an' whishper—maybe you'd breed a clackin' out o' them, that you might sell. Sure they'd help to buy duds of cloes for you; or you might make presents of the crathurs to the blessed an' holy collegian himself. Wouldn't it be good to have him an your side—He'd help to make a gintleman of you, any way. Faix, sure he does it for many, they say. An' whishper—the breed, avourneen, is good; an' I'm not afeard to say that there never was sich a chicken in the whole collegian, as the ould cock himself. He's the darlin' all out, an' can crow so stoutly, that it bates the world. Sure his comb's a beauty to look at, the darlin'; an' only it's to yourself, an' in regard of the blessed place he's goin' to, I wouldn't part wid him to nobody whatsomever, at all, good or bad."

The most original gift of all was a purse, formed of a small bladder, ingeniously covered with silk. It was given to him by his uncle, as a remembrance of him, in the first place, and secondly, for a more special purpose.

"This will sarve you, Sir," said his uncle, "an' I'll tell you how: if you want to smuggle in a sup of good whiskey—as of coorse you will, plase goodness—why this houlds exactly a pint, an' is the very thing for it. The sorra one among them will ever think of searchin' your purse, at least for whiskey. Put it in your pocket, Misther Dionnissis; an' I'd take it as a great kindness, if you'd write me a scrape or two of the pen, mentionin' what a good parish 'ud be worth: you'll soon be able to tell me, for I've some notion myself of puttin' Barny to the Latin."

Denis was perfectly aware of the honest warmth of heart with which these simple tokens of esteem were presented to him; and young as he was, his knowledge of their habits and prejudices prevented him from disappointing them by a refusal. He consequently accepted every thing offered him, appropriated to himself whatever was suitable to his wants, converted the remainder into pocket-money; and, of course, kept his conscience void of *offence* towards them all; a state of Christian virtue which his refusal of any one gift would have rendered difficult.

On the day before his departure, the friends and relations of the family assembled to hold their farewell meeting. The same spirit which marked all their rustic *symposia* presided in this; if we except a feeling of sorrow natural to his family on being separated from one they loved so affectionately. Denis, who was never deficient in warmth of feeling, could not be insensible to the love and pride with which his family had always looked upon him. Ambition, as he approached it, lost much of its fictitious glitter. A sense of sorrow, if not of remorse, for the fastidious and overbearing spirit he had manifested to them, pressed upon his heart. Pride, in fact, was expelled; nature resumed her empire over him; he looked upon the two last months of his life as a man would be apt to do, who had been all that time under the dominion of a feverish dream. We do not say, however, that either ambition or superstition was thoroughly expelled from his mind; for it is hard at all times to root them out of the system of man: but they ceased to govern him altogether. A

passion, too, as obstinate as either of them, was determined to dispute their power. The domestic affections softened his heart; but love, which ambition left for dead, was only stunned; it rose again, and finding a favourable position, set its seal to his feelings.

Denis himself, some days before that appointed for his departure, became perfectly conscious that his affections were strongly fixed upon Susan Connor. The nature of their last interview filled him with shame; nay more, it inspired him with pity for the fair artless girl whom he had so unfeelingly insulted. The manner in which he had won her young affections; the many tender interviews that had passed between them; the sacred promises of unchangeable love they had made to each other, all crowded to his imagination with a power which reduced his spiritual ambition and ecclesiastical pride, at least to the possession only of a divided empire. He had, therefore, with his book in his hand as usual, taken many solitary walks for the preceding few days, with the expectation of meeting Susan. He heard that for the last month or six weeks, she had looked ill, been in low spirits, and lost her health. The cause of this change, though a secret to the world, was known to him. He felt, indeed, that an interview between them was indispensable; but had it not been so, we question whether he would have been able to leave home without seeing her.

His evening strolls, however, up until the day before his setting out for college, were fruitless. Susan, who heretofore had been in the habit of walking in

he evenings among the green dells around her father's house, was ever since their last meeting, almost invisible. In the mean time, as the day before that of his leaving the neighbourhood *had* arrived, and as an interview with her was, in a religious point of view, essentially necessary, he took his book in the course of the evening, and by a path slightly circuitous, descended the valley that ran between his father's house and hers. With solemn strides he perambulated it in every direction—north, south, east, and west; not a natural bower in the glen was unexplored; not a green quiet nook unsearched; not a shady tree unexamined; but all to no purpose. Yet, although he failed in meeting herself, a thousand objects brought her to his heart. Every dell, natural bower, and shady tree, presented him with a history of their past affections. Here was the spot where, with beating heart and crimson cheek, she had first breathed out in broken music the acknowledgment of her love; there had another stolen meeting, a thousand times the sweeter for being stolen, taken place. Every spot, in fact, was dear to him, and every object associated itself with delightful emotions that kindled new life in a spirit from which their parent affections had not yet passed away.

Denis now sought the only other place where he had any likelihood of meeting her: this was at the well below her father's house. He walked down along the banks of the little stream that ran past it, until he reached a thorn bush that grew within a few yards of the spring. Under this he sat, anxiously hoping that Susan might come to fill her evening

pail, as he knew she was wont to do. A thick flowery branch of the hawthorn, for it was the latter end of May, hung down from the trunk, and served as a screen through which he could observe her should she appear, without being visible himself.

It was now the hour of twilight; the evening was warm and balmy; the whitethorn under which he sat, and the profusion of wild-flowers that spangled the bosom of the green glen, breathed their fragrance around him, and steeped the emotions and remembrances which crowded thickly on him in deep and exquisite tenderness. Up in the air he heard the quavering hum of the snipe, as it rose and fell in undulating motion, and the creak of the rail in many directions around him. From an adjoining meadow in the distance, the merry voices of the village children came upon his ear, as they gathered the wild honey which dropped like dew from the soft clouds upon the long grassy stalks, and meadow-sweet, on whose leaves it lay like amber. He remembered when he and Susan, on meeting there for a similar purpose, felt the first mysterious pleasure in being together, and the unaccountable melancholy produced by separation and absence.

At length he heard a footstep; but he could not persuade himself that the slow and lingering tread of the person approaching him was that of Susan, so much did it differ from the buoyant and elastic step with which she used to trip along. On looking through the branches, however, he perceived her coming towards him, carrying the pitcher as usual in her hand. The blood was already careering at full

speed through his veins, and the palpitations of his heart were loud enough to be heard by the ear.

Oh, beauty, beauty! *teterrima causa belli*, thou dost play the devil with the hearts of men! Who is there who doth not wish to look upon thee, from the saint to the sinner?—None. For thee worlds have been lost; nations swept off the earth; thrones overturned; and cities laid in ashes! Adam, David, Marc Anthony, Abelard, and Denis O'Shaughnessy, exhibit histories of thy power never to be forgotten, but the greatest of these is Denis O'Shaughnessy.

Susan was about the middle size; her tresses, like those of the daughters of her country, were a fair brown, and abundant. Her features were not such, we admit, as mark regular and scientific perfection, and perhaps much of their power was owing to their not being altogether symmetrical. Her great charm consisted in a spirit of youthful innocence so guileless, that the very light of purity and truth seemed to break in radiance from her countenance. Her form was round, light, and flexible. When she smiled, her face seemed to lose the character of its mortality —so seraphic and full of an indescribable spell were its lineaments; that is, the spell was felt by its thrilling influence upon the beholder, rather than by any extraordinary perception of her external beauty. The general expression of her countenance, however, was that of melancholy. No person could look upon her white forehead and dark flashing eyes, without perceiving that she was full of tenderness and enthusiasm; but let the light of cheerfulness fall upon her face, and you wished never to see it beam with

any other spirit. In her met those extremes of character peculiar to her country. Her laughing lips expanded with the playful delicacy of mirth, or breathed forth, with untaught melody and deep pathos, her national songs of sorrow.

A little before she made her appearance, the moon had risen and softened with her dewy light the calm secluded scene around them. Denis, too, had an opportunity of seeing the lovely girl more distinctly. Her dress was simple but becoming. Her hair, except the side ringlets that fell to heighten the beauty of her neck, was bound up with a comb which Denis himself had presented to her. She wore a white dimity bedgown, that sat close to her well-formed person, descended below her knee, and opened before; the sleeves of it did not reach the elbow, but displayed an arm that could not be surpassed for whiteness and beauty. The bedgown was frilled about the shoulder, which it covered, leaving the neck only, and the upper part of her snowy bosom, visible. A dark ribbon, tied about her waist, threw her figure into exquisite outline, and gave her that simple elegance which at once bespeaks the harmony of due proportion.

On reaching the well she filled her vessel, and placed it on a small mound beside her; then sitting down, she mused for some time, and turned her eyes towards Denis's father's, sighed deeply.

"It's the least," said the humbled girl, "that I may look towards the house that the only one I ever loved, or ever will love, lives in. Little I thought when I loved him that I was standin' between him

an' God. Loved him! I wish I could say it was *past*. I wish I could; for I am afeard that till my weak heart breaks it will love him still. God pity me! It would be well for me I had never seen him! But why he should go to Maynooth without givin' me back my promise, I cannot tell."

Denis rose and approached her. Susan, on seeing him, started, and her lover could perceive that she hastily wiped the tears from her eyes. A single glance, however, convinced her that it was he; and such was the guileless simplicity of her heart, joined to the force of habit, that her face beamed with one of her wonted smiles at his appearance. This soon passed away, and her features again resumed an expression of deep melancholy.

Our hero now forgot his learning; his polysyllables were laid aside, and his pedantry utterly abandoned. His pride, too, was gone, and the petty pomp of artificial character flung aside like an unnecessary garment which only oppresses the wearer.

"Susan," said he, "I am sorry to see you look so pale and unhappy. I deeply regret it; and I could not permit this day to pass, without seeing and speaking to you. If I go to-morrow, Susan, may I now ask in what light will you remember me?"

"I'll remember you without anger, Denis; with sorrow will I remember you, but not, as I said, in anger; though God knows, and you know, the only token you lave me to remember you by is a broken heart."

"Susan," said Denis, "it was an unhappy attachment, as circumstances have turned out; and I wish

for both our sakes we had never loved one another. For some time past my heart has been torn different ways, and to tell you the truth, I acknowledge that within the last three or four months I have been little less than a villain to you."

"You speak harshly of yourself, Denis; I hope, more so than you deserve."

"No, Susy. With my heart fixed upon other hopes, I continued to draw your affections closer and closer to me."

"Well, that was wrong, Denis; but you loved me long before that time, an' it's not so asy a thing to draw away the heart from what we love; that is, to draw it away *for ever*, Denis, even although greater things may rise up before us."

As she pronounced the last words, her voice, which she evidently strove to keep firm, became unsteady.

"That's true, Susan, I know it; but I will never forgive myself for acting a double part to you and to the world. There is not a pang you suffer but ought to fall as a curse upon my head, for leading you into greater confidence, at a time when I was not seriously resolved to fulfil my vows to you."

"Denis," said the unsuspecting girl, "you're imposin' on yourself—you never could do so bad, so treacherous an act as that. No, you never could, Denis; an', above all the world, to a heart that loved and trusted you as mine did. I won't believe it, even from your own lips. You surely loved me, Denis, and in that case you *couldn't* be desateful to me."

"I never loved you half so well as I ought, Susy;

and I never was worthy of you. Susy, I tell you—I tell you—my heart is breaking for your sake. It would have been well for both of us we had never seen, or known, or loved each other; for I know by my own heart what you must suffer."

"Denis, don't be cast down on my account; before I ever thought of you, when I was runnin' about the glens here, a lonely little orphan, I was often sorry, without knowin' why. Sometimes I used to wonder at it, and search my mind to find out what occasioned it: but I never could. I suppose it was because I saw other girls, like myself, havin' their little brothers an' sisters to play with; or because I had no mother's voice to call me night or mornin', or her bosom to lay my head on, if I was sick or tired. I suppose it was this. Many a time, Denis, even then, I knew what sorrow was, and I often thought that, come what would to others, there was sorrow before *me*. I now find I was right; but for all that, Denis, it's betther that we should give up one another in time, than be unhappy by my bein' the means of turnin' you from the ways and duties of God."

The simple and touching picture which she drew of her orphan childhood, together with the tone of resignation and sorrow which ran through all she said, affected Denis deeply.

"Susan," he replied, "I am much changed of late. The prospect before me is a dark one—a mysterious one. It is not many months since my head was dizzy with the gloomy splendour which the pomps

and ceremonies of the church—soon, I trust, to be restored in this country to all her pride and power—presented to my imagination. But I have mingled with those on whom before this—that is, during my boyhood—I looked with awe, as on men who held vested in themselves some mysterious and spiritual power. I have mingled with them, Susan, and I find them neither better nor worse than those who still look upon them as I once did."

"Well, but, Denis, how does that bear upon your views?"

"It does, Susan. I said I have found them neither better nor worse than their fellow-creatures; but I believe they are not so happy. I think I could perceive a gloom, even in their mirth, that told of some particular thought or care that haunted them like a spirit. Some of them, and not a few, in the moments of undisguised feeling, dissuaded me against ever entering the church."

"I am sure they're happy," said Susan.—"Some time ago, accordin' to your own words, you thought the same; but something has turned your heart from the good it was fixed upon. You're in a dangerous time, Denis; and it's not to be wondhered at, if the temptations of the devil should thry you *now*, in hopes to turn you from the service of God. This is a warnin' to me, too, Denis. May heaven above forbid that *I* should be made the means of temptin' you from the duty that's before you!"

"No, Susan dear, it's not temptation, but the fear of temptation, that prevails with me."

"But, Denis, surely if you think yourself not worthy to enther that blessed state you have time enough to avoid it."

"Ay, but, Susy, there is the difficulty. I am now so placed that I can hardly go back. First, the disgrace of refusing to enter the church would lie upon me as if I had committed a crime.—Again, I would break my father's and my mother's heart: and rather than do that, I could almost submit to be miserable for life. And finally, I could not live in the family, nor bear the indignation of my brothers and other relations. You know, Susan, as well as I do, the character attached to those who put their friends to the expense of educating them for the church, who raise their hopes and their ambition, and afterwards disappoint them."

"I know it."

"This, Susan, dear, prevails with me. Besides, the church now is likely to rise from her ruins. I believe that if a priest did his duty, he might possibly possess miraculous power. There is great pomp and splendour in her ceremonies, a sense of high and boundless authority in her pastors; there is rank in her orders sufficient even for ambition. Then the deference, the awe, and the humility with which they are approached by the people—ah! Susan, there is much still in the character of a priest for the human heart to covet. The power of saying mass, of forgiving sin, of relieving the departed spirits of the faithful in another world, and of mingling in our holy sacrifices with the glorious worship of the Cherubims, or angels, in heaven — all this is the privilege

of a priest, and what earthly rank can be compared to it?"

"None at all, Denis—none at all. Oh, think this way still, and let no earthly temptation—no—don't let—even me—what am *I?*—a poor humble girl—oh! no, let nothing keep you back from this."

The tears burst from her eyes, however, as she spoke.

"But, Denis," she added, "there is one thing that turns my brain. I fear that, even afther your ordination, I couldn't look upon you as I would upon another man. Oh, my heart would break if one improper thought of it was fixed upon you then."

"Susy, hear me. I could give up all, but you. I could bear to disappoint father, mother, and all; but the thought of giving you up for ever is terrible. I have been latterly in a kind of dream. I have been among friends and relatives until my brain was turned; but now I am restored to myself, and I find I cannot part with you. I would gladly do it; but I cannot. Oh, no, Susan, dear, my love for you was dimmed by other passions; but it was not extinguished. It now burns stronger and purer in my heart than ever. It does—it does. And, Susan, I always loved you."

Susan paused for some time, and unconsciously plucked a wild flower which grew beside her: she surveyed it a moment, and exclaimed:—

"Do you see this flower, Denis? it's a faded primrose. I'm like that flower in one sense; *I'm* faded; my heart's broke."

"No, my beloved Susan, don't say so; you're only

low-spirited. Why should your heart be broke, and you in the very bloom of youth and beauty?"

"Do you remember our last meetin' Denis? Oh, how could you be so cruel then as to bid me think of marryin' another, as if I had loved you for any thing but yourself? I'm but a simple girl, Denis, and know but little of the world; but if I was to live a thousand years, you would always see the sorrow that your words made me feel visible upon my countenance. I'm not angry with you, Denis; but I'm telling you the truth."

"Susan, my darling, this is either weakness of mind or ill health. I will see you as beautiful and happy as ever. For my part, I now tell you, that no power on earth can separate us! Yes, my beloved Susan, I will see you as happy and happier than I have ever seen you. That will be when you are my own young and guileless wife."

"Ah, no, Denis! My mind is made up: I can never be your wife. Do you think that I would bring the anger of God upon myself, by temptin' you back from the holy office you're enterin' into? Think of it yourself, Denis. Your feelings are melted now by our discoorse, and, maybe, because I'm near you; but when time passes, you'll be glad that in the moment of weakness you didn't give way to them. I know it's natural for you to love me now. You're lavin' me—you're lavin' the place where I am—the little river and the glen where we so often met, and where we often spent many a happy hour together. That has an effect upon you; for why should I

deny it?—you see it—it is hard—very hard—even upon myself."

She neither sobbed nor cried so as to be heard, but the tears gushed down her cheeks in torrents.

"Susan," said Denis, in an unsteady voice, "you speak in vain. Every word you say tells me that I cannot live without you; and I will not."

"Don't say that, Denis. Suppose we should be married, think of what I would suffer if I saw you in poverty or distress, brought on because you married *me!* Why my heart would sink entirely under it. Then your friends would never give me a warm heart. *Me!* they would never give *yourself* a warm heart; and I would rather be dead than see you brought to shame, or ill-treatment, or poverty, on my account. Pray to God, Denis, to grant you grace to overcome whatever you feel for me. *I* have prayed both for you and myself. Oh, pray to him, Denis, sincerely, that he may enable you to forget that ever such a girl—such an unhappy girl—as Susan Connor ever lived!"

Poor Denis was so much overcome that he could not restrain his tears. He gazed upon the melancholy countenance of the fair girl, in a delirium of love and admiration; but in a few minutes he replied:—

"Susan your words are lost: I am determined. Oh! great heaven! what a treasure was I near losing! Susan, hear me: I will bear all that this world can inflict; I will bear shame, ill-treatment, anger, scorn, and every harsh word that may be

ittered against me; I will renounce church, spiritual power, rank, honour; I will give up father and family—all—all that this world could flatter me with: yes, I will renounce each and all for your sake! Do not dissuade me; my mind is fixed, and no power on earth can change it."

"Yes, Denis," she replied calmly, "there is a power, and a weak power, too, that will change it; for *I* will change it. Don't think, Denis, that in arguin' with you, against the feelins of my own heart, I am doin' it without sufferin'. Oh, no indeed! You know, Denis, I am a lonely girl; that I have neither brother, nor sister, nor mother to direct me. Sufferin'!—Oh, I wish you knew it! Denis, you must forget me. I'm hopeless now: my heart, as I said, is broke, and I'm strivin' to fix it upon a happier world! Oh! if I had a mother or a sister, that I could, when my breast is likely to burst, throw myself in their arms, and cry and confess all I feel! But I'm alone, and must bear all my own sorrows. Oh, Denis! I'm not without knowin' how hard the task is that I have set to myself. Is it nothing to give up all that the heart is fixed upon? Is it nothing to walk about this glen, and the green fields, to have one's eyes upon them, and to remember what happiness one has had in them, knowin', at the same time, that it's all blasted? Oh, is it nothing to look upon the green earth itself, and all its beauty—to hear the happy songs and the joyful voices of all that are about us—the birds singing sweetly, the music of the river flowin'—to see the sun shinin', and to hear the rustlin' of the trees in the warm winds of summer—to see and hear all

this, and to feel that a young heart is brakin', or already broken within us—that we are goin' to lave it all—all we loved—and to go down into the clay under us? Oh, Denis, this is hard;—bitter is it to me, I confess it; for something tells me it will be my fate soon!"

"But, Susan"——

"Hear me out. I have now repated what I know I must suffer—what I know I must lose. This is my lot, and I must bear it. Now, Denis, will you grant your own Susan one request?"

"If it was that my life should save yours, I would grant it."

"It's the last and only one I will ever ask of you. My health has been ill, Denis; my strength is goue, and I feel I am gettin' worse every day: now when you hear that I am—that I am—*gone*,—will you offer up the first Mass you say for my pace and rest in another world? I say the *first*, for you know there's more virtue in a first Mass than in any other. Your Susan will be then in the dust, and you may feel sorrow, but not love for her."

"Never, Susan! For God's sake, forbear! You will drive me distracted. As I hope to meet judgment, I think I never loved you till now; and by the same oath, I will not change my purpose in making you mine."

"Then you *do* love me still, Denis? And you would give up *all* for your Susan? Answer me truly, for the ear of God is open to our words and thoughts.

"Then, before God, I love you too strongly for words to express; and I would give up all for your sake!"

Susan turned her eyes upon vacancy; and Denis observed that a sudden and wild light broke from them, which alarmed him exceedingly. She put her open hand upon her forehead, as if she felt pain, and remained glancing fearfully around her for a few minutes; her countenance, which became instantly like a sheet of paper, lost all its intelligence, except, perhaps, what might be gleaned from a smile of the most ghastly and desolating misery.

"Gracious heaven! Susan, dear, what's the matter? Oh, my God! your face is like marble! Dearest Susan, speak to me!—Oh, speak to me, or I will go distracted!"

She looked upon him long and steadily; but he perceived with delight that her consciousness was gradually returning. At length she drew a deep sigh, and requested him to listen.

"Denis," said she, "you must now be a man. We can never be married. I AM PROMISED TO ANOTHER!"

"Promised to another! Your brain is turned, Susy. Collect yourself, dearest, and think of what you say."

"I know what I say—I know it too well! What did I say? Why—why," she added, with an unsettled look, "that I'm promised to another! It is true—true as God's in heaven. Oh, Denis! why did you lave me so long without seein' me? I said my heart was broke, and you will soon know that it has bitter, bitter rason to be so. See here."

She had, during her reply, taken from her bosom a small piece of brown cloth, of a square shape,

marked with the letters I. M. I. the initials of the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. She kissed it fervently as she spoke, and desired Denis to look upon it and hear her.

"When you saw me last," she continued, "I left you in anger, because I thought you no longer loved me. Many a scaldin' tear I shed that nobody witnessed; many a wringin' my heart felt since that time. I got low, and, as I said, my health left me. I began to think of what I ought to do; and bein' so much alone, my thoughts were never off it. At last I remembered the Virgin Mother of God, as bein' once a woman, and the likelier to pity one of her own kind in sorrow. I then thought of a scapular; and made a promise to myself, that if you didn't come within a certain time, I would dedicate myself to her for ever. I saw that you neglected me, and I heard so much of the way you spent your time, how you were pleasant and merry while my heart was breakin', that I made a vow to remain a spotless virgin all my life. I got a scapular, too, that I might be strengthened to keep my holy promise; for you didn't come to me within the time. This is it in my hand. It is now on me. THE VOW IS MADE, AND I AM MISERABLE FOR EVER!"

Denis sobbed and wrung his hands, whilst tears, intensely bitter, fell from his eyes.

"Oh, Susan!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? Miserable! Oh, you have ruined *me* utterly! You have rendered *us both* for ever miserable!"

"Miserable!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "Who talks of misery?" But again she put her

hand to her forehead, and endeavoured to recollect nerself. " Denis," she added, " Denis, my brain *is* turning! Oh, I have no friend! Oh, mother, that I never seen, but as if it was in a dream; mother, daughter of your daughter's heart, look down from heaven, and pity your orphan child in her sore trouble and affliction! Oh, how often did I miss you, mother, darlin', durin' all my life! In sickness I had not your tendher hands about me; in sorrow I could not hear your voice; and in joy and happiness you were never with me to share them! I had not your advice, my blessed mother, to guide and direct me, to tache me what was right, and what was wrong! Oh, if you will not hear your own poor lonely orphan, who will you hear? if you will not assist her, who ought you to assist? for, as sure as I stand here this night, you are a blessed saint in heaven. But let me not forget the Virgin Queen of Heaven, that I am bound to. *I kneel to you*, Hope of the Afflicted! To you let them go that have a broken heart, as I have! Queen of Glory pity me' —Star of the Sea—Comfort of the Hopeless—Refuge of Sinners, hear me, strengthen, and support me! And you will too. Who did you ever cast away, mild and beautiful Virgin of Heaven? ' As the lily among thorns, so are you among the daughters of Adam!'* Yes, Denis, she will support me—she *will* support me! I feel her power on me now! I see the angels of heaven about her, and her mild

* The form of the Service to the Virgin, from which most of the above expressions are taken, is certainly replete with beauty and poetry.

countenance smilin' sweetly upon the broken flower! Yes, Denis, her glory is upon me!"

The last words were uttered with her eyes flashing wildly as before, and her whole person and countenance evidently under the influence of a highly excited enthusiasm, or perhaps a touch of momentary insanity.

Poor Denis stood with streaming eyes, incapable of checking or interrupting her. He had always known that her education and understanding were above the common; but he never anticipated from her such capacity for deep feeling, united to so much vivacity of imagination as she then displayed. Perhaps he had not philosophy enough, at that period of his youth, to understand the effects of a solitary life upon a creature full of imagination and sensibility. The scenery about her father's house was wild, and the glens singularly beautiful; Susan lived among them alone, so that she became in a manner enamoured of solitude; which, probably more than any thing else, gives tenderness to feeling, and force to the imaginative faculties. Soon after she had pronounced the last words, however, her good sense came to her aid.

"Denis," said she, "you have seen my weakness; but you must now see my strength. You know we have a trial to go through before we part for ever."

"Oh! Susy, don't say 'for ever.' You know that the vow you made was a rash vow. It may be set aside."

"It was *not* a rash vow, Denis. I made it with a firm intention of keepin' it, and keep it I will. The Mother of God is not to be mocked,

because I am weak, or choose to prefer my own will to hers."

"But, Susy, the Church can dissolve it. You know she has power to bind and loose. Oh, for God's sake, Susy, if you ever loved me, don't attempt to take back your promise."

"I love you too well to destroy you, Denis. I will never stand between you and God, for that would be my crime. I will never bring disgrace, or shame, or poverty, upon you; for surely these things would fall upon you as a punishment for desartin' him. If you were another—if you wern't intended to be the servant of God, I could beg with you—starve with you—die with you. But when I am gone, remember that I gave up all my hopes, that you might succeed in yours. I'm sure *that* is love. Now, Denis, we must return our promises, the time is passin', and we'll both be missed from home."

"Susan, for the sake of my happiness both in this world and in the next, don't take away all hope. Make me not miserable and wretched; send me not into the church a hypocrite. If you do, I will charge you with my guilt; I will charge you with the crimes of a man who will care but little what he does."

"You will have friends, Denis; pious men, who will direct you, and guide you, and wean your heart from me and the world. You will soon bless me for this. Denis," she added, with a smile of unutterable misery, "my mind *is* made up. I belong now to the Virgin Mother of God. I never will be so wicked as to forsake her for a mortal. If I was to marry you with a broken vow upon me, I could not

prosper. The curse of God and of his Blessed Mother would follow us both."

Denis felt perfectly aware of the view entertained by Susan, respecting such a vow as she had taken. To reason with her, was only to attack a prejudice which scorned reason. Besides this, he was not himself altogether free from the impression of its being a vow too solemn to be broken without the sanction of the Church.

"Let us go," said Susan, "to the same spot where we first promised. It was under this tree, in this month, last year. Let us give it back there."

The hand-promise in Ireland between the marriageable young of both sexes, is considered the most solemn and binding of all obligations. Few would rely upon the word or oath of any man who had been known to break a hand-promise. And, perhaps, few of the country girls would marry or countenance the addresses of a young person known to have violated such a pledge. The vow is a solemn one, and, of course, given by mutual consent; by mutual consent, also, must it be withdrawn, otherwise it is considered still binding Whenever death removes one of the parties, without the other having had an opportunity of "giving it back," the surviving party comes, and in the presence of witnesses, first grasping the hand of the deceased, repeats the form of words usual in withdrawing it. Some of these scenes are very touching and impressive, particularly one which the author had an opportunity of witnessing. It is supposed that in cases of death, if the promise be not thus dissolved, the spirit of the departed

returns and haunts the survivor until it be cancelled.

When Denis and Susan had reached the hawthorn, they both knelt down. So exhausted, however, had Susan been by the agitation of her feelings, that Denis was under the necessity of assisting her to the place. He could perceive, too, that, amid the workings of her religious enthusiasm, she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Now," said she, "you are stronger than I am, begin and repeat the words; I will repeat them with you."

"No," replied Denis, "I will never begin. I will never be the first to seal both your misery and mine."

"I am scarcely able," said she; "dear Denis, don't ask me to do what I have not strength for. But it's useless she added; you will never begin unless *I* do."

They then blessed themselves after the form of their church, and as they extended their right hands to each other, the tears fell fast from the eyes of both. The words they repeated were the same, with the difference of the name only.

"I, Susan Connor, in the presence of God, do release you, Denis O'Shaughnessy, from your promise of marriage to me, and from all promises of marriage that you ever made me. I now give you back that promise of marriage, and all promises of marriage you ever made me. To which I call God to witness."

Denis repeated the same words, substituting the name of Susan Connor.

The sobs of Susan were loud and incessant, even

before she had concluded the words; their eyes were fixed upon each other with a hopeless and agonizing expression: but no sooner were they uttered, than a strong hysteric sense of suffocation rose to her throat; she panted rapidly for breath; Denis opened his arms, and she fell, or rather threw herself, over in a swoon upon his bosom. To press his lips to hers and carry her to the brink of the well, was but the work of a moment. There he laid her, and after having sprinkled her face with water, proceeded to slap the palms of her hands, exclaiming,

"Susan, my beloved, will you not hear me? Oh, look upon me, my heart's dearest treasure, and tell me that you're living. Gracious God! her heart is broken—she is dead! This—this—is the severest blow of all! I have killed her!"

She opened her eyes as he spoke, and Denis, in stooping to assist her, weeping at the same time like a child, received—a bang from a cudgel that made his head ring.

"Your sowl to the divil, you larned vagabone," said her father, for it was he, "is this the way you're preparin' yourself for the church? Comin' over that innocent colleen of a daughter o' mine before you set out," he added, taking Denis a second thwack across the shoulders—"before you set out for Manewth!!"

"Why, you miserable vulgarian," said Denis, "I scorn you from the head to the heel. Desist, I say," for the father was about to lay in another swinger upon his kidney—"desist, I say, and don't approximate, or I will entangle the ribs of you!"

"My sowl to glory," said the father, "if ever I had a greater mind to ate my dinner, than I have to anoint you wid this cudgel, you black-coated skamer!"

"Get out, you barbarian," replied Denis, "how dare you talk about unction in connexion with a cudgel? Desist, I say, or I will retaliate, if you approximate an inch. Desist, or I will baptize you in the well, as Philip did the Ethiopian, without a sponsor. No man but a miserable barbarian would have had the vulgarity to interrupt us in the manner you did. Look at your daughter's situation!

"The hussy," replied the father, "it's the supper she ought to have ready, instead of coortin' wid sich a larned vag——Heavens above me! What ails my child? Susy! Susy, alanna, dhas! what's over you? Oh, I see how it is," he continued—"I see how it is! This accounts for her low spirits an' bad health for some time past! Susy, rouse yourself, avourneen! Sure I'm not angry wid you! My sowl to glory, Denny Shaughnessy, but you have broke my child's heart, I doubt!"

"Owen," said Denis, "your indecorous interruption has stamped you with the signature of genuine ignorance and vulgarity; still, I say, we must have some conversation on that subject immediately. Yes, I love your daughter a thousand times better than my own life."

"Faith, I'll take care that we'll have discoorse about it," replied the father. "If you have been a villain to the innocent girl—if you have, Denny, why you'll meet your God sooner than you think.

Mark my words. I have but one life, and I'll lose it for her sake, if she has come to ill."

"Here," said Denis, "let me sprinkle her face with this cool water, that we may recover her, if possible. Your anger and your outrage, Owen, overcame the timid creature. Speak kindly to her, she is recovering. Thank God, she is recovering."

"Susy, avourneen," said the father, "rouse yourself, ma colleen; rouse yourself, an' don't thrimble, that way. The sorra one o' me's angry wid you, at all at all."

"Oh, bring me home," said the poor girl. "Father dear, have no bad opinion of me. I done nothing, an' I hope I never will do any thing, that would bring the blush of shame to your face."

"That's as true as that God's in heaven," observed Denis. "The angels in his presence are not purer than she is."

"I take her own word for it," said the father; "a lie, to the best of my knowledge, never came from her lips."

"Let us assist her home," said Denis. "I told you that we must have some serious conversation about her. I'll take one arm, and do you take the other."

"Do so," said the father, "an', Denny, as you're the youngest and the strongest, jist take up that pitcher o' wather in your hand, an' carry it to the house above."

Denis, who was dressed in his best black from top to toe, made a wry face or two at this proposal.

He was able, however, for Susan's sake, to compromise his dignity; so looking about him, to be certain that there was no other person observing them, he seized the pitcher in one hand, gave Susan his arm, and in this unheroic manner assisted to conduct her home.

In about half an hour or better after this, Denis and Owen Connor proceeded in close and earnest conversation towards old Shaughnessy's. On entering, Denis requested to speak with his father and brothers in private.

"Father," said he, "this night is pregnant—that is, *vulgariter*, in the family way—with my fate."

"Throth it is, avick. Glory be to Goodness!"

"Here is Owen Connor, an honest, dacent neighbour——"

"Throth, he is an honest, dacent man," said the father, interrupting him.

"Yes," replied the son, "I agree with you. Well, he has a certain disclosure or proposal to make, which you will be pleased to take into your most serious consideration. I, for my part, cannot help being endowed with my own gifts, and if I happen to possess a magnet to attract feminine sensibility, it is to heaven I owe it, and not to myself."

"It is," said the father, "glory be to his name!"

"Don't be alarmed, or surprised, or angry, at any thing Owen Connor may say to you. I speak *significantly*. There are perplexities in all human events, and the cardinal hinge of fate is for ever turning. Now I must withdraw; but in the mean time, I will be found taking a serenade behind the garden, if I am wanted."

"Brian," said the father, "get the bottle; we can't on this night, any way, talk to Owen Connor, or to any body else, wid dhry lips."

The bottle was accordingly got, and Owen, with no very agreeable anticipations, found himself compelled to introduce a very hazardous topic.

Denis, as he said, continued to walk to and fro behind the garden. He thought over the incidents of the evening; but had no hope that Owen Connor's proposal would be accepted. He knew his father and family too well for that. With respect to Susan's vow, he felt certain that any change of opinion on her part was equally improbable. It was clear, then, that he had no pretext for avoiding Maynooth; and as the shame, affliction, and indignation of the family would, he knew, be terrible, he resolved to conform himself to his circumstances, trusting to absence for that diminution of affection which it often produces. Having settled these points in his mind, he began to grope that part of his head which had come in contact with Owen Connor's cudgel. He had strong surmises that a bump existed, and on examining, he found that a powerful organ of self-esteem had been created.

At this moment he saw Owen Connor running past him at full speed, pursued by his father and brothers, the father brandishing a cudgel in his hand. The son, who understood all, intercepted the pursuers, commanding them in a loud voice to stop. With his brothers he succeeded; but the father's wrath was not to be appeased so easily. Nothing now remained but to stand in his way, and arrest him by

friendly violence; Denis, therefore, seized him, and, by assuming all his authority, at length prevailed upon him to give over the chase.

"Only think of him," exclaimed the father, breathless—"only think of him havin' the assurance to propose a match between *you* an' his baby-faced daughter! Ho! *Dher manim*, Owen Connor," he shouted, shaking the staff at Owen as he spoke—"*Dher manim!* if I was near you, I'd put your bones through other, for darin' to mintion sich a thing!"

Owen Connor, on finding that he was no longer pursued, stood to reconnoitre the enemy:—

"Denis Oge," he shouted back, "be off to Maynooth as fast as possible, except you wish to have my poor child left fatherless entirely. Go way, an' my blessin' be along wid you; but let there be never another word about *that* business while you live."

"Father," said Denis, "I'm scandalized at your conduct on this dignified occasion. I am also angry with Brian and the rest of you. Did you not observe that the decent man was advanced in liquor? I would have told you so at once, were it not that he was present while I spoke. Did I not give you as strong a hint as possible? Did I not tell you that 'I spoke *significantly?*' Now hear me. Take the first opportunity of being reconciled to Owen Connor. Be civil to him; for I assure you he esteems *me* very highly. Be also kind to his daughter, who is an excellent girl; but I repeat it, her father *esteems me* highly."

"Does he think highly of *you*, Denis?"

"I have said so," he replied.

" Then, throth, we're sorry for what has happened, poor man. But the never a one o' me, Denis, saw the laste sign of liquor about him. Throth, we will make it up wid him, thin. An' we'll be kind to his daughter, too, Denis."

" Then as a proof that you will follow my advice, I lay it on you as a duty, to let me know how they are, whenever you write to me."

" Throth, we will, Denis ;—indeed will we. Come in now, dear; this is the last night you're to be wid us, an' they're all missin' you in the house."

On that night no person slept in Denis O'Shaughnessy's, except our hero, and his mother and sisters. As morning approached, a heaviness of spirit prevailed among the family, which of course was not felt by any except his immediate relations. The more distant friends, who remained with them for the night, sang and plied the bottle with a steadiness which prevented them from feeling the want of rest. About six o'clock, breakfast was ready, Denis dressed, and every arrangement made for his immediate departure. His parents—his brothers, and his sisters were all in tears, and he himself could master his emotions with great difficulty. At length the hour to which the family of our candidate had long looked forward, arrived, and Denis rose to depart for Maynooth. Except by the sobs and weeping, the silence was unbroken when he stood up to bid them farewell.

The first he embraced was his eldest brother, Brian: " Brian," said he, but he could not proceed —his voice failed him; he then extended his hand,

but Brian clasped him in his arms—kissed his beloved brother, and wept with strong grief; even then there was not a dry eye in the house. The parting with his other brothers was equally tender—they wept loudly and bitterly, and Denis joined in their grief. Then came his sisters, who, one by one, hung upon him, and sobbed as if he had been dead. The grief of his youngest sister, Susan, was excessive. She threw her arms about his neck, and said she would not let him go; Denis pressed her to his heart, and the grief which he felt, seemed to penetrate his very soul.

"Susan," said he, "Susan, may the blessing of God rest upon you till I see you again!"—and the affectionate girl was literally torn from his arms.

But now came the most affecting part of the ceremony. His parents had stood apart—their hands locked in each other, both in tears, whilst he took leave of the rest. He now approached his mother, and reverently kneeling down, implored in words scarcely intelligible, her blessing and forgiveness; he extended both his hands—"Mother," he added. "I ask—humbly and penitently, I ask your blessing; it will be sweet to me from your beloved lips, dear mother;—pardon me if I ever—as I feel I often did—caused you a pang of sorrow by my disobedience and folly. Oh, pardon me—pardon me for all now! Bless your son, kindest of mothers, with your best and tenderest blessing!"

She threw herself in his arms, and locking him in her embrace, imprinted every part of his face with kisses. "Oh, Denis," she exclaimed, "there is but

one more who will miss you more nor I will—Oh, my darlin' son—our pride—our pride—our heart's pride—our honour, and our credit! Sure, *anim machree*, I have nothin' to forgive you for, my heart's life; but may the blessin' of God and of a happy mother light on you! And, Denis asthore, wasn't it you that made me happy, and that made us all happy! May my blessin' and the blessin' of God rest upon you—keep you from every evil, and in every good, till my eyes will be made glad by lookin' on you agin!"

A grief more deep, and a happiness more full, than had yet been felt, were now to come forth. Denis turned to his father—his companion in many a pastime, and in many a walk about their native fields. In fair—in market—at mass—and at every rustic amusement within their reach—had he been ever at the side of that indulgent father, whose heart and soul were placed in him.

Denis could not utter a word, but kept his streaming eyes fixed upon the old man, with that yearning expression of the heart, which is felt when it desires to be mingled with the very existence of the object that it loves. Old Denis advanced, under powerful struggles to suppress his grief he knelt, and as the tears ran in silence down his cheeks, thus addressed himself to God:

"I kneel down before you, oh, my God! a poor sinner! I kneel here in your blessed presence, with a heart—with a happy heart—this day, to return you thanks in the name of myself and the beloved partner you have given me through the cares and thrials

of this world, to give you our heart's best thanks for graciously permittin' us *to see this day!* It is to you we owe it, good Father of heaven! It is to you we owe this—an' him—my heart's own son, that kneels before me to be blessed by my lips! Yes—yes, he is—he *is* the pride of our lives!—He is the mornin' star among us! he was ever a good son; and you know that from the day he was born to this minute, he never gave me a sore heart! Take him under your own protection! Oh, bless him as we wish, if it be your holy will to do so!—Bless him and guard him, for my heart's in him: it is—he knows it—every body knows it;—and if any thing was to happen him"——

He could proceed no further: the idea of losing his son, even in imagination, overpowered him;—he rose, locked him to his breast, and for many minutes the grief of both was loud and vehement.

Denis's uncle now interposed: "The horses," said he, "are at the door, an' time's passin'."

"Och, thrue for you, Barny," said old Denis: "come, acushla, an' let me help you on your horse. We will go on quickly, as we're to meet Father Finnerty at the crass-roads."

Denis then shook hands with them all, not forgetting honest Phadrick Murray, who exclaimed, as he bid him farewell, "Arrah! Misther Denis, aroon, won't you be thinkin' of me now an' thin in the College! Faix, if you always argue as bravely wid the Collegians as you did the day you proved me to be an ass, you'll soon be at the head of them!"

"Denis," said the uncle, "your father excuses me in regard of havin' to attend my cattle in the fair to-

day. You won't be angry wid me, dear, for lavin' you now, as my road lies this other way. May the blessin' of God and his holy mother keep you till I see you agin! an', Denis, if you'd send me a scrape or two, lettin' me know what a good parish 'ud be worth; for I intend next spring to go wid little Barny to the Latin?"

This Denis promised to do; and after bidding him farewell, he and his friends—some on horseback and numbers on foot—set out on their journey; and as they proceeded through their own neighbourhood, many a crowd was collected to get a sight of *Denis O'Shaughnessy going to Maynooth.*

It was one day in autumn, after a lapse of about two years, that the following conversation took place between a wealthy grazier from the neighbouring parish, and one of our hero's most intimate acquaintances. It is valuable only as it throws light upon Denis's ultimate situation in life, which, after all, was not what our readers might be inclined to expect.

"Why, then, honest man," said Denis's friend, "that's a murdherin' fine dhrove o' bullocks you're bringin' to the fair?"

"Ay!" replied the grazier, "you may say that. I'm thinkin' it wouldn't be asy to aquil them."

"Faix, sure enough. Where wor they fed, wid simmission?"

"Up in Teernahusshogue. Arrah, will you tell me what weddin' was that that passed awhile agone?"

"A son of ould Denis O'Shaughnessy's, God be marciful to his sowl!"

"Denis O'Shaughnessy! Is it him they called the 'Pigeon-house?' An' is it possible he's dead?"

"He's dead, nabour, an', in throth, an honest man's dead!"

"As ever broke the world's bread. The Lord make his bed in heaven this day! Hasn't he a son larnin' to be a priest in Maynewth?"

"Ah! *Fahreer gairh!* That's all over."

"Why, is *he* dead, too?"

"Be Gorra, no—but the conthrairy to that. 'Twas *his* weddin' you seen passin' a minute agone."

"Is it the young sogarth's? Musha, bad end to you, man alive, an' spake out. Tell us how that happened? Sowl it's a quare business, an' him was in Maynewth!"

"Faith, he was so; an' they say there wasn't a man in Maynewth able to tache him. But, passin' that over—you see, the father, ould Denis—an' be Gorra, he was very bright too, till the son *grew* up, an' drownded him wid the langridges—the father, you see, ould Denis himself, tuck a faver whin the son was near a year in the college, an' it proved too many for him. He died; an' whin young Dinny hard of it, the divil a one of him would stay any longer in Maynewth. He came home like a scare-

crow, said he lost his health in it, an' refused to go back. Faith, it was a lucky thing that his father died before hand, for it would brake his heart. As it was, they had terrible work about it. But ould Denis is never dead while young Denis is livin'. Faix, he was as stiff as they wor stout, an' wouldn't give in; so, afther ever so much wranglin', he got the upper hand by tellin' them that he wasn't able to bear the college at all; an' that if he'd go back to it he'd soon folly his father."

"An' what turned him against the college? Was that thrue?"

"Thrue!—thrue indeed! The same youth was never at a loss for a piece of invintion whin it sarved him. No, the sarra word of thruth at all was in it. He soodhered an' palavered a daughther of Owen Connor's, Susy—all the daughther he has, indeed—before he wint to Maynewth at all, they say. She herself wasn't for marryin' him, in regard of a wow she had; but there's no doubt but he made her fond of him, for he has a tongue that 'ud make black white, or white black, for that matther. So, be Gorra, he got the wow taken off of her by the Bishop; she soon recovered her health, for she was dyin' for love of him, an'—you seen their weddin'. It 'ud be worth your while to go a day's journey to get a sight of her—she's allowed to be the purtiest girl that ever was in this part o' the counthry."

"Well! well! It's a quare world. An' is the family all agreeable to it now?"

"Hut! where was the use of houldin' out aginst him? I tell you, he'd make them agreeable to any think, wanst he tuck it into his head. Indeed, it's

he that has the great larnin' all out! Why, now, you'd hardly b'lieve me, when I tell you that he'd prove you to be an ass, in three minutes; make it as plain as the sun. He would; an' often made an ass o' myself."

"Why, now that I look at you—are'nt you Dan Murray's nephew?"

"Phadrick Murray, an' divil a one else, sure enough."

"How is your family, Phadrick? Why, man, you don't know your friends—my name's Cahill."

"Is it Andy Cahill of Phuldhu? Why, thin, deata alive, Andy, how is every bit of you? Andy, I'm regulatin' every thing at this weddin', an' you must turn over your horse till we have a dhrop for ould times. Bless my sowl! sure, I'd know your brother round a corner; an' yourself, too, I ought to know, only that I didn't see you since you wor a slip of a gorsoon. Come away, man, sure thim men o' yours can take care o' the cattle. You'll asily overtake thim"

"Throth, I don't care if I have a glass wid an ould friend. But, I hope your whiskey won't overtake me, Phadrck."

"The never a fear of it, your father's son has too good a head for that. Ough! man alive, if you could stay for the weddin'! Divil a sich a let out ever was seen in the county widin the mimory of the ouldest man in it, as it 'ill be. Dinis is the boy that 'ud have the daent thing or nothin'."

Thegrazier and Phadrick Murray then bent their steps to Owen Connor's house, where the wedding was held. It is unnecessary to say that Phadrick

plied his new acquaintance to some purpose. Ere two hours passed the latter had forgotten his bullocks as completely as if he had never had them, and his drovers were left to their own discretion in effecting their sale. As for Andy Cahill, like many another sapient Irishmen, he preferred his pleasure to his business, got drunk, and danced, and sung at Denis O'Shaughnessy's wedding, which we are bound to say was the longest, the most hospitable, and frolicsome that ever has been remembered in the parish from that day to the present.

PHELIM O'TOOLE'S COURTSHIP.

PHELIM O'TOOLE'S COURTSHIP.

PHELIM O'TOOLE, who had the honour of being that interesting personage, an only son, was heir to a snug estate of half an acre, which had been the family patrimony since the time of his grandfather, Tyrrell O'Toole, who won it from the *Sassenah* at the point of his reaping-hook, during a descent once made upon England by a body of "spalpeens," in the month of August. This resolute little band was led on by Tyrrell, who, having secured about eight guineas by the excursion, returned to his own country with a coarse linen travelling bag slung across his shoulder, a new hat in one hand, and a staff in the other. On reaching once more his native village of Teernarogarah, he immediately took half an acre, for which he paid a moderate rent in the shape of daily labour as a cotter. On this he resided until death, after which event, he was succeeded by his son, Larry O'Toole, the father of the "purty boy" who is about to shine in the following pages.

Phelim's father and mother had been married near seven years without the happiness of a family. This to both was a great affliction. Sheelah O'Toole was melancholy from night to morning, and Larry was melancholy from morning to night. Their cottage was silent and solitary; the floor and furniture had not the appearance of any cottage in which Irish children are wont to amuse themselves. When they rose in the morning, a miserable stillness prevailed around them; young voices were not heard—laughing eyes turned not on their parents—the melody of angry squabbles, as the urchins, in their parents' fancy, cuffed and scratched each other—half, or wholly naked among the ashes in the morning, soothed not the yearning hearts of Larry and his wife. No, no; there was none of this. Morning passed in a quietness hard to be borne: noon arrived, but the dismal, dreary sense of childlessness hung upon the house and their hearts: night again returned, only to add its darkness to that which overshadowed the sorrowful spirits of this disconsolate couple.

For the first two or three years, they bore this privation with a strong confidence that it would not last. The heart, however, sometimes becomes tired of hoping, or unable to bear the burthen of expectation, which time only renders heavier. They first began to fret and pine, then to murmur, and finally to recriminate.

Sheelah wished for children, "to have the crathurs to spake to," she said, "and comfort us when we'd get ould an' helpless."

Larry cared not, provided they had a son to inherit

the "half acre." This was the burthen of his wishes, for in all their altercations, his closing observation usually was—"well, but what's to become of the half acre?"

"What's to become of the half acre? Arrah what do I care for the half acre? It's not that you ought to be thinkin' of, but the dismal poor house we have, wid not the laugh or schreech of a single *pastiah** in it from year's end to year's end."

"Well, Sheelah?"

"Well, yourself, Larry? To the *diouol* I pitch your half acre, man."

"To the *diouol* you pitch—What do you fly at me for?"

"Who's flyin' at you? They'd have little tow on their rock that 'ud fly at *you*."

"You are flyin' at me; an' only you have a hard face, you wouldn't do it."

"A hard face! Indeed it's well come over wid us, to be tould that by the likes o' you! ha!"

"No matther for that! You had betther keep a soft tongue in your head, an' a civil one, in the mane time. Why did the divil timpt you to take a fancy to me at all?"

"That's it. Throw the *grah* an' love I *once* had for you, in my teeth now. It's a manly thing for you to do, an' you may be proud of it. Dear knows, it would be betther for me I had fell in consate wid any face but yours."

"I wish to goodness you had! I wouldn't be as I am to-day. There's that half acre——"

* A child.

"To the *diouol*, I say, I pitch yourself an' your half acre! Why do you be comin' acrass me wid your half acre? Eh?—Why do you?"

"Come now; don't be puttin' your hands agin your sides, an' waggin' your impty head at me, like a rockin' stone."

"An' why do you be aggravatin' at me wid your half acre?"

"Bekase I have a good right to do it. What'll become of it when I d——"

"—— That for you an' it, you poor excuse!"

"When I di——"

"—— That for you an' it, I say! That for you an' it, you atomy!"

"What'll become of my half acre when I die? Did you hear *that?*"

"You ought to think of what'll become of yourself, when you die; that's what you ought to think of; but little it throubles you, you sinful reprobate! Sure the neighbours despises you."

"That's a falsity; but they know the life I lade wid *you*. The edge of your tongue's well known. They pity me, for bein' joined to the likes of you. You're bad tongue's all you're good for."

"Aren't you afeard to be flyin' in the face o' Providence the way you are? An' to be ladin' me sich a heart-scalded life for no rason?".

"It's your own story your're tellin'. Sure I haven't a day's pace wid you, or ever had these three years. But wait till next harvest, an' if I'm spared, I'll go to England. Whin I do, I've a consate in my head, that you'll never see my face agin."

"Oh, you know that's an' ould story wid you. Many a time you threatened us wid that afore. Who knows but you'd be dhrownded on your way, an' thin we'd get another husband."

"An' be these blessed tongs, I'll do it afore I'm much ouldher!"

"An' lave me here to starve an' sthruggle by myself! Desart me like a villain, to poverty an' hardship! Marciful Mother of Heaven, look down upon me this day! but I'm the ill-thrated, an' ill-used poor crathur, by a man that I don't, an' never did, desarve it from! An' all in regard that that 'half acre' must go to sthraugers! Och! oh!"

"Ay! now take to the cryin', do; rock yourself over the ashes, an' wipe your eyes wid the corner of your apron; but, I say agin, *what's to become of the half acre?*"

"Oh, God forgive you, Larry! That's the worst I say to you, you poor half-dead blackguard!"

"Why do you massacray me wid your tongue as you do?"

"Go an—go an. I won't make you an answer, you atomy! That's what I'll do. The heavens above turn your heart this day, and give me strinth to bear my throubles an' heart-burnin', sweet Queen o' Consolation! Or take me into the arms of Parodies, sooner nor be as I am, wid a poor baste of a villain, that I never turn my tongue on, barrin' to tell him the kind of a man he is, the blackguard!"

"You're betther than you desarve to be!"

To this, Sheelah made no further reply; on the contrary, she sat smoking her pipe with a significant

silence, that was only broken by an occasional groan, an ejaculation, or a singularly devout upturning of the eyes to heaven, accompanied by a shake of the head, at once condemnatory and philosophical; indicative of her dissent from what he said, as well as of her patience in bearing it.

Larry, however, usually proceeded to combat all her gestures by *viva voce* argument; for every shake of her head, he had an appropriate answer: but without being able to move her from the obstinate silence she maintained. Having thus the field to himself, and feeling rather annoyed by the want of an antagonist, he argued on in the same form of dispute, whilst she, after first calming her own spirit by the composing effects of the pipe, usually cut him short with——

"Here, take a blast o' this, maybe it'll settle you."

This was received in silence. The good man smoked on, and every puff appeared as an evaporation of his anger. In due time he was as placid as herself, drew his breath in a grave composed manner, laid his pipe quietly on the hob, and went about his business as if nothing had occurred between them.

These bickerings were strictly private, with the exception of some disclosures made to Sheelah's mother and sisters. Even these were thrown out rather as insinuations that all was not right, than as direct assertions that they lived unhappily. Before strangers they were perfect turtles.

Larry, according to the notices of his life furnished by Sheelah, was "as good a husband as ever broke the world's bread;" and Sheelah "was as good a poor man's wife as ever threw a gown over her

shoulders." Notwithstanding all this caution, their little quarrels took wind; their unhappiness became known. Larry, in consequence of a failing he had, was the cause of this. He happened to be one of those men who can conceal nothing when in a state of intoxication. Whenever he indulged in liquor too freely, the veil which discretion had drawn over their recriminations was put aside, and a dolorous history of their weaknesses, doubts, hopes, and wishes, most unscrupulously given to every person on whom the complainant could fasten. When sober he had no recollection of this, so that many a conversation of cross-purposes took place between him and his neighbours, with reference to the state of his own domestic inquietude, and their want of children.

One day a poor mendicant came in at dinner hour, and stood as if to solicit alms. It is customary in Ireland, when any person of that description appears during meal times, to make him wait until the meal is over, after which he is supplied with the fragments. No sooner had the *boccagh*—as a certain class of beggars is termed—advanced past the jamb, than he was desired to sit until the dinner should be concluded. In the mean time, with the tact of an adept in his calling, he began to ingratiate himself with Larry and his wife; and after sounding the simple couple upon their private history, he discovered that want of children was the occasion of their unhappiness.

"Well, good people," said the pilgrim, after listening to a dismal story on the subject, "don't be cast down, sure, whether or not. There's a Holy Well that I can direct yees to in the county ——.

Any one, wid trust in the Saint that's over it, who'll make a pilgrimage to it on the Patthern day, won't be the worse for it. When you go there," he added, "jist turn to a Lucky Stone that's at the side of the well, say a Rosary before it, and at the end of every dicken (decade) kiss it once, ache of you. Then you're to go round the well nine times, upon your bare knees, sayin' your Pathers an' Aves all the time. When that's over, lave a ribbon or a bit of your dress behind you, or somethin' by way of an offerin', thin go into a tent an' refresh yourselves, an' for that matther, take a dance or two; come home, live happily, an' trust to the holy saint for the rest."

A gleam of newly awakened hope might be discovered lurking in the eyes of this simple pair, who felt those natural yearnings of heart incident to such as are without offspring.

They looked forward with deep anxiety to the anniversary of the Patron Saint; and when it arrived, none certainly who attended it, felt a more absorbing interest in the success of the pilgrimage than they did.

The days on which these pilgrimages are performed at such places are called Pattern or Patron days. The journey to holy wells, or holy lakes is termed a Pilgrimage, or more commonly a Station. It is sometimes enjoined by the priest, as an act of penance; and sometimes undertaken voluntarily, as a devotional work of great merit in the sight of God. The crowds in many places amount to from five hundred to a thousand, and often to two, three, four, or ten thousand people.

These Stations have, for the most part, been placed in situations remarkable for wild and savage grandeur, or for soft, exquisite, and generally solitary beauty. They may be found on the high and rugged mountain top; or sunk in the bottom of some still and lonely glen, far removed from the ceaseless din of the world. Immediately beside them, or close in their vicinity, stand the ruins of probably a picturesque old abbey, or perhaps a modern chapel. The appearance of these grey, ivy-covered walls is strongly calculated to stir up in the minds of the people the memory of by-gone times, when their religion, with its imposing solemnities, was the religion of the land. It is for this reason, probably, that patrons are countenanced; for if there be not a political object in keeping them up, it is beyond human ingenuity to conceive how either religion or morals can be improved by debauchery, drunkenness, and bloodshed.

Let the reader, in order to understand the situation of the place we are describing imagine to himself a stupendous cliff overhanging a green glen, into which tumbles a silver stream down a height of two or three hundred feet. At the bottom of this rock, a few yards from the basin formed by the cascade, in a sunless nook, was a well of cool, delicious water. This was the "Holy Well," out of which issued a slender stream, that joined the rivulet formed by the cascade. On the shrubs which grew out of the crag-cliffs around it, might be seen innumerable rags bleached by the weather out of their original colour, small wooden crosses, locks of human hair, buttons,

and other substitutes for property; poverty allowing the people to offer it only by fictitious emblems. Lower down in the glen, on the river's bank, was a smooth green, admirably adapted for the dance, which, notwithstanding the religious rites, is the heart and soul of a Patron.

On that morning a vast influx of persons, male and female, old and young, married and single, crowded eagerly towards the well. Among them might be noticed the blind, the lame, the paralytic, and such as were afflicted with various other diseases; nor were those good men and their wives who had no offspring to be omitted. The mendicant, the pilgrim, the boccagh, together with every other description of impostors, remarkable for attending such places, were the first on the ground, all busy in their respective vocations. The highways, the fields, and the *boreens*, or bridle roads, were filled with living streams of people pressing forward to this great scene of fun and religion. The devotees could in general be distinguished from the country folks by their Pharisaical and penitential visages, as well as by their not wearing shoes; for the Stations to such places were formerly made with bare feet: most persons now, however, content themselves with stripping off their shoes and stockings on coming within the precincts of the holy ground. Human beings are not the only description of animals that perform pilgrimages to holy wells and blessed lakes. Cows, horses, and sheep are made to go through their duties, either by way of prevention, or cure, of the diseases incident to them. This is not to be wondered at, when it is known that

every domestic animal has its patron saint, to whom its owner may at any time pray on its behalf.

When the crowd was collected, nothing in the shape of an assembly could surpass it in the originality of its appearance. In the glen were constructed a number of tents, where whiskey and refreshments might be had in abundance. Every tent had a fiddler or a piper; many two of them. From the top of a pole that ran up from the roof of each tent, was suspended the symbol by which the owner of it was known by his friends and acquaintances. Here swung a salt herring or a turf, there a shillelah, in a third place a shoe, in a fourth place a wisp of hay, in a fifth an old hat, and so on with the rest.

The tents stood at a short distance from the scene of devotion at the well, but not so far as to prevent the spectator from both seeing and hearing what went on in each. Around the well, on bare knees, moved a body of people, thickly wedged together, some praying, some screaming, some excoriating their neighbours' shins, and others dragging them out of their way by the hair of the head. Exclamations of pain from the sick or lame, thumping oaths in Irish, recriminations in broken English, and prayers in bog Latin, all rose at once to the ears of the patron saint, who, we are inclined to think—could he have heard or seen his worshippers—would have disclaimed them altogether.

"For the sake of the Holy Virgin, keep your sharp elbows out o' my ribs."

"My blessin', an you, young man, an' don't be lanin' an me, i' you plase!"

Damnho sheery orth, a rogarah Ruah! what do you mane? Is it my back you're brakin'?"

"Hell purshue you you ould sinner, can't you keep the spike of your crutch out o' my stomach! If you love me tell me so; but, by the livin' farmer, I'll take no such hints as that!"

"*I'm* a pilgrim, an' don't brake my leg upon the rock, an' my blessin' an you!"

"Oh, murdher sheery! my poor child 'ill be smodhered!"

"My heart's curse an you! is it the ould cripple you're thrampin' over?"

"Here, Barny, blood alive, give this purty young girl a lift, your sowl, or she'll be undhermost!"

"'Och, 'twas on a Christmas mornin'
That Jeroosillim was born in
The Holy Land'——

Oh, my neck's broke!—the curse——Oh! I'm kilt fairly, so I am! The curse o' Cromwell an you, an' hould away

'The Holy Land adornin'
All by the Baltic Say.
Three angels on a Station,
All in deep meditation,
Wor takin' raycrayation,
All by the'——

contints o' the book, if you don't hould away, I say agin, an' let me go an wid my *rann*, it'll be worse for you!—

'Wor takin' raycrayation,
All by the Baltic Say!!'"

"Help the ould woman there."

"Queen o' Patriots pray for us!—St. Abraham ——go to the divil, you bosthoon; is it crushin' my sore leg you are?—St. Abraham pray for us! St. Isinglass, pray for us! St. Jonathan,——musha, I wisht you wor in America, honest man, instid o' twistin' my arm like a *gad?*—St. Jonathan, pray for us! Holy Nineveh, look down upon us wid compression an' resolution this day! Blessed Jerooslim, throw down compuncture an' meditation upon us Chrystyeens assembled here afore you to offer up our sins! Oh, grant us, blessed Catasthrophy, the holy virtues of Timptation an' Solitude, through the improvement an' accommodation of St. Kolumbkill! To him I offer up this button, a bit o' the waistband o' my own breeches, an' a taste of my wife's petticoat, in remimbrance of us havin' made this holy Station; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us at the last day! Amin!"

Such was the character of the prayers and ejaculations which issued from the lips of the motley group that scrambled, and crushed, and screamed, on their knees around the well. In the midst of this ignorance and absurdity, there were visible, however, many instances of apparent piety, goodness of heart, and simplicity of character. From such you could hear neither oath nor exclamation. They complied with the usages of the place modestly and attentively; though not insensible, at the same time, to the strong disgust which the general conduct of those who were both superstitious and wicked was calculated to excite. A little from the well, just where its

waters mingled with those of the cascade, men and women might be seen washing the blood off their knees, and dipping such parts of their body as were afflicted with local complaints into the stream. This part of the ceremony was any thing but agreeable to the eye. Most of those who went round the well drank its waters; and several of them filled flasks and bottles with it, which they brought home for the benefit of such members of their family, as could not attend in person.

Whilst all this went forward at the well, scenes of a different kind were enacted lower down among the tents. No sooner had the penitents got the difficult rites of the Station over, than they were off to the whiskey; and decidedly, after the grinding of their bare knees upon the hard rock—after the pushing, crushing, and exhaustion of bodily strength which they had been forced to undergo—we say, that the comforts and refreshments to be had in the tents were very seasonable. Here the dancing, shouting, singing, courting, drinking, and fighting, formed one wild uproar of noise, that was perfectly astounding. The leading boys and the prettiest girls of the parish were all present, partaking in the rustic revelry. Tipsy men were staggering in every direction; fiddles were playing, pipes were squeaking, men were rushing in detached bodies to some fight, women were doctoring the heads of such as had been beaten, and factions were collecting their friends for a fresh battle. Here you might see a grove of shillelahs up, and hear the crash of the onset; and in another place, the heads of the dancing parties bobbing up

and down in brisk motion among the crowd that surrounded them. The pilgrim, having now gone through his Station, stood hemmed in by a circle of those who wanted to purchase his beads or his scapulars. The ballad-singer had his own mob, from among whom his voice might be heard rising in its purest tones to the praise of—

> "Brave O'Connell, the Liberathur,
> An' great Salvathur of Ireland's Isle!"

As evening approached, the whiskey brought out the senseless prejudices of parties and factions in a manner quite consonant to the habits of the people. Those who, in deciding their private quarrels, had in the early part of the day beat and abused each other, now united as the subordinate branches of a greater party, for the purpose of opposing in one general body some other hostile faction. These fights are usually commenced by a challenge from one party to another, in which a person from the opposite side is simply, and often very good-humouredly, invited to assert, that "black is the white of his enemy's eye;" or to touch the old coat which he is pleased to trail after him between the two opposing powers. This characteristic challenge is soon accepted; the knocking down and yelling are heard; stones fly, and every available weapon is pressed into the service on both sides. In this manner the battle proceeds, until, probably, a life or two is lost. Bones, too, are savagely broken, and blood copiously spilled, by men who scarcely know the remote cause of the enmity between the parties.

Such is a hasty sketch of the Pattern, as it is called in Ireland, at which Larry and Sheelah duly performed their station. We, for our parts, should be sorry to see the innocent pastimes of a people abolished; but, surely, customs which perpetuate scenes of profligacy and crime should not be suffered to stain the pure and holy character of religion.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that Larry O'Toole and Sheelah complied with every rite of the Station. To kiss the "Lucky Stone," however, was their principal duty. Larry gave it a particularly honest smack, and Sheelah impressed it with all the ardour of a devotee. Having refreshed themselves in the tent, they returned home, and, in somewhat less than a year from that period, found themselves the happy parents of an heir to the half acre, no less a personage than young Phelim, who was called after St. Phelim, the patron of the "Lucky Stone."

The reader perceives that Phelim was born under particularly auspicious influence. His face was the herald of affection every where. From the moment of his birth, Larry and Sheelah were seldom known to have a dispute. Their whole future life was, with few exceptions, one unchanging honeymoon. Had Phelim been deficient in comeliness, it would have mattered not a *crona baun*. Phelim, on the contrary, promised to be a beauty; both his parents thought it, felt it, asserted it; and who had a better right to be acquainted, as Larry said, "wid the outs an' ins, the ups an' downs of his face, the darlin' swaddy!"

For the first ten years of his life Phelim could not

be said to owe the tailor much; nor could the covering which he wore be, without more antiquarian lore than we can give to it, exactly classed under any particular term by which the various parts of human dress are known. He himself, like some of our great poets, was externally well acquainted with the elements. The sun and he were particularly intimate; wind and rain were his brothers, and frost also distantly related to him. With mud he was hand and glove, and not a bog in the parish, or a quagmire in the neighbourhood, but sprung up under Phelim's tread, and threw him forward with the brisk vibration of an old acquaintance. Touching his dress, however, in the early part of his life, if he was clothed with nothing else, he was clothed with mystery. Some assert that a cast-off pair of his father's nether garments might be seen upon him each Sunday, the wrong side foremost, in accommodation with some economy of his mother's, who thought it safest, in consequence of his habits, to join them in this inverted way to a cape which he wore on his shoulders. We ourselves have seen one, who saw another, who saw Phelim in a pair of stockings which covered him from his knee-pans to his haunches, where, in the absence of waistbands, they made a pause—a breach existing from that to the small of his back. The person who saw all this affirmed, at the same time, that there was a dearth of cloth about the skirts of the integument which stood him instead of a coat. He bore no bad resemblance, he said, to a moulting fowl, with scanty feathers, running before a gale in the farm-yard.

Phelim's want of dress in his merely boyish years being, in a great measure, the national costume of some hundred thousand young Hibernians in his rank of life, deserves a still more particular notice. His infancy we pass over; but from the period at which he did *not* enter into small-clothes, he might be seen every Sunday morning, or on some important festival, issuing from his father's mansion, with a piece of old cloth tied about him from the middle to the knees, leaving a pair of legs visible, that were mottled over with characters which would, if found on an Egyptian pillar, put an antiquary to the necessity of constructing a new alphabet to decipher them. This, or the inverted breeches, with his father's flannel waistcoat, or an old coat that swept the ground at least two feet behind him, constituted his state dress. On week days he threw off this finery, and contented himself, if the season were summer, with appearing in a dun-coloured shirt, which resembled a noun-substantive, for it could stand alone. The absence of soap and water is sometimes used as a substitute for milling linen among the lower Irish; and so effectually had Phelim's single change been milled in this manner, that, when disenshirting at night, he usually laid it standing at his bedside, where it reminded one of frosted linen in every thing but whiteness.

This, with but little variation, was Phelim's dress until his tenth year. Long before that, however, he evinced those powers of attraction which constituted so remarkable a feature in his character. He won all hearts; the chickens and ducks were devotedly attached to him; the cow, which the family always

intended to buy, was in the habit of licking Phelim in his dreams; the two goats which they actually did buy, treated him like one of themselves. Among the first and last he spent a great deal of his early life; for as the floor of his father's house was but a continuation of the dunghill, or the dunghill a continuation of the floor, we know not rightly which, he had a larger scope, and a more unsavoury pool than usual, for amusement. Their dunghill, indeed, was the finest of its size and kind to be seen; quite a tasteful thing, and so convenient, that he could lay himself down at the hearth, and roll out to its foot, after which he ascended it on his legs, with all the elasticity of a young poet triumphantly climbing Parnassus.

One of the greatest wants which Phelim experienced in his young days, was the want of a capacious pocket. We insinuate nothing; because with respect to his agility in climbing fruit trees, it was only a species of exercise to which he was addicted—the eating and carrying away of the fruit being merely incidental, or, probably, the result of abstraction, which, as every one knows, proves what is termed "the Absence of Genius." In these ambitious exploits, however, there is no denying that he often bitterly regretted the want of a pocket; and in connexion with this we have only to add, that most of his solitary walks were taken about orchards and gardens, the contents of which he has been often seen to contemplate with deep interest. This, to be sure, might proceed from a provident regard to health, for it is a well-known fact that he has frequently returned

home in the evenings, distended like a Boa Constrictor after a gorge; yet no person was ever able to come at the cause of his inflation. There were, to be sure, suspicions abroad, and it was mostly found that depredations in some neighbouring orchard or garden had been committed a little before the periods in which it was supposed the distension took place. We mention these things after the example of those "d——d good-natured" biographers who write great men's lives of late, only for the purpose of showing that there could be no truth in such suspicions. Phelim, we assure an enlightened public, was voraciously fond of fruit; he was frequently inflated, too, after the manner of those who indulge therein to excess; fruit was always missed immediately after the periods of his distension, so that it was impossible *he* could have been concerned in the depredations then made upon the neighbouring orchards. In addition to this, we would beg modestly to add, that the pomonian temperament is incompatible with the other qualities for which he was famous. His parents were too ignorant of those little eccentricities which, had they known them, would have opened up a correct view of the splendid materials for village greatness which he possessed, and which, probably, were nipped in their bud for the want of a pocket to his breeches, or rather by the want of a breeches to his pocket, for such was the wayward energy of his disposition, that he ultimately succeeded in getting the latter, though it certainly often failed him to procure the breeches. In fact, it was a misfortune to him that he was the son of his father and mother at

all. Had he been a second Melchizedec, and got into breeches in time, the virtues which circumstances suppressed in his heart might have flourished like cauliflowers, though the world would have lost all the advantages arising from the splendour of his talents at going naked.

Another fact, in justice to his character, must not be omitted. His penchant for fruit was generally known; but few persons, at the period we are describing, were at all aware that a love of whiskey lurked as a predominant trait in his character to be brought out at a future era in his life.

Before Phelim reached his tenth year, he and his parents had commenced hostilities. Many were their efforts to subdue some peculiarities of his temper which then began to appear. Phelim, however, being an only son, possessed high vantage ground. Along with other small matters which he was in the habit of picking up, might be reckoned a readiness at swearing. Several other things also made their appearance in his parents' cottage, for whose presence there, except through his instrumentality, they found it rather difficult to account. Spades, shovels, rakes, tubs, frying-pans, and many other articles of domestic use, were transferred, as if by magic, to Larry's cabin.

As Larry and his wife were both honest, these things were, of course, restored to their owners, the moment they could be ascertained. Still, although this honest couple's integrity was known, there were many significant looks turned upon Phelim, and many spirited prophecies uttered with especial reference

to him, all of which hinted at the probability of his dying something in the shape of a perpendicular death. This habit, then, of adding to their furniture, was one cause of the hostility between him and his parents; we say one, for there were at least a good round dozen besides. His touch, for instance, was fatal to crockery; he stripped his father's Sunday clothes of their buttons, with great secrecy and skill; he was a dead shot at the panes of his neighbour's windows; a perfect necromancer at sucking eggs through pin-holes; took great delight in calling home the neighbouring farmer's workmen to dinner an hour before it was ready; and was in fact a perfect master in many other ingenious manifestations of character, ere he reached his twelfth year.

Now, it was about this period that the small pox made its appearance in the village. Indescribable was the dismay of Phelim's parents, lest he among others might become a victim to it. Vaccination had not then surmounted the prejudices with which every discovery beneficial to mankind is at first met; and the people were left principally to the imposture of quacks, or the cunning of certain persons called "fairy men" or "sonsie women." Nothing remained now but that this formidable disease should be met by all the power and resources of superstition. The first thing the mother did was to get a gospel consecrated by the priest, for the purpose of guarding Phelim against evil. What is termed a Gospel, and worn as a kind of charm about the person, is simply a slip of paper, on which are written by the priest the few first verses of the Gospel of St. John. This,

however, being worn for no specific purpose, was incapable of satisfying the honest woman. Superstition had its own peculiar remedy for the small pox, and Sheelah was resolved to apply it. Accordingly she borrowed a neighbour's ass, drove it home with Phelim, however, on its back, took the interesting youth by the nape of the neck, and in the name of the Trinity shoved him three times under it, and three times over it. She then put a bit of bread into its mouth, until the ass had mumbled it a little, after which she gave the savoury morsel to Phelim, as a *bonne bouche*. This was one preventive against the small pox; but another was to be tried.

She next clipped off the extremities of Phelim's elf-locks, tied them in linen that was never bleached, and hung them beside the Gospel about his neck. This was her second cure; but there was still a third to be applied. She got the largest onion possible, which, having cut it into nine parts, she hung from the roof tree of the cabin, having first put the separated parts together. It is supposed that this has the power of drawing infection of any kind to itself. It is permitted to remain untouched, until the disease has passed from the neighbourhood, when it is buried as far down in the earth as a single man can dig. This was a third cure; but there was still a fourth. She borrowed ten asses' halters from her neighbours, who, on hearing that they were for Phelim's use, felt particular pleasure in obliging her. Having procured these, she pointed them one by one at Phelim's neck, until the number nine was completed. The tenth she put on him, and with the end of it in her

hand, led him like an ass, nine mornings, before sunrise, to a south-running stream, which he was obliged to cross. On doing this, two conditions were to be fulfilled on the part of Phelim; he was bound in the first place, to keep his mouth filled, during the ceremony, with a certain fluid which must be nameless: in the next, to be silent from the moment he left home until his return.

Sheelah having satisfied herself that every thing calculated to save her darling from the small pox, was done, felt considerably relieved, and hoped that whoever might be infected, Phelim would escape. On the morning when the last journey to the river had been completed, she despatched him home with the halters. Phelim, however, wended his way to a little hazle copse, below the house, where he deliberately twined the halters together, and erected a swing-swang, with which he amused himself till hunger brought him to his dinner.

"Phelim, you idle thief, what kep you away till now?"

"Oh, mudher, mudher, gi' me a piece o' *arran?* (bread.)

"Why, here's the praties done for your dinner. What kep you?

"Oh, be gorra, it's well you ever seen me, at all, so it is!"

"Why," said his father, "what happened you?"

"Oh, bedad, a terrible thing all out. As I was crassin' Dunroe Hill, I thramped on *hungry grass.* First, I didn't know what kem over me, I got so wake; an' every step I wint, 'twas waker an' waker

I was growin', till at long last, down I dhrops, an' couldn't move hand or fut. I dunna how long I lay there, so I don't; but anyhow, who should be *sthreelin'* acrass the hill, but an ould *boccagh*.

"'My *bouchaleen dhas*,' says he—'my beautiful boy,' says he—'you're in a bad state I find. You've thramped upon Dunroe *hungry-grass*, an' only for somethin' it's a *prabeen* you'd be, afore ever you'd see home. Can you spake at all?' says he.

"'Oh, murdher,' says I, 'I b'lieve not.'

"'Well here,' says the *boccagh*, 'open your purty *gub*, an' take in a thrifle of this male, an' you'll soon be stout enough.' Well, to be sure, it bates the world! I had hardly tasted the male, whin I found myself as well as ever; bekase you know, mudher, that's the cure for it. 'Now,' says the *boccagh*, 'this is the spot the fairies planted their hungry grass an, so you'll know it agin when you see it. What's your name?' says he.

"'Phelim O'Toole,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'go home an' tell your father an' mother to offer up a prayer to St. Phedlim, your namesake, in regard that only for him you'd be a *corp* before any relief would a come near you; or, at any rate, wid the fairies.'"

The father and mother, although with a thousand proofs before them, that Phelim, so long as he could at all contrive a lie, would never speak truth, yet were so blind to his well-known propensity, that they always believed the lie to be truth, until they discovered it to be a falsehood. When he related a story, for instance, which carried not only

improbability, but impossibility on the face of it, they never questioned his veracity. The neighbours, to be sure, were vexed and nettled at the obstinacy of their credulity; especially on reflecting that they were as sceptical in giving credence to the narrative of any other person, as all rational people ought to be. The manner of training up Phelim, and Phelim's method of governing them had become a by-word in the village. "Take a sthraw to him, like Sheelah O'Toole," was often ironically said to mothers remarkable for mischievous indulgence to their children.

The following day proved that no charm could protect Phelim from the small pox. Every symptom of that disease became quite evident; and the grief of his doating parents amounted to distraction. Neither of them could be declared perfectly sane; they knew not how to proceed—what regimen to adopt for him, nor what remedies to use. A week elapsed, but each succeeding day found him in a more dangerous state. At length, by the advice of some of the neighbours, an old crone called "Sonsy Mary," was called in to administer relief through the medium of certain powers which were thought to be derived from something holy and also supernatural. She brought a mysterious bottle, of which he was to take every third spoonful three times a day; it was to be administered by the hand of a young girl of virgin innocence, who was also to breathe three times down his throat, holding his nostrils closed with her fingers. The father and mother were to repeat a certain number of prayers; to promise against

swearing, and to kiss the hearth-stone nine times—the one turned north, and the other south. All these ceremonies were performed with care, but Phelim's malady appeared to set them at defiance; and the old crone would have lost her character in consequence, were it not that Larry, on the day of the cure, after having promised not to swear, let fly an oath at a hen, whose cackling disturbed Phelim. This saved her character, and threw Larry and Sheelah into fresh despair.

They had nothing now for it but the "fairy man," to whom, despite the awful mystery of his character, they resolved to apply rather than see their only son taken from them for ever. Larry proceeded without delay to the wise man's residence, after putting a small phial of holy water in his pocket to protect himself from fairy influence. The house in which this person lived was admirably in accordance with his mysterious character. One gable of it was formed by the mound of a fairy Rath, against which the cabin stood endwise; within a mile there was no other building; the country around it was a sheep-walk, green, and beautifully interspersed with two or three solitary glens, in one of which might be seen a cave, that was said to communicate under ground with the rath. A ridge of high peaked mountains ran above it, whose evening shadow in consequence of their form, fell down on each side of the rath, without obscuring its precincts. It lay south, and such was the power of superstition, that during summer, the district in which it stood, was thought to be covered

with a light and silence decidedly supernatural. In spring, it was the first to be in verdure, and in autumn, the last. Nay, in winter itself, the rath and the adjoining vallies never ceased to be green. These circumstances were not attributed to the nature of the soil—to its southern situation, nor to the fact of its being pasture land; but simply to the power of the fairies, who were supposed to keep its verdure fresh for their own revels.

When Larry entered the house, which had an air of comfort and snugness beyond the common, a tall thin pike of a man, about sixty years of age, stood before him. He wore a brown great-coat that fell far short of his knees; his small-clothes were closely fitted to thighs not thicker than hand telescopes; on his legs were drawn grey woollen stockings, rolled up about six inches over his small-clothes; his head was covered by a bay bob wig, on which was a little round hat, with the edge of the leaf turned up in every direction. His face was short and sallow; his chin peaked; his nose small and turned up. If we add to this, a pair of skeleton-like hands and arms projecting about eight inches beyond the sleeves of his coat; two fiery ferret-eyes; and a long small holly wand, higher than himself, we have the outline of this singular figure.

"God save you, nabour," said Larry.

"Save you, save you, nabour;" he replied, without pronouncing the name of the deity.

"This is a thryin' time," said Larry, "to them that has childhre."

The fairy-man fastened his red glittering eyes upon him, with a sinister glance that occasioned Larry to feel rather uncomfortable.

"So you venthured to come to the fairy-man?"

"It is about our son, an' he all we ha——"

"Whisht!" said the man, waving his hand with a commanding air. "Whisht; I wish you wor out o' this, for it's a bad time to be here. Listen! Listen! Do you hear nothing?"

Larry changed colour; "I do," he replied—"the Lord protect me! Is that *them?*"

"What did you hear?" said the man.

"Why," returned the other, "I heard the bushes of the rath all movin', jist as if a blast o' wind came among them!"

"Whisht," said the fairy-man, "they're here; you mustn't open your lips while you're in the house. I know what you want, an' will see your son. Do you hear any thing more? If you do, lay your fore-finger along your nose; but don't spake."

Larry heard, with astonishment, the music of a pair of bag-pipes. The tune played, was one which, according to a popular legend, was first played by Satan; it is called "Go to the Devil and shake yourself." To our own knowledge, the peasantry in certain parts of Ireland refuse to sing it for the above reason. The mystery of the music was heightened too, by the fact of its being played, as Larry thought, behind the gable of the cabin, which stood against the side of the rath, out of which, indeed, it seemed to proceed.

Larry laid his finger along his nose, as he had

been desired; and this appearing to satisfy the Fairy-man, he waved his hand to the door, thus intimating that his visitor should depart; which he did immediately, but not without observing that this wild-looking being closed and bolted the door after him.

It is unnecessary to say that he was rather anxious to get off the premises of the good people; he therefore lost little time until he arrived at his own cabin; but judge of his wonder, when on entering it, he found the long-legged spectre awaiting his return.

"*Banaght dhea orrin!*" he exclaimed, starting back; "the blessin' o' God be upon us! Is it here before me you are?"

"Hould your tongue, man," said the other, with a smile of mysterious triumph. "Is it that you wondher at? Ha, ha! That's little of it!"

"But how did you know my name? or who I was? or where I lived at all? Heaven protect us! It's beyant belief, clane out."

"Hould your tongue," replied the man, "don't be axin' me any thing o' the kind. Clear out both of yees, till I begin my *pisthrogues* wid the sick child. Clear out, I say."

With some degree of apprehension, Larry and Sheelah left the house as they had been ordered, and the Fairy-man having pulled out a flask of poteen, administered a dose of it to Phelim; and never yet did patient receive his medicine with such a relish. He licked his lips, and fixed his eye upon it with a longing look.

"Be Gorra," said he, "that's fine stuff entirely. Will you lave me the bottle?"

"No," said the Fairy-man, "but I'll call an' give you a little of it wanst a day."

"Ay do," replied Phelim; "the divil a fear o' me, if I get enough of it. I hope I'll see you often."

The Fairy-man kept his word; so that what with his bottle, a hardy constitution, and light bed-clothes, Phelim got the upper hand of his malady. In a month he was again on his legs; but, alas! his complexion, though not changed to deformity, was woefully out of joint. His principal blemish, in addition to the usual marks left by this complaint, consisted in a drooping of his left eye-lid, which gave to his whole face a cast highly ludicrous.

When Phelim felt thoroughly recovered, he claimed a pair of "leather crackers," a hare-skin cap and a coat, with a pertinacity which kept the worthy couple in a state of inquietude, until they complied with his importunity. Henceforth he began to have every thing his own way. His parents, sufficiently thankful that he was spared to them, resolved to thwart him no more

"It's well we have him at all," said his mother; "sure if we hadn't him, we'd be breakin' our hearts, and sayin' if it 'ud plase God to send him back to us, that we'd be happy even wid givin' him his own way."

"They say it breaks their strinth, too," replied his father, "to be crubbin' them in too much, an' snappin' at thim for every hand's turn, an' I'm sure it does too."

"Doesn't he become the pock-marks well, the crathur?" said the mother.

'Become!" said the father; "but doesn't the droop in his eye set him off all to pieces!"

"Ay," observed the mother, "an' how the crathur went round among all the neighbours to show them the 'leather crackers!' To see his little pride out o' the hare-skin cap, too, wid the hare's ears stickin' out of his temples. That an' the droopin' eye undher them, makes him look so cunnin' an' ginteel, that one can't help havin' their heart fixed upon him."

"He'd look betther still, if that ould coat wasn't sweepin' the ground behind him; an' what 'ud you think to put a pair o' *martyeens* on his legs to hide the mazles? He might go any where thin."

"Throth he might; but Larry, what in the world wide could be in the Fairy-man's bottle, that Phelim took sich a likin' for it? He tould me this mornin' that he'd suffer to have the pock agin, set in case he was cured wid the same bottle."

"Well, the heaven be praised, any how, that we have a son for the half-acre, Sheelah."

"Amin! An' let us take good care of him, now that he's spared to us."

Phelim's appetite after his recovery, was any thing but a joke to his father. He was now seldom at home, except during meal times; wherever fun or novelty was to be found, Phelim was present. He became a regular attendant upon all the sportsmen. To such he made himself very useful by his correct knowledge of the best covers for game, and the best pools for fish. He was acquainted with every rood of land in the parish; knew with astonishing accuracy where coveys were to be sprung, and hares

started. No hunt was without him; such was his wind and speed of foot, that to follow a chase and keep up with the horsemen, was to him only a matter of sport. When day-light passed, night presented him with amusements suitable to itself. No wake, for instance, could escape him; a dance without young Phelim O'Toole would have been a thing worthy to be remembered. He was zealously devoted to cock-fighting; on Shrove-Tuesday he shouted loudest among the crowd that attended the sport of throwing at cocks tied to a stake; foot-ball and hurling never occurred without him. Bull-baiting, for it was common in his youth, was luxury to him; and ere he reached fourteen, every one knew Phelim O'Toole as an adept at card-playing. Wherever a sheep, a leg of mutton, a dozen of bread, or a bottle of whiskey was put up in a shebeen house, to be played for by the country gamblers at the five and ten, or spoil'd five, Phelim always took a hand, and was generally successful. On these occasions he was frequently charged with an over refined dexterity; but Phelim usually swore, in vindication of his own innocence, until he got black in the face, as the phrase among such characters goes.

The reader is to consider him now about fifteen, a stout, overgrown, unwashed cub. His parents' anxiety that he should grow strong, prevented them from training him to any kind of employment. He was eternally going about in quest of diversion; and wherever a knot of idlers was to be found, there was Phelim. He had, up to this period, never wore a shoe, nor a single article of dress that had been made

for himself, with the exception of one or two pair of sheep-skin small clothes. In this way he passed his time, bare-legged, without shoes, clothed in an old coat much too large for him, his neck open, and his sooty locks covered with the hare-skin cap, the ears as usual sticking out above his brows. Much of his time was spent in setting the idle boys of the village to fight; and in carrying lying challenges from one to another. He himself was seldom without a broken head or a black eye; for in Ireland, he who is known to be fond of quarrelling, as the people say, usually "gets enough an' lavins of it." Larry and Sheelah, thinking it now high time that something should be done with Phelim, thought it necessary to give him some share of education. Phelim opposed this bitterly as an unjustifiable encroachment upon his personal liberty; but by bribing him with the first and only suit of clothes he had yet got, they at length succeeded in prevailing on him to go.

The school to which he was sent, happened to be kept in what is called an Inside Kiln. This kind of kiln is usually—but less so now than formerly—annexed to respectable farmers' outhouses, to which, in agricultural districts, it forms a very necessary appendage. It also serves at the same time as a barn; the kiln-pot being sunk in the shape of an inverted cone at one end, but divided from the barn floor by a wall about three feet high. From this wall beams run across the kiln-pot, over which, in a transverse direction, are laid a number of rafters like the joists of a loft, but not fastened. These ribs are covered with straw, over which again is spread a winnow

cloth to keep the grain from being lost. The fire is sunk on a level with the bottom of the kiln-pot, that is, about eight or ten feet below the floor of the barn. The descent to it is by stairs formed at the side wall. We have been thus minute in describing it, because as the reader will presently perceive, the feats of Phelim render it necessary.

On the first day of his entering the school, he presented himself with a black eye; and as his character was well known to both master and scholars, the former felt no hesitation in giving him a wholesome lecture upon the subject of his future conduct. For at least a year before this time, he had gained the nick name of "Blessed Phelim," and "Bouncing," epithets bestowed on him by an ironical allusion to his patron saint, and his own habits.

"So Blessed Phelim," said the master, "you are coming to school!!! Well, well! I only say that miracles will never cease. Arrah, Phelim, will you tell us candidly—ah—I beg your pardon; I mean, will you tell us the best lie you can coin upon the cause of your coming to imbibe moral and literary knowledge? Silence, boys, till we hear Blessed Phelim's lie."

"You must hear it, masther," said Phelim. "I'm comin' to larn to read an' write."

"Bravo! by the bones of Prosodius, I expected a lie, but not such a thumper as that. And you're coming wid a black eye to prove it! A black eye, Phelim, is the blackguard's coat of arms; and to do you justice, you are seldom widout your crest."

For a few days Phelim attended the school, but

learned not a letter. The master usually sent him to be taught by the youngest lads, with a hope of being able to excite a proper spirit of pride and emulation in a mind that required some extraordinary impulse. One day he called him up to ascertain what progress he had actually made; the unsuspecting teacher sat at the time upon the wall which separated the barn floor from the kiln pot, with his legs dangling at some distance from the ground. It was summer, and the rafters used in drying the grain had been removed. On finding that Blessed Phelim, notwithstanding all the lessons he had received, was still in a state of the purest ignorance, he lost his temper, and brought him over between his knees, that he might give him an occasional cuff for his idleness. The lesson went on, and the master's thumps were thickening about Phelim's ears, much to the worthy youth's displeasure.

"Phelim," said the master, "I'll invert you as a scarecrow for dunces. I'll lay you against the wall, with your head down and your heels up, like a forked carrot

"But how will you manage that?" said Phelim. "What 'ud *I* be doin' in the mane time?"

"I'll find a way to manage it," said the master.

"To put my head down an' my heels up, is id?" inquired Phelim.

"You've said it, my worthy," returned his teacher.

"If you don't know the way," replied the pupil, "I'll show you;" getting his shoulder under the master's leg, and pitching him heels over head into the kiln-pot. He instantly seized his cap, and ran

out of the school, highly delighted at his feat; leaving the scholars to render the master whatever assistance was necessary. The poor man was dangerously hurt, for in addition to a broken arm, he received half a dozen severe contusions on the head, and in different parts of the body.

This closed Phelim's education; for no persuasion could ever induce him to enter a school afterwards; nor could any temptation prevail on the neighbouring teachers to admit him as a pupil.

Phelim now shot up rapidly to the stature of a young man; and a graceful slip was he. From the period of fifteen until nineteen, he was industriously employed in idleness. About sixteen he began to look after the girls, and to carry a cudgel. The father in vain attempted to inoculate him with a love of labour; but Phelim would not receive the infection. His life was a pleasanter one. Sometimes, indeed, when he wanted money to treat the girls at fairs and markets, he would prevail on himself to labour a week or fortnight with some neighbouring farmer; but the moment he had earned as much as he deemed sufficient, the spade was thrown aside. Phelim knew all the fiddlers and pipers in the barony; was master of the ceremonies at every wake and dance that occurred within several miles of him. He was a crack dancer, and never attended a dance without performing a horn-pipe on a door or a table; no man could shuffle, or treble, or cut, or spring, or caper with him. Indeed it was said that he could dance "Moll Roe" upon the end of a five gallon keg, and snuff a mould candle with his heels, yet never

lose the time. The father and mother were exceedingly proud of Phelim. The former, when he found him grown up, and associating with young men, began to feel a kind of ambition in being permitted to join Phelim and his companions, and to look upon the society of his own son as a privilege. With the girls Phelim was a beauty without paint. They thought every wake truly a scene of sorrow, if he did not happen to be present. Every dance was doleful without him. Phelim wore his hat on one side, with a knowing but careless air; he carried his cudgel with a good-humoured dashing spirit, precisely in accordance with the character of a man who did not care *a traneen* whether he drank with you as a friend, or fought with you as a foe. Never were such songs heard as Phelim could sing, nor such a voice as that with which he sang them. His attitudes and action were inimitable. The droop in his eye was a standing wink at the girls; and when he sang his funny songs, with what practised ease he gave the darlings a roguish chuck under the chin! Then his jokes! "Why, faix," as the fair ones often said of him, "before Phelim speaks at all, one laughs at what he says." This was fact. His very appearance at a wake, dance, or drinking match, was hailed by a peal of mirth. This heightened his humour exceedingly; for say what you will, laughter is to wit, what air is to fire—the one dies without the other.

Let no one talk of beauty being on the surface. This is a popular error, and no one but a superficial fellow would defend it. Among ten thousand you

could not get a more unfavourable surface than Phelim's. His face resembled the rough side of a colander, or as he was often told in raillery, "you might grate potatoes on it." The lid of his right eye, as the reader knows, was like the lid of a salt-box, always closed; and when he risked a wink with the left, it certainly gave him the look of a man shutting out the world, and retiring into himself for the purpose of self-examination. No, no; beauty is in the mind; in the soul; otherwise Phelim never could have been such a prodigy of comeliness among the girls. This was the distinction the fair sex drew in his favour. "Phelim," they would say, "is not purty, but he's very comely." "Bad end to the one of him but would stale a pig off a tether, wid his winnin' ways." And so he would too, without much hesitation, for it was not the first time he had stolen his father's.

From nineteen until the close of his minority, Phelim became a distinguished man in fairs and markets. He was, in fact, the hero of the parish; but unfortunately he seldom knew on the morning of the fair day, the name of the party or faction on whose side he was to fight. This was merely a matter of priority, for whoever happened to give him the first treat, uniformly secured him. The reason of this pliability on his part was, that Phelim being every person's friend, by his good nature, was nobody's foe, except for the day. He fought for fun and for whiskey. When he happened to drub some companion or acquaintance on the opposite side, he was ever ready to express his regret at the circumstance,

and abused them heartily for not having treated him first.

Phelim was also a great Ribbonman; and from the time he became initiated into the system, his eyes were wonderfully opened to the oppressions of the country. Sessions, decrees, and warrants, he looked upon as gross abuses; assizes, too, by which so many of his friends were put to some inconvenience, he considered as the result of Protestant Ascendency; cancers that ought to be cut out of the constitution. Bailiffs, drivers, tithe-proctors, tax-gatherers, policemen, and parsons, he thought were vermin that ought to be compelled to emigrate to a much warmer country than Ireland.

There was no such hand in the county as Phelim at an alibi. Just give him the outline—a few leading particulars of the fact—and he would work wonders. One would think, indeed, that he had been born for that especial purpose; for as he was never known to utter a syllable of truth, but once, when he had a design in not being believed; so there was no risk of a lawyer getting truth out of him. No man was ever afflicted with such convenient maladies as Phelim; even his sprains, tooth-aches, and cholics, seemed to have entered into the Whiteboy system. But, indeed, the very diseases in Ireland are seditious. Many a time has a tooth-ache come in to aid Paddy in obstructing the course of justice; and a cholic been guilty of misprision of treason. Irish deaths, too, are very disloyal, and frequently at variance with the laws: nor are our births much better; for although more legitimate than those of our English neighbours,

yet they are in general more illegal. Phelim, in proving his alibis, proved all these positions. On one occasion, " he slep at the prisoner's house, and couldn't close his eye with a thief of a tooth-ache that parsecuted him the whole night;" so that in consequence of having the tooth-ache, it was impossible that the prisoner could leave the house without his knowledge.

Again, the prisoner at the bar could not possibly have shot the deceased, " bekase Mickey slep that very night at Phelim's, an' Phelim, bein' ill o' the cholic, never slep at all durin' the whole night; an', by the vartue of his oath, the poor boy couldn't go out o' the house unknownst to him. If he had, Phelim would a seen him, sure."

Again, " Paddy Cummisky's wife tuck ill of a young one, an' Phelim was sent for to bring the midwife; but afore he kem to Paddy's, or hard o' the thing at all, the prisoner, arly in the night, comin' to sit awhile wid Paddy, went for the midwife instead o' Phelim, an' thin they sot up an' had a sup in regard of the 'casion; an' the prisoner never left them at all that night until the next mornin'. An' by the same a token, he remimbered Paddy Cummisky barrin' the door, an' shuttin' the windies, bekase it's not lucky to have them open, for fraid that the fairies 'ud throw their *pishthrogues* upon the young one, an' it not christened."

Phelim was certainly an accomplished youth. As an alibist, however, his career was, like that of all alibists, a short one. The fact was, that his face soon became familiar to the court and the lawyers, so that

his name and appearance were ultimately rather hazardous to the cause of his friends.

Phelim, on other occasions, when summoned as evidence against his well-wishers or brother Ribbonmen, usually forgot his English, and gave his testimony by an interpreter. Nothing could equal his ignorance and want of common capacity during these trials. His face was as free from every visible trace of meaning as if he had been born an idiot. No block was ever more impenetrable than he.

"What is the noble gintleman sayin'?" he would ask in Irish; and on having that explained, he would inquire, "what is that?" then demand a fresh explanation of the last one, and so on successively, until he was given up in despair.

Sometimes, in cases of a capital nature, Phelim, with the consent of his friends, would come forward and make disclosures, in order to have them put upon their trial and acquitted; lest an approver, or some one earnestly disposed to prosecute might appear against them. Now the alibi and its usual accompaniments are all of old standing in Ireland; but the master stroke to which we have alluded is a modern invention. Phelim would bear evidence against them: and whilst the government—for it was mostly in government prosecutions he adventured this—believed they had ample grounds for conviction in his disclosures, it little suspected that the whole matter was a plan to defeat itself. In accordance with his design, he gave such evidence upon the table as rendered conviction hopeless. His great object was to damn his own character as a witness,

and to make such blunders, premeditated slips, and admissions, as just left him within an inch of a prosecution for perjury. Having succeeded in acquitting his friends, he was content to withdraw amid a volley of pretended execrations, leaving the Attorney-General, with all his legal knowledge, outwitted and foiled.

All Phelim's accomplishments, however, were nothing when compared to his gallantry. With personal disadvantages which would condemn any other man to old bachelorship, he was nevertheless the whiteheaded boy among the girls. He himself was conscious of this, and made his attacks upon their hearts indiscriminately. If he met an unmarried female only for five minutes, be she old or ugly, young or handsome, he devoted at least four minutes and three-quarters to the tender passion; made love to her with an earnestness that would deceive a saint; backed all his protestations with a superfluity of round oaths: and drew such a picture of her beauty as might suit the Houries of Mahomet's paradise.

Phelim and his father were great associates. No two agreed better. They went to fairs and markets together; got drunk together; and returned home with their arms about each other's neck in the most loving and affectionate manner. Larry, as if Phelim were too modest to speak for himself, seldom met a young girl without laying siege to her for the son. He descanted upon his good qualities, glossed over his defects, and drew deeply upon invention in his behalf. Sheelah, on the other hand, was an eloquent advocate for him. She had her eye upon half a dozen

of the village girls, to every one of whom she found something to say in Phelim's favour.

But it is time the action of our story should commence. When Phelim had reached his twenty-fifth year, the father thought it was high time for him to marry. The good man had, of course, his own motives for this. In the first place, Phelim, with all his gallantry and cleverness, had never contributed a shilling, either towards his own support or that of the family. In the second place, he was never likely to do so. In the third place, the father found him a bad companion; for in good truth, he had corrupted the good-man's morals so evidently, that his character was now little better than that of his son. In the fourth place, he never thought of Phelim, that he did not see a gallows in the distance; and matrimony, he thought, might save him from hanging, as one poison neutralizes another. In the fifth place, the half acre was but a shabby patch to meet the exigencies of the family, since Phelim grew up. "Bouncing Phelim," as he was called for more reasons than one, had the gift of good digestion, along with his other accomplishments; and with such energy was it exercised, that the "half acre" was frequently in hazard of leaving the family altogether. The father, therefore, felt quite willing, if Phelim married, to leave him the inheritance, and seek a new settlement for himself. Or, if Phelim preferred leaving him, he agreed to give him one half of it, together with an equal division of all his earthly goods; to wit—two goats, of which Phelim was to get one; six hens, and a cock, of which Phelim was

to get three hens, and the chance of a toss up for the cock: four stools, of which Phelim was to get two; two pots—a large one, and a small one—the former to go with Phelim: three horn spoons, of which Phelim was to get one, and the chance of a toss-up for the third. Phelim was to bring his own bed, provided he did not prefer getting a bottle of fresh straw as a connubial luxury. The blanket was a tender subject; for having been fourteen years in employment, it entangled the father and Phelim, touching the prudence of the latter claiming it all. The son was at length compelled to give it up, at least in the character of an appendage to his marriage property. He feared that the wife, should he not be able to replace it by a new one, or should she herself not be able to bring him one, as part of her dowry, would find the honey-moon rather lively. Phelim's bedstead admitted of no dispute, the floor of the cabin having served him in that capacity ever since he began to sleep in a separate bed. His pillow was his small-clothes, and his quilt his own coat, under which he slept snugly enough.

The father having proposed, and the son acceded to these arrangements, the next thing to be done was to pitch upon a proper girl as his wife. This being a more important matter, was thus discussed by the father and son, one evening, at their own fire-side, in the presence of Sheelah.

"Now, Phelim," said the father, "look about you, an' tell us what girl in the neighbourhood you'd like to be married to."

"Why," replied Phelim, "I'll lave that to you;

jist point out the g'rl you'd *like* for your daughther-in-law, an' be she rich, poor, ould, or ugly, *I'll* delude her. That's the chat."

"Ah, Phelim, if you could put your comedher an Gracey Dalton, you'd be a made boy. She has the full of a rabbit-skin o' guineas."

"A made boy! Faith, they say I'm that as it is, you know. But would you *wish* me to put my comedher on Gracey Dalton? Spake out."

"To be sure I would."

"Ay," observed the mother, "or what 'ud you think of Miss Pattherson. That 'ud be the girl. She has a fine farm, an' five hundhre pounds. She's a Protestant, but Phelim could make a Christian of her."

"To be sure I could," said Phelim, "have her thumpin' her breast, and countin' her *Padareens* in no time. Would you wish me to have *her*, mudher?"

"Throth an' I would, avick."

"That 'ud never do," observed the father. "Sure you don't think she'd ever think of the likes o' Phelim?"

"Don't make a goose of yourself, ould man," observed Phelim. "Do you think if I set about it, that I'd not manufacture her senses as asy as I'd peel a piatee."

"Well, well," replied the father, "in the name o' goodness make up to her. Faith it 'ud be something to have a jauntin' car in the family!"

"Ay, but what the sorra will I do for a suit o' clo'es," observed Phelim. "I could never go near her in these breeches. My elbows, too, are out o' this ould coat, bad luck to it! An' as for a waist-

coat, why, I dunna but it's a sin to call what I'm wearin' a waistcoat at all. Thin agin—why, blood alive, sure I can't go to her barefooted, an' I dunna but it 'ud be dacenter to do that same, than to step out in sich excuses for brogues as these. An' in regard o' the stockins', why, I've pulled them down, sthrivin' to look dacent, till one 'ud think the balls o' my legs is at my heels."

"The sorra word's in that but thruth, any how," observed the father; "but what's to be done? For *we* have no way of gettin' them."

"Faith, I dont know that," said Phelim. "What if we'd borry? I could get the loan of a pair of breeches from Dudly Dwire, an' a coat from Sam Appleton. We might thry Billy Brady for a waistcoat, an' a pair o' stockins. Barny Buckram-back, the pinsioner, 'ud lend me his pumps; an' we want nothing now but a hat."

"Nothin' undher a Caroline 'ud do, goin' there," observed the father.

"I think Father Carroll 'ud oblage me wid the loan o' one for a day or two;" said Phelim; "he has two or three o' them, all as good as ever."

"But, Phelim," said the father, "before we go to all this trouble, are you sure you *could* put your comedher on Miss Patherson?"

"None o' your nonsense," said Phelim, "don't you know I could? I hate a man to be puttin' questions to me, when he knows them himself. It's a fashion *you* have got, an' you ought to dhrop it."

"Well thin," said the father, "let us set about it to-morrow. If we can borry the clo'es thry your luck."

Phelim and the father, the next morning, set out each in a different direction, to see how far they could succeed on the borrowing system. The father was to make a descent on Dudley Dwire for the breeches, and appeal to the generosity of Sam Appleton for the coat. Phelim himself was to lay his case before the priest, and to assail Buckram-back, the pensioner, on his way home for the brogues.

When Phelim arrived at the priest's house, he found none of the family up but the house-keeper. After bidding her good-morrow, and being desired to sit down, he entered into conversation with the good woman, who felt anxious to know the scandal of the whole parish.

"Aren't you a son of Larry Toole's, young man?"

"I am, indeed, Mrs. Doran. I'm Phelim O'Toole, my mother says."

"I hope you're comin' to spake to the priest about your duty?"

"Why, then, be Gorra, I'm glad you axed me, so I am—for only you seen the pinance in my face, you'd never suppose sich a thing. I want to make my confishion to him, wid the help o' Goodness."

"Is there any news goin', Phelim?"

"Divil a much, barrin what you hard yourself, I suppose, about Frank Fogarty, that went mad yestherday, for risin' the meal on the poor, an' ate the ears off himself afore any body could see him."

"*Vick na hoiah*, Phelim; do you tell me so?"

"Why, man o' Moses, is it possible you did not hear it, ma'am?"

"Oh, wurrah, man alive, not a syllable! Ate the

ears off of himself! Phelim, acushla, see what it is to be hard an' the poor!"

"Oh, he was ever an' always the biggest nager livin', ma'am. Ay, an' when he was tied up, till a blessed priest 'ud be brought to *malivogue* the divil out of him, he got a scythe an' cut his own two hands off."

"No thin, Phelim."

"Faitha, ma'am, sure enough. I suppose, ma'am, you hard about Biddy Duignan?"

"Who is she, Phelim?"

"Why, the misfortunate crathur's a daughther of her father's, ould Mick Duignan, of Tavenimore."

"An' what about her, Phelim? What happened her?"

"Faix, ma'am, a bit of a mistake she met wid: but, anyhow, ould Harry Connolly's to stand in the chapel nine Sundays, an' to make three Stations to Lough Dergh for it. Bedad, they say it's as purty a crathur as you'd see in a day's thravellin'."

"Harry Connolly! Why I know Harry, but I never heard of Biddy Duignan or her father at all. Harry Connolly! Is it a man that's bent over his staff for the last twenty years! Hut, tut, Phelim, don't say sich a thing."

"Why, ma'am, sure he takes wid it himself; he doesn't deny it at all, the ould sinner."

"Oh, that I mayn't sin, Phelim, if one knows who to thrust in this world, so they don't. Why the desateful ould—hut, Phelim, I can't give in to it."

"Faix, ma'am, no wondher; but sure when he confesses it himself! Bedad, Mrs. Doran, I never

seen you look so well. Upon my sowl, you'd take the shine out o' the youngest o' thim !"

"Is it me, Phelim ? Why you're beside yourself."

"Beside myself, am I ? Faith, an' if I am, what I said's thruth, any how. I'd give more nor I'll name, to have so red a pair of cheeks as you have. Sowl, they're thumpers."

"Ha, ha, ha ! Oh, that I mayn't sin, but that's a good joke ! An ould woman, near sixty !"

"Now, Mrs. Doran, that's nonsense, an' nothing else. Near sixty ? Oh, by my purty, that's runnin' away wid the story entirely—No, nor thirty. Faith I know them that's not more nor five or six-an'-twenty, that 'ud be glad to borry the loan of your face for awhile. Divil a word o' lie in that."

"No, no, Phelim, aroon, I seen the day; but that's past. I remimber when the people *did* say I was worth lookin' at. Won't you sit near the fire ? You're in the dhraft there."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am; faith, you have the name far an' near, for bein' the civillist woman alive this day. But, upon my sowl, if you wor ten times as civil, an' say that you're not aquil to any young girl in the parish, I'd dispute it wid you; an' say it was nothin' else than a bounce."

"Arrah, Phelim darlin', how can you palaver me that way ? I hope your dacent father's well, Phelim, an' your honest mother."

"Divil a fear o' them. Now, I'd hould nine to one that the purtiest o' them hasn't a sweeter mout' than you have. By dad you have a pair o' lips, God bless them that—well, well—"

Designed & Etched by W.H.Brooke, F.S.A.

Keep away Phelim, be asy now, said the funny Housekeeper
the Priest will hear the noise!!!

Phelim here ogled her with looks particularly wistful.

"Phelim, you're losin' the little senses you had."

"Faix, an' it's you that's taken them out o' me, then. A purty woman always makes a fool o' me. Divil a word o' lie in it. Faix, Mrs. Doran, ma'am, you have a chin o' your own! Well, well! Oh, be Gorra, I wish I hadn't come out this mornin' any how!"

"Arrah, why, Phelim? In throth it's you that's the quare Phelim!"

"Why, ma'am—Oh bedad it's a folly to talk. I can't go widout tastin' them. Sich a pair o' timptations as your lips, barrin' your eyes, I didn't see this many a day."

"Tastin' what, you mad crathur?"

"Why I'll show you what I'd like to be afther tastin'. Oh! bedad, I'll have no refusin'; a purty woman always makes a foo——"

"Keep away, Phelim; keep off—bad end to you; what do you mane? Don't you see Fool Art lyin' in the corner there undher the sacks. I don't think he's asleep."

"Fool Art! why, the misfortunate idiot, what about him? Sure he hasn't sinse to know the right hand from the left. Bedad, ma'am, the thruth is, that a purty woman always makes a——"

"Throth an' you wont," said she, struggling.

"Throth an I will, thin, taste the same lips, or we'll see who's strongest!"

A good-humoured struggle took place between the house-keeper and Phelim, who found her, in point of

personal strength, very near a match for him. She laughed heartily, but Phelim attempted to salute her with a face of mock gravity as nearly resembling that of a serious man as he could assume. In the mean time, chairs were overturned, and wooden dishes trundled about; a crash was heard here, and another there. Phelim drove her to the hob, and from the hob they bounced into the fire, the embers and ashes of which were kicked up into a cloud about them.

"Phelim, spare your strinth," said the funny housekeeper, "it won't do. Be asy now, or I'll get angry. The priest, too, will hear the noise, and so will Fool Art."

"To the divil wid Fool Art, an' the priest, too," said Phelim, "who cares a buckey about the priest whin a purty woman like you is consarn——"

"What's this?" said the priest, stepping down from the parlour—"what's the matter? Oh, oh, upon my word, Mrs. Doran! Very good, indeed! Under my own roof, too! An' pray, ma'am, who is the gallant? Turn round, young man. Yes, I see! Why, better and better! Bouncing Phelim O'Toole, that never spoke truth! I think, Mr. O'Toole, that when you come a courting, you ought to consider it worth while to appear somewhat more smooth in your habiliments. I simply venture to give that as my opinion."

"Why, sure enough," replied Phelim, without a moment's hesitation; "your Reverence has *found us out*."

"*Found you out!* Why is *that* the tone you speak in?"

"Faith, Sir, thruth's best. I wanted her to tell it to you long ago, but she wouldn't. Howsomever, it's still time enough.—Hem! The thruth, Sir, is, that Mrs. Doran an' I is goin' to get the words said as soon as we can; so, Sir, wid the help o' Goodness, I came to see if your Reverence 'ud call us next Sunday wid a blessin'."

Mrs. Doran had for at least a dozen round years before this, been in a state of hopelessness upon the subject of matrimony; nothing in the shape of a proposal having in the course of that period come in her way. Now we have Addison's authority for affirming that an old woman who permits the thoughts of love to get into her head, becomes a very odd kind of animal. Mrs. Doran, to do her justice, had not thought of it for nearly three lustres, for this reason, that she had so far overcome her vanity as to deem it impossible that a proposal could be ever made to her. It is difficult, however, to know what a day may bring forth. Here was an offer, dropping like a ripe plum into her mouth. She turned the matter over in her mind with a quickness equal to that of Phelim himself. One leading thought struck her forcibly: if she refused to close with this offer, she would never get another.

"Is it come to this, Mrs. Doran?" inquired the priest.

"Oh, bedad, Sir, she knows it is," replied Phelim, giving her a wink with the safe eye.

Now, Mrs. Doran began to have her suspicions. The wink she considered as decidedly ominous. Phelim, she concluded with all the sagacity of a

woman thinking upon *that* subject, had winked at her to assent only for the purpose of getting themselves out of the scrape *for the present*. She feared that Phelim would be apt to break off the match, and take some opportunity, before Sunday should arrive, of preventing the priest from calling them. Her decision, however, was soon made. She resolved, if possible, to pin down Phelim to his own proposal.

"Is this true, Mrs. Doran?" inquired the priest, a second time.

Mrs. Doran could not, with any regard to the delicacy of her sex, give an assent without proper emotion. She accordingly applied her gown-tail to her eyes, and shed a few natural tears in reply to the affecting query of the pastor.

Phelim, in the mean time, began to feel mystified. Whether Mrs. Doran's tears were a proof that she was disposed to take the matter seriously, or whether they were tears of shame and vexation for having been caught in the character of a romping old hoyden, he could not then exactly decide. He had, however, awful misgivings upon the subject.

"Then," said the priest, "it is to be understood that I'm to call you both on Sunday."

"There's no use in keepin' it back from you," replied Mrs. Doran. "I know it's foolish of me; but we have all our failins, and to be fond of Phelim there, is mine Your Reverence *is* to call us next Sunday, as Phelim tould you. I am sure I can't tell you how he deluded me at all, the desaver o' the world!"

Phelim's face during this acknowledgment was,

like Goldsmith's Haunch of Venison, "a subject for painters to study." His eyes projected like a hare's, until nothing could be seen but the balls. Even the drooping lid raised itself up, as if it were never to droop again.

"Well," said the priest, "I shall certainly not use a single argument to prevent you. Your choice, I must say, does you credit, particularly when it is remembered that you have come at least to years of discretion. Indeed, many persons might affirm that you have gone beyond them; but I say nothing. In the mean time your wishes must be complied with. I will certainly call Phelim O'Toole and Bridget Doran on Sunday next; and one thing I know, that we shall have a very merry congregation."

Phelim's eyes turned upon the priest and the old woman alternately, with an air of bewilderment which, had the priest been a man of much observation, might have attracted his attention.

"Oh, murdher alive, Mrs. Doran," said Phelim, "how am I to do for clo'es? Faith, I'd like to appear *dacent* in the thing, any how."

"True," said the priest. "Have you made no provision for smoothing the externals of your admirer? Is he to appear in this trim?"

"Bedad, Sir," said Phelim, "we never thought o' that. All the world knows, your Reverence, that I might carry my purse in my eye, an' never feel a mote in it. But the thruth is, Sir, she was so lively on the subject—in a kind of a pleasant, coaxin' hurry of her own—an' indeed I was so myself, too. Augh, Mrs. Doran! Be gorra, Sir, she put her

comedher an me entirely, so she did. Well, be my sowl, I 'll be the flower of a husband to her anyhow. I hope your Reverence 'ill come to the christ'nin'? But about the clo'es;—bad luck saize the tack I have to put to my back, but what you see an me, if we wor to be married to-morrow."

"Well, Phelim, aroon," said Mrs. Doran, "his Reverence here has my little pences o' money in his hands, an' the best way is for you to get the price of a suit from him. You must get clo'es, an' good ones, too, Phelim, sooner nor any stop should be put to our marriage."

"Augh, Mrs. Doran," said Phelim, ogling her from the safe eye, with a tender suavity of manner that did honour to his heart; "be gorra, Ma'am, you've played the puck entirely wid me. Faith, I'm gettin' fonder an' fonder of her every minute, your Reverence."

He set his eye, as he uttered this, so sweetly and significantly upon the old housekeeper, that the priest thought it a transgression of decorum in his presence.

"I think," said he, "you had better keep your melting looks to yourself, Phelim. Restrain your gallantry, if you please, at least until I withdraw."

"Why, blood alive! Sir, when people's fond of one another, it's hard to keep the love down. Augh, Mrs. Doran! Faith, you've rendhered my heart like a lump o' tallow."

"Follow me to the parlour," said the priest, "and let me know, Bridget, what sum I am to give this melting gallant of yours."

"I may as well get what'll do the weddin' at wanst," observed Phelim. It'll save throuble, in the first place; an' sackinly, it'll save time; for plase Goodness, I'll have every thing ready for houldin' the weddin' the Monday afther the last call. By the hole o' my coat, the minute I get the clo'es we'll be spliced, an' thin for the honeymoon!"

"How much money shall I give him?" said the priest.

"Indeed, Sir, I think you ought to know that; I'm ignorant of what 'ud make a dacent weddin'. We don't intend to get marrid undher a hedge; we've frinds on both sides, an', of coorse, we must have them about us, plase Goodness."

"Be gorra, Sir, it's no wondher I'm fond of her, the darlin'? Bad win to you, Mrs. Doran, how did you come over me at all?"

"Bridget," said the priest, "I have asked you a simple question, to which I expect a plain answer. What money am I to give this tallow-hearted swain of yours!"

"Why, your Reverence, whatsomever you think may be enough for full, an' plinty, an' dacency, at the weddin'."

"Not forgettin' the *thatch* for me, in the mane time," said Phelim. "Nothin' less will sarve us, plase your Reverence. Maybe, Sir, you'd think of comin' to the weddin' yourself?"

"There are in my hands," observed the priest, "one hundred and twenty-two guineas of your money, Bridget. Here, Phelim, are ten for your wedding suit and wedding expenses. Go to *your* wedding!

No! don't suppose for a moment that I countenance this transaction in the slightest degree. I comply with your wishes, because I heartily despise you both; but certainly this foolish old woman most. Give me an acknowledgment for this, Phelim."

"God bless you, Sir!" said Phelim, as if he had paid them a compliment. "In regard o' the acknowledgment, Sir, I acknowledge it wid all my heart; but bad luck to the scrape at all I can write."

"Well, no matter. You admit, Bridget, that I give this money to this blessed youth by your authority and consent."

"Surely, your Reverence; I'll never go back of it."

"Now, Phelim," said the priest, "you have the money; pray get married as soon as possible."

"I'll give you my oath," said Phelim; "an' be the blessed iron tongs in the grate there, I'll not lose a day in gettin' myself spliced. Isn't she the tendher-hearted sowl, your Reverence? Augh, Mrs. Doran!"

"Leave my place," said the priest. "I cannot forget the old proverb, that one fool makes many, but an old fool is worse than any. So it is with this old woman."

"Ould woman! Oh, thin I'm sure I don't desarve this from your Reverence!" exclaimed the housekeeper, wiping her eyes: "if I'm a little seasoned now, you know I wasn't always so. If ever there was a faithful sarvant, I was that, an' managed your house and place as honestly as I'll manage my own, plase Goodness."

As they left the parlour, Phelim became the consoler.

"Whisht, you darlin'!" he exclaimed. "Sure you'll have bouncin' Phelim to comfort you. But now that he has shut the door, what—hem—I'd take it as a piece o' civility if you'd open my eyes a little; I mane—hem—was it—is this doin' *him*, or how? Are you—hem—do you *undherstand* me, Mrs. Doran?"

"What is it you want to know, Phelim? I think every thing is very plain."

"Oh, the divil a plainer, I suppose. But in the mane time, might one axe, out o' mere curosity, if you're *in arnest?*"

"In arnest! Arrah, what did I give you my money for, Phelim? Well, now that every thing is settled, God forgive you if you make a bad husband to me."

"A bad *what?*"

"I say, God forgive you if you make a bad husband to me. I'm afeard, Phelim, that I'll be too foolish about you—that I'll be too fond of you."

Phelim looked at her in solemn silence, and then replied—"Let us trust in God that you may be enabled to overcome the weakness. Pray to him to avoid all folly, an' above every thing, to give you a dacent stock of discration, for it's a mighty fine thing for a woman of your yea——hem a mighty fine thing it is, indeed, for a sasoned woman, as you say you are."

"When will the weddin' take place, Phelim?"

"The *what?*" said Phelim, opening his brisk eye with a fresh stare of dismay.

"Why, the weddin', acushla. When will it take place. I think the Monday afther the last call 'ud be the best time. We wouldn't lose a day thin. Throth, I long to hear my last call over, Phelim, jewel."

Phelim gave her another look.

"The last call! Thin, by the vestment, you don't long half as much for your *last* call as I do."

"Arrah, Phelim, did you take the—the—what you wor wantin' awhile agone? Throth, myself disremimbers."

"Ay, a round dozen o' them. How can you forget it?"

The idiot in the corner here gave a loud snore, but composed himself to sleep, as if insensible to all that passed.

"Throth, an' I do forget it. Now, Phelim, you'll not go till you take a cup o' tay wid myself. Throth, I do forget it, Phelim darlin', jewel."

Phelim's face now assumed a very queer expression. He twisted his features into all possible directions; brought his mouth first round tc one ear and then to the other; put his hand, as if in great pain, on the pit of his stomach; lifted one knee up till it almost touched his chin, then let it down, and instantly brought up the other in a similar manner.

"Phelim darlin', what ails you?" inquired the tender old nymph. "Wurrah, man alive, aren't you well?"

"Oh, be the vestment," said Phelim, "what's this at all! Murdher sheery, what'll I do! Oh, I'm very bad! At death's door, so I am! Be gorra, Mrs. Doran, I must be off."

"Wurrah, Phelim dear, won't you stop till we settle every thing?"

"Oh, pursuin' to the ha'p'orth I can settle till I recover o' this murdherin' cholic! All's asthray wid me in the inside. I'll see you—I'll see you—*Hanim an dioul!* what's this—I must be off like a shot—oh, murdher sheery!—but—but—I'll see you to-morrow. In the mane time, I'm—I'm—for ever oblaged to you for—for—lendin' me the—loan of—oh, by the vestments, I'm a gone man!—for lendin', me the *loan* of the ten guineas—Oh, I'm gone!"

Phelim disappeared on uttering these words, and his strides on passing out of the house were certainly more rapid and vigorous than those of a man labouring under pain. In fact, he never looked behind him until one half the distance between the priest's house and his father's cabin had been fairly traversed.

Some misgivings occurred to the old housekeeper, but her vanity, having been revived by Phelim's blarney, would not permit her to listen to them. She had, besides, other motives to fortify her faith in his attachment. First, there was her money, a much larger sum than ever Phelim could expect with any *other* woman, young or old; again, they were to be called on the following Sunday, and she knew that when a marriage affair proceeds so far, obstruction or disappointment is not to be apprehended.

When Phelim reached home, he found the father returned after having borrowed a full suit of clothes for him. Sam Appleton, on hearing from Larry that Bouncing Phelim was about to get a

"Great Match,"* generously lent him coat, waistcoat, hat, and small-clothes.

When Phelim presented himself at home, he scarcely replied to the queries put to him by his father and mother concerning his interview with the priest. He sat down, rubbed his hands, scratched his head, rose up, and walked to and fro, in a mood of mind so evidently between mirth and chagrin, that his worthy parents knew not whether to be merry or miserable.

"Phelim," said the mother, "did you take any thing while you wor away?"

"Did I take any thing! is it? Arrah, be asy, old woman! Did I take any thing! Faith you may say that!"

"Let us know, any how, what's the matther wid you?" asked the father.

"Tare-an'-ounze!" exclaimed the son, "what is this for, at all at all? It's too killin' I am, so it is."

"You're not lookin' at Sam Appleton's clo'es," said the father, "that he lent you the loan of, hat an' all?"

"Do you want to put an affront upon me, ould man? To the divil wid himself an' his clo'es! When I want clo'es I'll buy them wid my own money!"

"Larry," observed the mother, "there's yourself all over—as proud as a paycock when the sup's in his head an' 'ud spake as big widout the sign

* When a country girl is said to have a large fortune, the peasantry, when speaking of her in reference to matrimony, say she's a "Great Match."

o' money in your pocket, as if you had the rint of an estate."

"What do you say about the sign o' money?" exclaimed Phelim, with a swagger. "Maybe you'll call *that* the sign o' money!" he added, producing the ten guineas in gold.

The father and mother looked at it for a considerable time, then at each other, and shook their heads.

"Phelim!" said the father, solemnly.

"Phelim!" said the mother, awfully; and both shook their heads again.

"You wor never over-scrupulous," the father proceeded, "an' you know you have many little things to answer for, in the way of pickin' up what didn't belong to yourself. I think, too, you're not the same you wor afore you tuck to swearin' the alibies."

"Faith, an' I doubt I'll have to get some one to swear an alibi for myself soon," Phelim replied.

"Why, blessed hour!" said Larry, "didn't I often tell you never to join the boys in any thing that might turn out a hangin' matther?"

"If this is not a hangin' matther," said Phelim, "it's something nearly as bad: it's a marryin' matther. Sure I deluded another since you seen me last. Divil a word o' lie in it. I was clane fell in love wid this mornin' about seven o'clock."

"But how did you get the money, Phelim?"

"Why from the youthful sprig that fell in love wid me. Sure we're to be 'called' in the chapel on Sunday next."

"Why thin now, Phelim! An' who is the young

crathur? for in throth she must be young to go to give the money beforehand!"

"Murdher!" exclaimed Phelim, "what's this for! Hell purshue her, the ould rat-thrap! Was ever any one *done* as I am? Who is she! Why she's—oh, murdher, oh!—she's no other than—hem—divil a one else than Father O'Hara's housekeeper, ould Biddy Doran!"

The mirth of the old couple was excessive. The father laughed till he fell off his stool, and the mother till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Death alive, ould man! but you're very merry," said Phelim. "If you wor my age, an' in such an amplush, you'd laugh on the wrong side o' your mouth. Maybe you'll turn your tune when you hear that she has a hundhre an' twenty guineas."

"An' you'll be rich, too," said the father. "The sprig an' you will be rich!—ha, ha, ha!"

"An' the family they'll have!" said the mother, in convulsions.

"Why, in regard o' that," said Phelim, rather nettled, "sure we can do as my father an' you did: we can kiss the Lucky Stone, an' make a Station."

"Phelim, aroon," said the mother, seriously, "put it out o' your head. Sure you wouldn't go to bring me a daughther-in-law oulder nor myself?"

"I'd as soon *go over*,"* said Phelim; "or *swing* itself, before I'd marry sich a piece o' desate. Hard feedin' to her! how she did me to my face!"

Phelim then entered into a long-visaged detail of

* A familiar term for "Transportation."

the scene at Father O'Hara's, dwelling bitterly on the alacrity with which the old housekeeper ensnared him in his own mesh.

"However," he concluded, "she'd be a sharp one if she'd do me altogether. We're not marrid yet; an' I've a consate o' my own, that *she's* done for the ten guineas, any how!"

A family council was immediately held upon Phelim's matrimonial prospects. On coming close to the speculation of Miss Patterson, it was somehow voted, notwithstanding Phelim's powers of attraction, to be rather a discouraging one. Gracey Dalton was also given up. The matter was now serious, the time short, and Phelim's bounces touching his own fascinations with the sex in general, were considerably abated. It was therefore resolved, that he ought to avail himself of Sam Appleton's clothes until his own could be made. Sam, he said, would not press him for them immediately, inasmuch as he was under obligations to Phelim's silence upon some midnight excursions that he had made.

"Not," added Phelim, "but I'm as much, an' maybe more, in his power, than he is in mine."

When breakfast was over, Phelim and the father, after having determined to "drink a bottle" that night in the family of an humble young woman, named Donovan, who, they all agreed, would make an excellent wife for him, rested upon their oars until evening. In the mean time Phelim sauntered about the village, as he was in the habit of doing, whilst the father kept the day as a holiday. We

have never told our readers that Phelim was in love, because in fact we know not whether he was or not. Be this as it may, we simply inform them, that in a little shed in the lower end of the village, lived a person with whom Phelim was very intimate, called Foodle Flattery. He was, indeed, a man after Phelim's own heart, and Phelim was a boy after his. He maintained himself by riding country races; by handing, breeding, and feeding cocks; by fishing, poaching, and serving processes; and finally, by his knowledge as a cow-doctor and farrier—into the two last of which he had given Phelim some insight. We say the two last, for in most of the other accomplishments Phelim was fully his equal. Phelim frequently envied him his life. It was an idle, amusing, vagabond kind of existence, just such a one as he felt a relish for. This man had a daughter, rather well-looking; and it so happened, that he and Phelim had frequently spent whole nights out together, no one knew on what employment. Into Flattery's house did Phelim saunter with something like an inclination to lay the events of the day before him, and to ask his advice upon his future prospects. On entering the cabin he was much surprised to find the daughter in a very melancholy mood; a circumstance which puzzled him not a little, as he knew that they lived very harmoniously together. Sally had been very useful to her father; and, if fame did not belie her, was sometimes worthy Foodle's assistant in his nocturnal exploits. She was certainly reputed to be "light handed;" an imputation which

caused the young men of her acquaintance to avoid, in their casual conversations with her, any allusion to matrimony.

"Sally, achora," said Phelim, when he saw her in distress, "what's the fun? Where's your father?"

"Oh, Phelim," she replied, bursting into tears, "long runs the fox, but he's cotch at last. My father's in gaol."

Phelim's jaw dropped. "In gael! *Chorp an diouol*, no!

"It's thruth, Phelim. Curse upon this Whiteboy business, I wish it never had come into the counthry at all."

"Sally, I must see him; you know I must. But tell me how it happened? Was it at home he was taken?"

"No; he was taken this mornin' in the market. I was wid him sellin' some chickens.—What'll you an' Sam Appleton do, Phelim?"

"Uz! Why, what danger is there to aither Sam or me, you darlin'?"

"I'm sure, Phelim, I don't know; but he tould me, that if I was provided for, he'd be firm, an' take chance of his thrial. But, he says, poor man, that it 'ud brake his heart to be thransported, lavin' me behind him wid nobody to take care o' me. He says, too, if any thing 'ud make him *stag*, it's fear of the thrial goin' aginst himself; for, as he said to me, what 'ud become of you, Sally, if any thing happened me?"

A fresh flood of tears followed this disclosure, and Phelim's face, which was certainly destined to

undergo on that day many variations of aspect, became remarkably blank.

"Sally, you insinivator, I'll hould a thousand guineas you'd never guess what brought me here to-day?"

"Arrah, how could I, Phelim? To plan somethin' wid my fadher, maybe."

"No, but to plan somethin' wid yourself, you coaxin' jewel you. Now tell me this—Would you marry a certain gay, roguish, well-built young fellow, they call Bouncin' Phelim?"

"Phelim, don't be gettin' an wid your fun now, an' me in affliction. Sure, I know well you wouldn't throw yourself away upon a poor girl like me, that has nothin' but a good pair of hands to live by."

"Be my sowl, an' you live by them. Well, but set in case—supposin'—that same Bouncin' Phelim was willin' to make you misthress of the Half Acre, what 'ud you be sayin'?"

"Phelim, if a body thought you worn't jokin them—ah, the dickens go wid you, Phelim—this is more o' your thricks—but if it was thruth you wor spakin', Phelim?"

"It is thruth," said Phelim; "be the vestment, it's nothin' else. Now, say yes or no; for if it's a thing that it's to be a match, you must go an' tell him that I'll marry you, an' he must be as firm as a rock. But see—Sally, by thim five crasses it's not bekase your father's *in* I'm marryin' you at all. Sure I'm in love wid you, acushla! Divil a lie in it. Now, yes or no?"

"Well—throth—to be sure—the sorra one, Phelim,

but you have quare ways wid you. Now are you downright in airnest?"

"Be the stool I'm sittin' on!"

"Well, in the name o' Goodness, I'll go to my father, an' let him know it. Poor man, it'll take the fear out of his heart. Now can he depind on you, Phelim?"

"Why, all I can say is, that we'll get ourselves called on Sunday next. Let himself, sure, send some one to autorize the priest to call us. An' now that all's settled, don't I desarve somethin'? Oh, be gorra, surely."

"Behave, Phelim—oh—oh—Phelim, now—there you've tuck it—och, the curse o' the crows on you, see the way you have my hair down! There now, you broke my comb, too. Throth, you're a wild slip, Phelim. I hope you won't be goin' on this a-way wid the girls, when you get married."

"Is it me, you coaxer? No, faith, I'll wear a pair of winkers, for fraid o' lookin' at them at all. Oh, be gorra, no, Sally, I'll lave that to the great people. Sure, they say, the divil a differ *they* make at all."

"Go off now, Phelim, till I get ready, an' set out to my father. But, Phelim, never breathe a word about him bein' in gaol. No one knows it but ourselves—that is, none o' the neighbours."

"I'll sing dumb," said Phelim. "Well, *banaght lath a rogorah?** Tell him the thruth—to be *game*, an' he'll find you an' me sweeled together whin he comes out, plase Goodness."

* My blessing be with you, you rogue!

Phelim was but a few minutes gone, when the old military cap of Fool Art projected from the little bedroom, which a wicker wall, plastered with mud, divided from the other part of the cabin.

"Is he gone," said Art.

"You may come out, Art," said she, "he's gone."

"Ha!" said Art, triumphantly, "I often tould him, when he vexed me an' pelted me wid snowballs, that I'd come long sides wid him yet. An' it's not over aither. Fool Art can snore when he's not asleep, an' see wid his eyes shut. Wherroo for Art!"

"But, Art, maybe he intinds to marry the housekeeper afther all?"

"Hi the cholic, the cholic!
An' ho the cholic for Phelim!"

"Then you think he won't Art?"

"Hi the cholic, the cholic!
An' ho the cholic for Phelim!"

"Now, Art, don't say a word about my father *not* bein' in gaol. He's to be back from my grandfather's in a short time, an' if we manage well you'll see what you'll get, Art—a brave new shirt, Art."

"Art has the lane for Phelim, but it's not the long one wid no turn in it. Wherroo for Art."

Phelim, on his return home, felt queer; here was a second matrimonial predicament considerably worse than the first, into which he was hooked decidedly against his will. The worst feature in this case was the danger to be apprehended from Foodle Flattery's disclosures, should he take it into his head to 'peach

upon his brother Whiteboys. Indeed, Phelim began to consider it a calamity that he ever entered into their system at all; for on running over his exploits along with them, he felt that he was liable to be taken up any morning of the week, and lodged in one of his majesty's boarding-houses. The only security he had was the honesty of his confederates; and experience took the liberty of pointing out to him many cases in which those who considered themselves quite secure, upon the same grounds, either dangled or crossed the water. He remembered, too, some prophecies that had been uttered concerning him with reference both to hanging and matrimony. Touching the former it was often said, that "he'd die where the bird flies"—between heaven and earth; on matrimony, that there seldom was a swaggerer among the girls but came to the ground at last.

Now Phelim had a memory of his own, and in turning over his situation, and the prophecies that had been so confidently pronounced concerning him; he felt, as we said, rather queer. He found his father and mother in excellent spirits when he got home. The good man had got a gallon of whiskey on credit; for it had been agreed on not to break the ten golden guineas, until they should have ascertained how the matchmaking would terminate that night at Donovan's.

"Phelim," said the father, "strip yourself, an' put on Sam's clo'es: you must send him down yours for a day or two; he says it's the least he may have the wearin' o' them, so long as you have his."

"Right enough," said Phelim; "wid all my heart.

I'm ready to make a fair swap wid him any day, for that matther."

"I sent word to the Donovan's that we're to go to coort there to-night," said Larry; "so that they'll be prepared for us; an' as it would be shabby not to have a friend, I asked Sam Appleton himself. He's to folly us."

"I see," said Phelim, "I see. Well, the best boy in Europe Sam is, for sich a spree. Now, fadher, you must lie like the ould *diouol* to-night. Back every thing I say, an' there's no fear of us. But about what she's to get, you must hould out for that. I'm to despise it, you know. I'll abuse you for spakin' about fortune, but don't budge an inch."

"It's not the first time I've done that for you, Phelim; but in regard o' these ten guineas, why you must put them in your pocket for fraid they'd be wantin' to get off wid layin' down guinea for guinea. You see, they don't think *we* have a rap; an' if they propose it, we'll be up to them."

"Larry," observed Sheelah, "don't make a match, except they give that pig they have. Hould out for that by all means."

"Tare an' ounze!" exclaimed Phelim, am I goin' to take the counthry out o' the face? By the vestments, I'm a purty boy! Do you know the fresh news I have for yees?"

"Not ten guineas more, Phelim," replied the father.

"Maybe you soodhered another ould woman," said the mother.

"Be asy," replied Phelim. "No, but by the

five crasses, I deluded a young one since I went out!"

The old couple were once more disposed to be mirthful; but Phelim confirmed his assertion with such a multiplicity of oaths, that they believed him. Nothing, however, could wring the secret of her name out of him. He had reasons for concealing it which he did not wish to divulge. In fact he could never endure ridicule, and the name of Sally Flattery, as the person whom he had "deluded," would constitute on his part, a triumph quite as sorry as that which he had achieved in Father O'Hara's. In Ireland no man ever thinks of marrying a female thief—which Sally was strongly suspected to be, except some worthy fellow, who happens to be gifted with the same propensity.

When the proper hour arrived, honest Phelim, after having already made arrangements to be called on the following Sunday, as the intended husband of two females, now proceeded with great coolness to make, if possible, a similar engagement with a third.

There is something, however, to be said for Phelim. His conquest over the housekeeper was considerably out of the common course of love affairs. He had drawn upon his invention, only to bring himself and the old woman out of the ridiculous predicament in which the priest found them. He had, moreover, intended to prevail on her to lend him the hat, in case the priest himself had refused him. He was consequently not prepared for the vigorous manner in which Mrs. Doran fastened upon the subject of matrimony

On suspecting that she was inclined to be serious, he pleaded his want of proper apparel; but here again the liberality of the housekeeper silenced him, whilst, at the same time, it opened an excellent prospect of procuring that which he most required—a decent suit of clothes. This induced him to act a part that he did not feel. He saw the old woman was resolved to outwit him, and he resolved to overreach the old woman.

His marriage with Sally Flattery was to be merely a matter of chance. If he married her at all, he knew it must be in self-defence. He felt that her father had him in his power, and that he was any thing but a man to be depended on. He also thought that his being called with her on the Sunday following, would neutralize his call with the housekeeper; just as positive and negative quantities in algebra cancel each other. But he was quite ignorant that the story of Flattery's imprisonment was merely a plan of the daughter's to induce him to marry her.

With respect to Peggy Donovan, he intended, should he succeed in extricating himself from the meshes which the other two had thrown around him, that she should be the elected one to whom he was anxious to unite himself. As to the confusion produced by being called to three at once, he knew that, however laughable in itself, it would be precisely something like what the parish would expect from *him*. Bouncing Phelim was no common man, and to be called to three on the same Sunday, would be a corroboration of his influence with the sex. It certainly chagrined him not a little that one of them

was an old woman, and the other of indifferent morals; but still it exhibited the claim of three women upon one man, and that satisfied him. His mode of proceeding with Peggy Donovan was regular and according to the usages of the country. The notice had been given that he and his father would go a courting and of course they brought the whiskey with them, that being the custom among persons in their circumstances in life. These humble courtships very much resemble the driving of a bargain between two chapmen; for, indeed, the closeness of the demands on the one side, and the reluctance of concession on the other, are almost incredible. Many a time has a match been broken up by a refusal on the one part, to give a slip of a pig, or a pair of blankets, or a year old calf. These are small matters in themselves, but they are of importance to those who, perhaps, have nothing else on earth with which to begin the world.

The house to which Phelim and his father directed themselves was, like their own, of the humblest description. The floor of it was about sixteen feet by twelve; its furniture rude and scanty. To the right of the fire was a bed, the four posts of which ran up to the low roof; it was curtained with straw mats, with the exception of an opening about a foot and a half wide on the side next the fire, through which those who slept in it passed. A little below the foot of the bed were ranged a few shelves of deal, supported by pins of wood driven into the wall. These constituted the dresser. In the lower end of the house stood a potato-bin, made up of stakes driven into the floor,

and wrought with strong wicker-work. Tied to another stake beside this bin stood a cow, whose hinder part projected so close to the door, that those who entered the cabin were compelled to push her over out of their way. This, indeed, was effected without much difficulty, for the animal became so habituated to the necessity of moving aside, that it was only necessary to lay the hand upon her. Above the door in the inside, almost touching the roof, was the hen-roost, made also of wicker-work; and opposite the bed, on the other side of the fire, stood a meal chest, its lid on a level with the little pane of glass which served as a window. An old straw chair, a few stools, a couple of pots, some wooden vessels and crockery, completed the furniture of the house. The pig to which Sheelah alluded was not kept within the cabin, that filthy custom being now altogether obsolete.

This catalogue of cottage furniture may appear to our English readers very miserable. We beg them to believe, however, that if every cabin in Ireland were equally comfortable, the country would be comparatively happy. Still it is to be remembered, that the *dramatis personæ* of our story are of the humblest class.

When seven o'clock drew nigh, the inmates of this little cabin placed themselves at a clear fire; the father at one side, the mother at the other, and the daughter directly between them, knitting, for this is usually the occupation of a female on such a night. Every thing in the house was clear; the floor swept; the ashes removed from the hearth; the parents in

their best clothes, and the daughter also in her holiday apparel. She was a plain girl, neither remarkable for beauty nor otherwise. Her eyes, however, were good, so were her teeth, and an anxious look, produced of course by an occasion so interesting to a female, heightened her complexion to a blush that became her. The creature had certainly made the most of her little finery. Her face shone like that of a child after a fresh scrubbing with a strong towel; her hair, carefully curled with the hot blade of a knife, had been smoothed with soap until it became lustrous by repeated polishing, and her best red ribbon was tied tightly about it in a smart knot, that stood out on the side of her head with something of a coquetish air. Old Donovan and his wife maintained a conversation upon some indifferent subject, but the daughter evidently paid little attention to what they said. It being near the hour appointed for Phelim's arrival, she sat with an appearance of watchful trepidation, occasionally listening, and starting at every sound that she thought bore any resemblance to a man's voice or footstep.

At length the approach of Phelim and his father was announced by a verse of a popular song, for singing which Phelim was famous:

> "A sailor coorted a farmer's daughther
> That lived *contagious* to the Isle of Man.
> A long time coortin', an' still discoorsin'
> Of things consarnin' the ocean wide;
> At linth he saize, 'Me own dearest darlint,
> Will you consint for to be me bride?"

An' so she did consint, the darlin', but what the puck

would she do else? God save the family! Paddy Donovan, how is your health? Molly, avourneen, I'm glad to hear that you're thrivin'. An' Peggy—eh? Ah, be gorra, fadher, here's somethin' to look at! Give us the hand of you, you bloomer! Och och! faith you're the daisey!"

"Phelim," said the father, "will you behave yourself. Haven't you the night before you for your capers. Paddy Donovan, I'm glad to see you! Molly, give us your right hand, for, in throth, I have a regard for you! Peggy, dear, how are you? But I'm sure I needn't be axin' when I look at you! In throth, Phelim, she *is* somethin' to throw your eye at."

"Larry Toole, you're welcome," replied Donovan and his wife, "an' so is your son. Take stools both of you, an' draw near the hearth. Here, Phelim," said the latter, "draw in an' sit beside myself."

"Thank you kindly, Molly," replied Phelim; "but I'll do no sich thing. Arrah, do you think, now, that I'd begin to gosther wid an ould woman, while I have the likes o' Peggy, the darlin', beside me? I'm up to a thrick worth nine of it. No, no; this chest 'll do. Sure, you know, I must help the 'duck of diamonds' here to count her stitches."

"Paddy," said Larry, in a friendly whisper, "put this whiskey past for a while, barrin' this bottle that we must taste for good luck. Sam Appleton's to come up afther us, an', I suppose, some o' your own *cleaveens* 'ill be here afther a while."

"Thrue for you," said Donovan. "Jemmy Burn and Antony Devlin is to come over presently. But,

Larry, this is nonsense. One bottle o' whiskey was lashins; my Goodness, what'll we be doin' wid a whole gallon?"

"Dacency or nothin', Paddy; if it was my last I'd show sperit, an' why not? Who'd be for the shabby thing?"

"Well, well, Larry, I can't say but you're right afther all! Maybe I'd do the same thing myself, for all I'm spakin' aginst it."

The old people then passed round an introductory glass, after which they chatted away for an hour or so, somewhat like the members of a committee who talk upon indifferent topics until their brethren are all assembled.

Phelim, in the mean time, grappled with the daughter, whose knitting he spoiled by hooking the thread with his finger, jogging her elbow until he ran the needles past each other, and finally unravelling her clew; all which she bore with great good-humour. Sometimes, indeed, she ventured to give him a thwack upon the shouldher, with a laughing frown upon her countenance, in order to correct him for teasing her.

When Jemmy Burn and Antony Devlin arrived, the spirits of the party got up. The whiskey was formally produced, but as yet the subject of the courtship, though perfectly understood, was not introduced. Phelim and the father were anxious to await the presence of Sam Appleton, who was considered, by the way, a first-rate hand at match-making.

Phelim, as is the wont, on finding the din of the conversation raised to the proper pitch, stole one of the

bottles, and prevailed on Peggy to adjourn with him to the potato-bin. Here they ensconced themselves very snugly; but not, as might be supposed, contrary to the knowledge and consent of the seniors, who winked at each other on seeing Phelim gallantly tow her down with the bottle under his arm. It was only the common usage on such occasions, and not considered any violation whatsoever of decorum.—When Phelim's prior engagements are considered, it must be admitted that there was something singularly ludicrous in the humorous look he gave over his shoulder at the company, as he went toward the bin, having the bottom of the whiskey bottle projecting behind his elbow, winking at them in return, by way of a hint to mind their own business and allow him to plead for himself. The bin, however, turned out to be rather an uneasy seat, for as the potatoes lay in a slanting heap against the wall, Phelim and his sweetheart were perpetually sliding down from the top to the bottom. Phelim could be industrious when it suited his pleasure. In a few minutes those who sat about the fire imagined, from the noise at the bin, that the house was about to come about their ears.

"Phelim, you thief," said the father, "what's all that noise for?"

"*Chrosh orrin!*" said Molly Donovan, "is that tundher?"

"Devil carry these piatees," exclaimed Phelim, raking them down with both hands and all his might, "if there's any sittin' at all upon them! I'm levellin' them to prevint Peggy, the darlin', from slidderin', an' to give us time to be talkin' somethin' lovin' to

one another. The curse o' Cromwell an them! One might as well dhrink a glass o' whiskey wid his sweetheart, or spake a tindher word to her, on the wings of a windmill as here. There now, they're as level as you plase, acushla! Sit down, you jewel you, an' give me the eggshell, till we have our sup o' the crathur in comfort. Faith, it was too soon for us to be comin' down in the world!"

Phelim and Peggy having each emptied the eggshell, which among the poorer Irish is frequently the substitute for a glass, entered into the following sentimental dialogue, which was covered by the loud and entangled conversation of their friends about the fire; Phelim's arm lovingly about her neck, and his head laid down snugly against her cheek.

"Now, Peggy, you darlin' o' the world—bad cess to me but I'm as glad as two tenpennies that I levelled these piatees, there was no sittin' an them. Eh, avourneen?"

"Why, we're comfortable now, any how, Phelim!"

"Faith, you may say that—(a loving squeeze.) Now, Peggy, begin an' tell us all about your bachelors."

"The sarra one ever I had, Phelim."

"Oh, murdher sheery, what a bounce! Bad cess to me, if you can spake a word o' thruth afther that, you common desaver! Worn't you an' Paddy Moran pullin' a coard?"

"No, in throth; it was given out on us, but we never wor, Phelim. Nothin' ever passed betune us but common civility. He thrated my father an' mother wanst to share of half a pint in the Lammas

Fair, when I was along wid them; but he never broke discoorse wid me, barrin', as I sed, in civility an' friendship."

"An' do you mane to put it down my throath that you never had a sweetheart at all?"

"The nerra one."

"Oh, you thief! Wid two sich lips o' your own, an' two sich eyes o' your own, an' two sich cheeks o' your own! Oh, by the tarn, that won't pass."

"Well, an' supposin' I had—behave Phelim—supposin' I had, where's the harm? Sure it's well known all the sweethearts you had, an' have yet, I suppose."

"Be gorra, an' that's thruth; an' the more the merrier, you jewel you, till one get's married. I had enough o' them, in my day, but you're the flower o' them all, that I'd like to spend my life wid"—(a squeeze.)

"The sorra one word the men say a body can trust. I warrant you tould that story to every one o' them as well as to me. Stop, Phelim—it's well known that what you say to the colleens is no gospel. You know what they christened you 'Bouncin' Phelim' for."

"Betune you an' me, Peggy, I'll tell you a sacret; I *was* the boy for deludin' them. It's very well known the matches I might a' got; but you see, you little shaver, it was waitin' for yourself I was."

"For me! A purty story, indeed! I'm sure it was! Oh, afther that! Why, Phelim, how can you——Well, well, did any one ever hear the likes?"

"Be the vestments, it's thruth. I had you in my

eye these three years, but was waitin' till I'd get together as much money as 'ud set us up in the world dacently. Give me that egg-shell agin. Talkin's dhruthy work. *Shudorth, a rogarah!* an' a pleasant honeymoon to us!"

"Wait till we're marrid first, Phelim; thin it'll be time enough to dhrink *that*."

"Come, acushla, it's your turn now; taste the shell, an' you'll see how lovin' it'll make us. Mother's milk's a thrifle to it."

"Well, if I take this, Phelim, I'll not touch another dhrop to-night. In the mane time, here's whatever's best for us! Whoo! Oh, my! but that's strong! I dunna how the people can dhrink so much of it!"

"Faith, nor me; except bekase they have a regard for it, an' that it's worth havin' a regard for, jist like yourself an' me. Upon my faix, Peggy, it bates all, the love an' likin' I have for you, an' ever had these three years past. I tould you about the eyes, mavourneen, an'—an'—about the lips——"

"Phelim—behave—I say—now stop wid you—well—well—but you're the tazin' Phelim!—Throth, the girls may be glad when you're married;" exclaimed Peggy, adjusting her polished hair.

"Bad cess to the bit, if ever I got so sweet a one in my life—the soft end of a honeycomb's a fool to it. One thing, Peggy, I can tell you—that I'll love you in great style. Whin we're marrid it's I that'll soodher you up. I won't let the wind blow on you. You must give up workin', too. All I'll ax you to do

will be to nurse the childhre; an' that same will keep you busy enough, plase Goodness."

"Upon my faix, Phelim, you're the very sarra, so you are. Will you be asy now! I'll engage when you're marrid, it'll soon be another story wid you. Maybe you'd care little about us thin!"

"Be the vestments, I'm spakin' pure gospel so I am. Sure you don't know that to be good husbands *runs* in our family. Every one o' them was as sweet as thracle to their wives. Why, there's that ould cock, my fadher, an' if you'd see how he butthers up the ould woman to this day, it 'ud make your heart warm to any man o' the family."

"Ould an' young was ever an' always the same to you, Phelim. Sure the ouldest woman in the parish, if she happened to be single, couldn't miss of your blarney. It's reported you're goin' to be marrid to an ould woman."

"He—hem—ahem!—Bad luck to this cowld I have! it's stickin' in my throath entirely, so it is!—hem!—to a what?"

"Why, to an ould woman, wid a great deal o' the hard goold!"

Phelim put his hand instinctively to his waistcoat-pocket, in which he carried the housekeeper's money.

"Would you oblage one wid her name?"

"You know ould Molly Kavanagh well enough, Phelim."

Phelim put up an inward ejaculation of thanks.

"To the sarra wid her, an' all sasoned women!

God be praised—that the night's fine, any how! Hand me the shell, an' we'll take a *gauliogue*, aich, an' afther that we'll begin an' talk over how lovin' an' fond o' one another we'll be."

"You're takin' too much o' the whiskey, Phelim. Oh, for Goodness' sake!—oh—b—b—n—now be asy. Faix, I'll go to the fire, an' lave you altogether, so I will, if you don't give over slustherin' me, that way, an' stoppin' my breath."

"Here's all happiness to our two selves, acushla machree! Now thry another *gauliogue*, an' you'll see how deludin' it'll make you."

"Not a sup, Phelim."

"Arrah, nonsense! Be the vestments, it's as harmless as new milk from the cow. It'll only do you good, alanna. Come now, Peggy, don't be onda cent, an' it our first night's coortin'! Blood alive! don't make little o' my father's son on sich a night, an' us at business like this, any how!"

"Phelim, by the crass, I won't take it; so that ends it. Do you want to make little o' me? It's not much you'd think o' me in your mind, if I'd dhrink it.'

"The shell's not half full."

"I wouldn't brake my oath for all the whiskey in the kingdom; so don't ax me. It's neither right nor proper of you to force it an me."

"Well, all I say is, that it's makin' little of one Phelim O'Toole, that hasn't a thought in his body but what's over head an' ears in love wid you. I must only dhrink it for you myself, thin. Here's all kinds o' good fortune to us! Now, Peggy,—sit closer

to me acushla!—Now, Peggy, are you fond o' me at all? Tell thruth, now."

"Fond o' you! Sure you know all the girls is fond of you. Aren't you 'the boy for deludin'them?'—ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, you shaver; that won't do. Be sarous. If you knew how my heart's warmin' to you this minute, you'd fall in love wid my shadow. Come, now, out wid it. Are you fond of a sartin boy not far from you, called Bouncin' Phelim?"

"To be sure I am. Are you satisfied now? Phelim! I say,"——

"Faith, it won't pass, avourneen. That's not the voice for it. Don't you hear *me*, how tendher I spake wid my mouth brathin' into your ear, acushla machree? Now turn about, like a purty entisin' girl, as you are, an' put *your sweet bill* to my ear the same way, an' whisper what you know into it? That's a darlin! Will you, achora?"

"An' maybe all this time you're promised to another?"

"Be the vestments, I'm not promised to one. Now! Saize the one!"

"You'll say that, any how!"

"Do you see my hands acrass? Be thim five crasses, I'm not promised to a girl livin' so I'm not, nor wouldn't, bekase I had you in my eye Now will you tell me what I'm wantin' you? The grace o' heaven light down an you, an' be a good, coaxin' darlin' for wanst! Be this an' be that, if ever you heerd or seen sich doins an' times as we'll have when we're marrid. Now the weeny whisper, *a colleen dhas!*"

Designed & Etched by W. H. Brooke F.S.A.

Don't you hear me, you darlint! how tendher I spake wid my mouth breathin into your ear, acushla machree?

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Published [illegible] W. H. Wakeman [illegible]

"It's time enough yet to let you know my mind, Phelim. If you behave yourself an' be——Why thin is it at the bottle agin you are? Now don't dhrink so much, Phelim, or it'll get into your head. I was sayin' that if you behave yourself, an' be a good boy, I may tell you somethin' soon."

"Somethin' soon! Live horse, an' you'll get grass! Peggy, if that's the way wid you, the love's all on my side, I see clearly. Are you willin' to marry me, any how?"

"I'm willin' to do whatsomever my father an' mother wishes."

"*I'm* for havin' the weddin' off-hand; an' of coorse, if we agree to-night, I think our best plan is to have ourselves called on Sunday. An' I'll tell you what, avourneen,—be the holy vestments, if I was to be 'called' to fifty on the same Sunday, you're the darlin' I'd marry."

"Phelim, it's time for us to go up to the fire; we're long enough here. I thought you had only three words to say to me."

"Why, if you're tired o' me, Peggy, I don't want you to stop. I wouldn't force myself on the best girl that ever stepped."

"Sure you have tould me all you want to say, an' there's no use in us stayin' here. You know, Phelim, there's not a girl in the parish 'ud believe a word that 'ud come out o' your lips. Sure there's none o' them but you coorted one time or other. If you could get betther, Phelim, I dunna whether you'd be here to-night at all or not."

"Answer me this, Peggy. What do you think

your father 'ud be willin' to give you? Not that I care a *crona baun* about it, for I'd marry you wid an inch of candle."

"You know my father's but a poor man, Phelim, an' can give little or nothin'. Them that won't marry me as I am, needn't come here to look for a fortune."

"I know that, Peggy, an' be the same a token, I want no fortune at all wid you but yourself, darlin'. In the mane time, to show you that I *could* get a fortune—*Dher a Lorha Heena*, I could have a wife wid a hundhre an' twenty guineas!"

Peggy received this intelligence much in the same manner as Larry and Sheelah had received it. Her mirth was absolutely boisterous for at least ten minutes. Indeed, so loud had it been, that Larry and her father could not help asking:—

"Arrah, what's the fun, Peggy, achora?"

"Oh, nothin'," she replied, "but one o' Phelim's bounces."

"Now," said Phelim, "you won't believe me! Be all the books——"

Peggy's mirth prevented his oaths from being heard. In vain he declared, protested, and swore. On this occasion, he was compelled to experience the fate peculiar to all liars. Even truth, from his lips, was looked upon as falsehood.

Phelim, on finding that he could neither extort from Peggy an acknowledgment of love, nor make himself credible upon the subject of the large fortune, saw that he had nothing for it now, in order to produce an impression, but the pathetic.

"Well," said he, "you may lave me, Peggy achora, if you like; but out o' this *I'il* not budge, wid a blessing, till I cry my skinful, so I won't. Saize the toe I'll move, now, till I'm sick wid cryin'! Oh, murdher alive, this night! Isn't it a poor case entirely, that the girl I'd suffer myself to be turned inside out for, won't say that she cares about a hair o' my head! Oh, thin, but I'm the misfortunate blackguard all out! Och, oh! Peggy, achora, you'll break my heart! Hand me that shell, acushla—for I'm in the height of affliction!"

Peggy could neither withhold it, nor reply to him. Her mirth was even more intense now than before; nor, if all were known, was Phelim less affected with secret laughter than Peggy.

"Is it makin' fun o' me you are, you thief. Eh? —Is it laughin' at my grief you are?" exclaimed Phelim. "Be the tarn' o' war, I'll punish you for that."

"Peggy attempted to escape, but Phelim succeeded, ere she went, in taking a salutation or two, after which both joined those who sat at the fire, and in a few minutes Sam Appleton entered.

Much serious conversation had already passed in reference to the courtship, which was finally entered into and debated, *pro* and *con*.

"Now, Paddy Donovan, that we're altogether, let me tell you one thing, there's not a betther natur'd boy, nor a stouther, claner young fellow in the parish, than *my* Phelim. He'll make your daughther as good a husband as ever broke bread!"

"I'm not sayin' aginst that, Larry. He *is* a good

nathured boy: but I tell you, Larry Toole, that *my* daughther's his fill of a wife any day. An' I'll put this to the back o' that—she's a hard workin' girl, that ates no idle bread."

"Very right," said Sam Appleton. "Phelim's a hairo, an' she's a beauty. Dang me, but they wor made for one another. Phelim, abouchal, why don't you—oh, I see you are. Why, I was goin' to bid you make up to her."

"Give no gosther, Sam," replied Phelim, "but sind round the bottle, an' don't forget to let it come this way. I hardly tasted a dhrop to night."

"Oh, Phelim!" exclaimed Peggy.

"Whisht!" said Phelim, "there's no use in lettin' the ould fellows be committin' sin. Why they're *hearty** as it is, the sinners."

"Come, nabours," said Burn, "I'm the boy that's for close work. How does the match stand? You're both my friends, an' may this be poison to me, but I'll spake like an honest man, for the one as well as for the other."

"Well, then," said Donovan, "how is Phelim to support my daughther, Larry? Sure that's a fair questin', any way."

"Why, Paddy," replied Larry, "when Phelim gets her, he'll have a patch of his own, as well as another. There's that 'half acre,' and a betther piece o' land isn't in Europe!"

"Well, but what plenishin' are they to have, Larry? A bare half acre's but a poor look up."

"I'd as soon you'd not make little of it, in the

* Tipsy.

mane time," replied Larry, rather warmly. "As good a couple as ever they wor, lived on that half acre; along wid what they earned by hard work otherwise."

"I'm not disparagin' it, Larry; I'd be long sorry; but about the furniture? What are they to begin the world wid?"

"Hut," said Devlin, "go to the sarra wid yees! —What 'ud they want, no more nor other young people like them, to begin the world wid? Are you goin' to make English or Scotch of them, that never marries till they're able to buy a farm an' stock it, the nagers. By the staff in my hand, an Irishman 'ud lash a dozen 'o them, wid all their prudence! Hasn't Phelim an' Peggy health and hands, what most new-married couples in Ireland begins the world wid? Sure they're not worse nor a thousand others?"

"Success, Antony," said Phelim; "here's your health for that!"

"God be thanked, they have health an' hands," said Donovan. "Still, Antony, I'd like that they'd have somethin' more."

"Well, then, Paddy, spake up for yourself," observed Larry. What will you put to the fore for the colleen? Don't take both flesh an' bone!"

"I'll not spake up, till I know all that Phelim's to expect," said Donovan. I don't think he has a right to be axin' any thing wid sich a girl as *my* Peggy."

"Hut, tut, Paddy! She's a good colleen enough; but do you think she's above any one that carries the name of O'Toole upon him? Still it's but raisonable

for you to wish the girl well settled. *My* Phelim will have one half o' my worldly goods, at all evints."

"Name them, Larry, i' you plase."

"Why, he'll have one o' the goats; the grey one, for she's the best o' the two, in throth. He'll have two stools; three hens, an' a toss up for the cock. The biggest o' the two pots; two good crocks; three good wooden trenchers, an—hem—he'll have his own —I say, Paddy, are you listenin' to me?—Phelim, do you hear what I'm givin' you, *a veehonee?—his own bed!* An' there's all I can or will do for him. Now do you spake up for Peggy."

"I'm to have my own bedstead too;" said Phelim, "an' bad cess to the stouter one in Europe. It's as good this minute as it was eighteen years agone."

"Paddy Donovan, spake up," said Larry.

"Spake up!" said Paddy, contemptuously. "Is it for three crowns worth, I'd spake up? The bedstead, Phelim! *Bedhu husth*, man!"

"Put round the bottle," said Phelim, "we're dhry here."

"Thrue enough, Phelim," said the father. "Paddy, here's towarst you an' yours — nabours— all your healths—young couple! Paddy, give us your hand, man alive! Sure, whether we agree or not, this won't put between us."

"Throth it won't, Larry—an' I'm thankful to you. Your health, Larry, an' all your healths! Phelim an' Peggy, success to yees, whether or not! An' now, in regard o' your civility, *I will* spake up. My proposal is this:—I'll put down guinea for guinea wid you."

Now we must observe, by the way, that this was said under the firm conviction that neither Phelim nor the father had a guinea in their possession.

"I'll do that same, Paddy," said Larry; "but I'll lave it to the present company, if you're not bound to put down the *first* guinea. Nabours, amn't I right!"

"You are right, Larry," said Burn, "it's but fair that Paddy should put down the first."

"Molly, achora," said Donovan to the wife, who by the way, was engaged in preparing the little feast usual on such occasions—"Molly, achora, give me that ould glove you have in your pocket."

She immediately handed him an old shammy glove, tied up into a hard knot, which he felt some difficulty in unloosing.

"Come, Larry," said he, laying down a guinea-note, "cover that like a man."

"Phelim carries my purse," observed the father; but he had scarcely spoken when the laughter of the company rang loudly through the house. The triumph of Donovan appeared to be complete, for he thought the father's allusion to Phelim tantamount to an evasion.

"Phelim! Phelim carries it! Faix, an' I doubt he finds it a light burdyeen."

Phelim approached in all his glory.

"What am I to do?" he inquired, with a swagger.

"You're to cover that guinea note wid a guinea, if you can," said Donovan.

"Whether 'ud you prefar goold or notes," said

Phelim, looking pompously about him; "that's the talk."

This was received with another merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, goold—goold by all manes!" replied Donovan.

"Here goes the goold, my worthy," said Phelim, laying down his guinea with a firm slap upon the table.

Old Donovan seized it, examined it, then sent it round, to satisfy himself that it was a *bona fide* guinea.

On finding that it was good, he became blank a little; his laugh lost its strength, much of his jollity was instantly neutralized, and his face got at least two inches longer. Larry now had the laugh against him, and the company heartily joined in it.

"Come, Paddy," said Larry, "go an!—ha, ha, ha!"

Paddy fished for half a minute through the glove; and, after what was apparently a hard chase, brought up another guinea, which he laid down.

"Come, Phelim!" said he, and his eye brightened again with a hope that Phelim would fail.

"Good agin!" said Phelim, thundering down another, which was instantly subjected to a similar scrutiny.

"You'll find it good," said Larry. "I wish we had a sackful o' them. Go an, Paddy. Go an, man, who's afeard?"

"Sowl, I'm done," said Donovan, throwing down the purse with a hearty laugh—"give me your hand, Larry. Be the goold afore us, I thought to do you. Sure these two guineas is for my rint, an' we musn't let them come atween us at all."

"Now," said Larry, "to let you see that my son's not widout something to begin the world wid—Phelim, shill out the rest o' the yallow boys."

"Faix, you ought to dhrink the ould woman's health for this," said Phelim. "Poor ould crathur, many a long day she was savin' up these for me. It's my mother I'm speakin' about."

"An' we will, too," said the father; "here's *Sheelah's* health, neighbours! The best poor man's wife that ever *threwn* a gown over her shouldher."

This was drank with all the honours, and the negotiation proceeded.

"Now," said Appleton, "what's to be done? Paddy, say what you'll do for the girl."

"Money's all talk," said Donovan; "I'll give the girl the two-year old heifer—an' that's worth double what his father has promised Phelim; I'll give her a stone o' flax, a dacent suit o'clo'es, my blessin'—an' there's her fortune."

"Has she neither bed nor beddin'?" inquired Larry.

"Why, don't you say that Phelim's to have his own bed?" observed Donovan. "Sure one bed 'ill be plinty for them."

"I don't care a damn about fortune," said Phelim, for the first time taking a part in the bargain—"so long as I get the darlin' herself. But I think there 'ud be no harm in havin' a spair pare o' blankets—an', for that matther, a bedstead, too—in case a friend came to see a body."

"I don't much mind givin' you a *brother* to the bedstead you have, Phelim," replied Donovan, wink-

ing at the company, for he was perfectly aware of the nature of Phelim's bedstead.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Larry, "otherwise I'll not stand it. Give the colleen a chaff bed, blankets an' all other parts complate, along wid that slip of a pig. If you don't do this, Paddy Donovan, why we'll finish the whiskey an' part friends—but it's no match."

"I'll never do it, Larry. The bed an' beddin' I'll give; but the pig I'll by no manner o' manes part wid."

"Put round the bottle," said Phelim, "we're gettin' dhry agin—sayin' nothin' is dhroothy work. Ould man, will you not bother us about fortune!"

"Come, Paddy Donovan," said Devlin, "dang it, let out a little, considher he has ten guineas; an' I give it as my downright maxim an' opinion, that he's fairly entitled to the pig."

"You're welcome to give your opinion, Antony, an' I'm welcome not to care a rotten sthraw about it. *My* daughter's wife enough for him, widout a gown to her back, if he had his ten guineas doubled."

"An' *my* son," said Larry, "is husband enough for a betther girl nor ever called you father—not makin' little, at the same time, of either you or her."

"Paddy," said Burn, "there's no use in spakin' that way. I agree wid Antony, that you ought to throw in the 'slip.'"

"Is it what I have to pay my next gale o' rint wid? No, no! If he won't marry her widout it, she'll get as good that will."

"Saize the 'slip,'" said Phelim, "the darlin' herself here is all the slip I want."

"But I'm not so," said Larry, "the 'slip' must go in, or it's a brake off. Phelim can get girls that has money enough to buy us all out o' root. Did you hear *that*, Paddy Donovan?"

"I hear it," said Paddy, "but I'll b'lieve as much of it as I like."

Phelim apprehended that as his father got warm with the liquor, he might, in vindicating the truth of his own assertion, divulge the affair of the old housekeeper.

"Ould man," said he, "have sinse, an' pass that over, if you have any regard for Phelim."

"I'd not be brow-bate into any thing," observed Donovan.

"Sowl, you would not," said Phelim; "for my part, Paddy, I'm ready to marry your daughther (a squeeze to Peggy) widout a ha'p'orth at all, barrin' herself. It's the girl I want, an' not the slip."

"Thin, be the book, you'll get both, Phelim, for your dacency," said Donovan; "but, you see I wouldn't be bullied into puttin' one foot past the other, for the best man that ever stepped on black leather."

"Whish!" said Appleton, "that's the go! Success ould heart! Give us your hand, Paddy,—here's your good health, an' may you never button an empty pocket!"

"Is all settled?" inquired Molly.

"All, but about the weddin' an' the calls," replied her husband. "How are we to do about that, Larry?"

"Why, in the name o' Goodness, to save time," he replied, "let them be called on Sunday next, the two Sundays afther, an' thin married, wid a blessin'."

"I agree wid that entirely," observed Molly; "an' now, Phelim, clear away, you an' Peggy, off o' that chist, till we have our bit o' supper in comfort."

"Phelim," said Larry, "when the supper's done, you must slip over to Roche's for a couple o' bottles more o' whiskey. We'll make a night of it."

"There's two bottles in the house," said Donovan; "an', be the saikerment, the first man that talks of bringin' in more, till these is dhrunk, is ondacent."

This was decisive. In the mean time, the chest was turned into a table, the supper laid, and the attack commenced. All was pleasure, fun, and friendship. The reader may be assured that Phelim, during the negotiation, had not mispent the time with Peggy. Their conversation, however, was in a tone too low to be heard by those who were themselves talking loudly.

One thing, however, Phelim understood from his friend Sam Appleton, which was, that some clew had been discovered to an outrage in which he (Appleton) had been concerned. Above all other subjects, that was one on which Phelim was but a poor comforter. He himself found circumspection necessary; and he told Appleton, that if ever danger approached him, he had resolved either to enlist, or to go to America, if he could command the money.

"*You* ought to do that immediately," added Phelim.

"Where's the money?" replied the other.

"I don't know," said Phelim; "but if I was bent

on goin', the want of money wouldn't stop me, as long as it could be found in the counthry. We had to do as bad for others, an' it can't be a greater sin to do that much for ourselves."

"I'll think of it," said Appleton. "At any rate, it's in for a penny, in for a pound, wid me."

When supper was over, they resumed their drinking, sang songs, and told anecdotes with great glee and hilarity. Phelim and Peggy danced jigs and reels, whilst Appleton sang for them, and the bottle also did its duty.

On separating about two o' clock, there was not a sober man among them but Appleton. He declined drinking, and was backed in his abstemiousness by Phelim, who knew that sobriety on the part of Sam would leave himself more liquor. Phelim, therefore, drank for them both, and that to such excess, that Larry, by Appleton's advice, left him at his father's, in consequence of his inability to proceed homewards. It was not, however, without serious trouble that Appleton could get Phelim and the father separated; and when he did, Larry's grief was bitter in the extreme. By much entreaty, joined to some vigorous shoves towards the door, he was prevailed upon to depart without him; but the old man compensated for the son's absence, by indulging in the most vociferous sorrow as he went along, about "*his* Phelim." When he reached home, his grief burst out afresh; he slapped the palms of his hands together, and indulged in a continuous howl, that one on hearing it would imagine to be the very echo of misery. When he had fatigued himself, he fell asleep on the bed, without

having undressed, where he lay until near nine o'clock the next morning. Having got up and breakfasted, he related to his wife, with an aching head, the result of the last night's proceedings. Every thing, he assured her, was settled; Phelim and Peggy were to be called the following Sunday, as Phelim, he supposed, had already informed her.

"Where's Phelim?" said the wife; "an' why didn't he come home wid you last night?"

"Where is Phelim? Why, Sheelah, woman, sure he *did* come home wid me last night?"

"*Chrush orrin*, Larry, no! What could happen him? Why, man, I thought you knew where he was; an' in regard of his bein' abroad so often at night, myself didn't think it sthrange."

Phelim's absence astounded them both, particularly the father, who had altogether forgotten every thing that had happened on the preceding night after the period of his intoxication. He proposed to go back to Donovan's, to inquire for him, and was about to proceed there when Phelim made his appearance, dressed in his own tender apparel only. His face was three inches longer than usual, and the droop in his eye remarkably conspicuous.

"No fear of him," said the father: "here's him self. Arrah, Phelim, what became of you last night? Where wor you?"

Phelim sat down very deliberately and calmly, looked dismally at his mother, and then looked more dismally at his father.

"I suppose you're sick too, Phelim," said the father. "*My* head's goin' round like a top."

"Ate your breakfast," said his mother; "it's the best thing for you."

"Where wor you last night, Phelim?" inquired the father.

"What are you sayin', ould man?"

"Who wor you wid last night?"

"Do, Phelim," said the mother; "tell us, aroon. I hope it wasn't *out* you wor. Tell us, avourneen?"

"Ould woman, what are you talkin' about?"

Phelim whistled "*ulican dho oh*," or "the song of sorrow." At length he bounced to his feet, and exclaimed in a loud, rapid voice:—

"*Ma chuirp an diowol!* ould couple, but I'm robbed of my ten guineas by Sam Appleton!"

"Robbed by Sam Appleton! Heavens above!" exclaimed the father.

"Robbed by Sam Appleton! *Gra machree*, Phelim! no, you aren't!" exclaimed the mother.

"*Gra machree yourself!* but I say I am," replied Phelim; "robbed clane of every penny of it!"

Phelim then sat down to breakfast—for he was one of those happy mortals whose appetite is rather sharpened by affliction—and immediately related to his father and mother the necessity which Appleton's connexion had imposed on him of leaving the country; adding, that while he was in a state of intoxication, he had been stripped of Appleton's clothes, that his own were left beside him; that when he awoke the next morning he found his borrowed suit gone; that on searching for his own, he found to his misery, that the ten guineas had disappeared along with Appleton, who, he understood from his father, had "left the

neighbourhood for a while, till the throuble he was in 'ud pass over."

"But I know where he's gone," said Phelim, "an' may the divil's luck go wid him, an' God's curse on the day I ever had any thing to do wid that hell-fire Ribbon business! 'Twas he first brought me into it, the villain; an' now I'd give the townland we're in to be fairly out of it."

"*Hanim an diouol!*" said the father, "is the ten guineas gone? The curse of hell upon him, for a black desaver! Where's the villain, Phelim?"

"He's gone to America," replied the son. "The divil tare the tongue out o' myself, too! I should be puttin' him up to go there, an' to get money, if it was to be had. The villain bit me fairly."

"Well, but how are we to manage?" inquired Larry. "What's to be done?"

"Why," said the other, "to bear it, an' say nothin'. Even if he was in his father's house, the double-faced villain has me so much in his power, that I couldn't say a word about it. My curse on the Ribbon business, I say, from my heart out!"

That day was a miserable one to Phelim and the father. The loss of the ten guineas, and the feverish sickness produced by their debauch, rendered their situation not enviable. Some other small matters, too, in which Phelim was especially concerned, independent of the awkward situation in which he felt himself respecting the three calls on the following day, which was Sunday, added greater weight to his anxiety. He knew not how to manage, especially upon the subject of his habiliments, which certainly

were in a very dilapidated state. An Irishman, however, never despairs. If he has not apparel of his own sufficiently decent to wear on his wedding day, he borrows from a friend. Phelim and his father remembered that there were several neighbours in the village, who would oblige him with a suit for the wedding; and as to the other necessary expenses, they did what their countrymen are famous for—they trusted to chance.

"We'll work ourselves out of it some way," said Larry. "Sure if all fails us, we can sell the goats for the weddin' expenses. It's one comfort that Paddy Donovan must find the dinner; an' all *we* have to get is the whiskey, the marriage-money, an' some other thrifles."

"They say," observed Phelim, "that people have more luck whin they're marrid* than whin they're single. I'll have a bout at the marriage, so I will; for worse luck I can't have, if I had half a dozen wives, than I always met wid."

"I'll go down," observed Larry, "to Paddy Donovan's, an' send him to the priest's to *give in* your names to be called to-morrow. Faith, it's well that you won't have to appear, or I dunna how you'd get over it."

"No," said Phelim, "that bill won't pass. You must go to the priest yourself, an' see the curate: if you go near Father O'Hara, it 'ud knock a plan on

* This is another absurd opinion peculiar to the Irish, and certainly one of the most pernicious that prevail among them. Indeed, I believe there is no country in which so many absurd maxims exist.

the head that I've invinted. I'm in the notion that I'll make the ould woman bleed agin. I'll squeeze as much out of her as 'ill bring me to America, for I'm not overly safe here; or, if all fails, I'll marry her, an' run away wid the money. It 'ud bring us all *acrass*."

Larry's interview with the curate was but a short one. He waited on Donovan, however, before he went, who expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement, and looked forward to the marriage as certain. As for Phelim, the idea of being called to three females at the same time, was one that tickled his vanity very much. Vanity where the fair sex was concerned, had been always his predominant failing. He was not finally determined on marriage with any of them; but he knew that should he even escape the three, the *éclat* resulting from so celebrated a transaction, would recommend him to the sex for the remainder of his life. Impressed with this view of the matter, he sauntered about as usual; saw Foodle Flattery's daughter, and understood that her uncle had gone to the priest, to have his niece and worthy Phelim called the next day. But besides this hypothesis, Phelim had another, which, after all, was the real one. He hoped that the three applications would prevent the priest from calling him at all.

The priest, who possessed much sarcastic humour, on finding the name of Phelim come in as a candidate for marriage honours with three different women, felt considerably puzzled to know what he could be at. That Phelim might hoax one or two of them was very probable, but that he should have the

effrontery to make *him* the instrument of such an affair, he thought a little too bad.

"Now," said he to his curate as they talked the matter over that night, "it is quite evident that this scape-grace reckons upon our refusing to call him with *any* of those females to-morrow. It is also certain that not one of the three to whom he has pledged himself, is aware that he is under similar obligations to the other two."

"How do you intend to act, Sir?" inquired the curate.

"Why," said Mr. O'Hara, "certainly to call him to each: it will give the business a turn for which he is not prepared. He will stand exposed, moreover, before the congregation, and that will be some punishment to him."

"I don't know as to the punishment," replied the curate. "If ever a human being was free from shame, Phelim is. The fellow will consider it a joke."

"Very possible," observed his superior; "but I am anxious to punish this old woman. It may prevent her from uniting herself with a fellow who certainly would, on becoming master of her money, immediately abandon her—perhaps proceed to America."

"It will also put the females of the parish on their guard against him," said the innocent curate, who knew not that it would raise him highly in their estimation.

"We will have a scene, at all events," said Mr. O'Hara; "for I'm resolved to expose him. No

blame can be attached to those whom he has duped, excepting only the old woman, whose case will certainly excite a great deal of mirth. That matters not, however; she has earned the ridicule, and let her bear it."

It was not until Sunday morning that the three calls occurred to Phelim in a new light. He forgot that the friends of the offended parties might visit upon his proper carcase the contumely he offered to them. This, however, did not give him much anxiety, for Phelim was never more in his element than when entering upon a row.

The Sunday in question was fine, and the congregation unusually large: one would think that all the inhabitants of the parish of Teernarogarah had been assembled. Most of them certainly were.

The priest, after having gone through the usual ceremonies of the Sabbath worship, excepting those with which he concludes the mass, turned round to the congregation, and thus addressed them:—

"I would not," said he, "upon any other occasion of this kind, think it necessary to address you at all; but this is one perfectly *unique*, and in some degree patriarchal, because, my friends, we are informed that it was allowed in the times of Abraham and his successors, to keep more than one wife. This custom is about being revived by a modern, who wants, in rather a barefaced manner, to palm himself upon us as a patriarch. And who do you think, my friends, this Irish patriarch is? Why no other than Bouncing Phelim O'Toole!"

This was received precisely as the priest had anti-

cipated: loud were the shouts of laughter from all parts of the congregation.

"Divil a fear o' Phelim!" they exclaimed. "He wouldn't be himself, or he'd kick up a dust some way."

"Blessed Phelim! Jist like him! Faith, he couldn't be marrid in the common coorse!"

"Arrah, whisht till we hear the name o' the happy crathur that's to be blisthered wid Phelim! The darlin's in luck, whoever she is, an' has gained a blessed prize in the 'bouncer.'"

"This bouncing patriarch," continued the priest, "has made his selection with great judgment and discrimination. In the first place, he has pitched upon a hoary damsel of long standing in the world;—one blessed with age and experience. She is qualified to keep Phelim's house well, as soon as it shall be built; but whether she will be able to keep Phelim himself, is another consideration. It is not unlikely that Phelim, in imitation of his great prototypes, may prefer living in a tent. But whether she keeps Phelim or the house, one thing is certain, that Phelim will keep her money. Phelim selected this aged woman, we presume, for her judgment; for surely she who has given such convincing proof of discretion, must make a useful partner to one who, like Phelim, has that virtue yet to learn. I have no doubt, however, but in a short time he will be as discreet as his teacher."

"Blood alive! Isn't that fine language?"

"You may say that! Begad, it's himself *can* discoorse! What's the Protestants to that?"

"The next upon the list is one who, though a poor man's daughter, will certainly *bring property* to Phelim. There is also an aptness in this selection which does credit to the 'Patriarch.' Phelim is a great dancer, an accomplishment with which we do not read that the patriarchs themselves were possessed; although we certainly do read that a light heel was of little service to Jacob. Well, Phelim carries a light heel, and the second female of his choice on this list carries a "light hand;"* it is, therefore, but natural to suppose that, if ever they are driven to extremities, they will make light of many things which other people would consider as of weighty moment. Whether Phelim and she may long remain stationary in this country, is a problem more likely to be solved at the county assizes than here. It is not improbable that his Majesty may recommend the 'Patriarch' and one of his wives to try the benefit of a voyage to New South Wales, he himself graciously vouchsafing to bear their expenses."

"Divil a lie in that, any how! If ever any one crossed the wather, Phelim will. Can't his Reverence be funny whin he plases?"

"Many a time it was prophecized for him; an' his Reverence knows best."

"Begad, Phelim's gettin' over the coals. But sure it's all the way the father an' mother reared him."

"Tundher-an'-turf, is he goin' to be called to a pair o' them?"

* Intimating theft.

"Faix, so it seems."

"Oh, the divil's clip! Is he mad? But let us hear it out."

"The third damsel is by no means so well adapted for Phelim as either of the other two. What she could have seen in him is another problem much more difficult than the one I have mentioned. I would advise her to reconsider the subject, and let Phelim have the full benefit of the attention she may bestow upon it. If she finds the 'Patriarch' possessed of but *one* virtue, except *necessity*, I will admit that it is pretty certain that she will soon discover the longitude, and that has puzzled the most learned men of the world. If she marries this 'Patriarch,' I think the angels who may visit him will come in the shape of policemen; and that Phelim, so long as he can find a cudgel, will give them any thing but a patriarchal reception, is another thing of which we may rest pretty certain.

"I now publish the banns of matrimony between Phelim O'Toole of Teernarogarah and Bridget Doran of Dernascobe. If any person knows of any impediment why these two should not be joined in wedlock, they are bound to declare it.

"This Bridget Doran, my friends, is no other than my old housekeeper; but when, where, or how, Phelim could have won upon her juvenile affections is one of those mysteries which is never to be explained. I dare say, the match was brought about by despair on her side, and necessity on his. She despaired of getting a husband, and he had a necessity for the

money. In point of age I admit she would make a very fit wife for any 'Patriarch.'"

Language could not describe the effect which this disclosure produced upon the congregation. The fancy of every one present was tickled at the idea of a union between Phelim and the old woman. It was followed by roars of laughter, which lasted several minutes.

"Oh, thin, the curse o' the crows upon him, was he only able to butther up the ould woman! Oh, *Ghe dhiven!* that flogs Why, it's a wondher he didn't stale the ould slip, an' make a run-away match of it!—ha, ha, ha! Musha, bad scran to her, but she had young notions of her own! A purty bird she picked up in Phelim!—ha, ha, ha!"

"I also publish the banns of matrimony between Phelim O'Toole of Teernarogarah and Sally Flattery of the same place. If any of you knows of any impediment why they should not be joined in wedlock, you are bound to declare it."

The mirth rose again, loud and general. Foodle Flattery, whose character was so well known, appeared so proper a father-in-law for Phelim, that his selection in this instance delighted them highly.

"Betther an' betther, Phelim! More power to you! You're fixed at last. Foodle Flattery's daughther—a known thief! Well, what harm? Phelim himself has pitch on his fingers—or had, any how, when he was growin' up—for many a thing stuck to them. Oh, bedad, now we know what his Reverence was at when he talked about the 'Sizes, bad luck

to them! Betune her an' the ould woman, Phelim 'ud be in Paradise! Foodle Flattery's daughther! Begad, she'll 'bring him property' sure enough, as his Reverence says."

"I also publish the banns of matrimony between Phelim O'Toole—whom we must in future call the 'Patriarch'—of Teernarogarah, and Peggy Donovan of the same place. If any of you knows any impediment in the way of their marriage, you are bound to declare it."

"Bravo! Phelim acushla. 'Tis you that's the blessed youth. Tundher-an'-whiskey, did ever any body hear of sich desate? To do three o' them. Be sure the Bouncer has some schame in this. Well, one would suppose Paddy Donovan an' his daughther had more sinse nor to think of sich a runnagate as Bouncin' Phelim."

"No, but the Pathriark! Sure his Reverence sez that we mustn't call him any thing agin but the Pathriark! Oh, be gorra, that's the name!—ha, ha, ha!"

When the mirth of the congregation had subsided, and their comments ended, the priest concluded in the following words:

"Now, my friends, here is such a piece of profligacy as I have never, in the whole course of my pastoral duties, witnessed. It is the act of Phelim O'Toole, be it known, who did not scruple to engage himself for marriage to three females—that is, to two girls and an old woman—and who, in addition, had the effrontery to send me his name and theirs, to be given out all on the same Sunday; thus making *me* an instrument in his hands to hoax those who

trusted in his word. That he can marry but one of them is quite clear; but that he would not scruple to marry the three, and three more to complete the half-dozen, is a fact which no one who knows him will doubt. For my part, I know not how this business may terminate. Of a truth he has contrived to leave the claims of the three females in a state of excellent confusion. Whether it raise or lessen him in their opinion I cannot pretend to determine. I am sorry for Donovan's daughter, for I know not what greater calamity could befall any honest family than a matrimonial union with Phelim O'Toole. I trust that this day's proceedings will operate as a caution to the females of the parish against such an unscrupulous reprobate. It is for this purpose only that I publish the names given in to me. His character was pretty well known before; it is now established; and having established it, I dismiss the subject altogether."

Phelim's fame was now nearly at its height. Never before had such a case been known; yet the people somehow were not so much astonished as might be supposed. On the contrary, had Phelim's courtship gone off like that of another man, they would have felt more surprised. We need scarcely say, that the "giving out" or "calling" of Phelim and the three damsels was spread over the whole parish before the close of that Sunday. Every one had it—man, woman, and child. It was told, repeated, and improved as it went along. New circumstances were added, fresh points made out, and other *dramatis personæ* brought in—all with great felicity, and quite suitable to Phelim's character.

Strongly contrasted with the amusement of the parishioners in general, was the indignation felt by the three damsels and their friends. The old housekeeper was perfectly furious; so much so, indeed, that the priest gave some dark hints at the necessity of sending for a straight waistcoat. Her fellow-servants took the liberty of breaking some strong jests upon her, in return for which she took the liberty of breaking two strong churn-staves upon them. Being a remarkably stout woman for her years, she put forth her strength, to such purpose that few of them went to bed without sore bones. The priest was seriously annoyed at it, for he found that his house was a scene of battle during the remainder of the day.

Sally Flattery's uncle, in the absence of her father, indignantly espoused the cause of his niece. He and Donovan each went among their friends to excite in them a proper resentment, and to form a faction for the purpose of chastising Phelim. Their chagrin was bitter on finding that their most wrathful representations of the insult sustained by their families, were received with no other spirit than one of the most extravagant mirth. In vain did they rage, and fume, and swear; they could get no one to take a serious view of it. Phelim O'Toole was the author of all, and from him it was precisely what they had expected.

Phelim himself, and the father, on hearing of the occurrence after mass, were as merry as any other two in the parish. At first, the father was disposed

to lose his temper; but on Phelim telling him he would hear no "gosther" on the subject, he thought proper to take it in good humour. About this time they had not more than a week's provision in the house, and only three shillings of capital. The joke of the three calls was too good a one to pass off as an ordinary affair; they had three shillings, and although it was their last, neither of them could permit the matter to escape as a dry joke. They accordingly repaired to the little public house of the village, where they laughed at the world, got drunk, hugged each other, despised all mankind, and staggered home, ragged and merry, poor and hearty, their arms about each other's necks, perfect models of filial duty, and paternal affection.

The reader is aware that the history of Phelim's abrupt engagement with the housekeeper, was conveyed by Fool Art, to Sally Flattery. Her thievish character rendered marriage as hopeless to her, as length of days did to Bridget Doran. No one knew the plan she had laid for Phelim, but this fool; and in order to secure his silence, she had promised him a shirt on the Monday after the first call. Now Art, as was evident by his endless habit of shrugging, felt the necessity of a shirt very strongly.

About ten o'clock on Monday, he presented himself to Sally, and claimed his recompense.

"Art," said Sally, "the shirt I intended for you, is upon Squire Nugent's hedge beside their garden. You know the family's goin' up to Dublin on Thursday, Art, an' they're gettin' their washin' done in

time to be off. Go down, but don't let any one see you; take the third shirt on the row, an' bring it up to me till I smooth it for you."

Art sallied down to the hedge on which the linen had been put out to dry, and having reconnoitred the premises, shrugged himself, and cast a longing eye on the third shirt. With that knavish penetration, however, peculiar to such persons, he began to reflect that Sally might have some other object in view besides *his* accommodation. He determined, therefore, to proceed upon new principles — sufficiently safe, he thought, to protect him from the consequences of theft.

"Good-morrow, Bush," said Art, addressing that on which the third shirt was spread. "Isn't it a burnin' shame an' a sin for you," he continued, "to have sich a fine white shirt an you, an' me widout a stitch to my back. Will you swap?"

Having waited until the bush had due time to reply,

"Sorra fairer," he observed; "silence gives consint."

In less than two minutes he stripped, put on one of the Squire's best shirts, and spread out his own dusky fragment in its place.

"It's a good thing," said Art, "to have a clear conscience; a fair exchange is no robbery."

Now, it so happened, that the squire himself, who was a humourist, and also a justice of the peace, saw Art putting his morality in practice at the hedge. He immediately walked out with an intention of playing off a trick upon the fool for his dishonesty; and he

felt the greater inclination to do this in consequence of an opinion long current, that Art, though he had outwitted several, had never been outwitted himself.

Art had been always a welcome guest in the Squire's kitchen, and never passed the "Big House," as an Irish country gentleman's residence is termed, without calling. On this occasion, however, he was too cunning to go near it—a fact which the Squire observed. By taking a short cut across one of his own fields, he got before Art, and turning the angle of a hedge, met him trotting along at his usual pace.

"Well, Art, where now?"

"To the crass roads, your honour."

"Art, is not this a fine place of mine? Look at these groves, and the lawn, and the river there, and the mountains behind all. Is it not equal to Sir William R——'s?" Sir William was Art's favourite patron.

"Sir William, your honour, has all this at his place."

"But I think my views are finer."

"They're fine enough," replied Art; "*but where's the lake before the door?*"

The Squire said no more about his prospects.

"Art," he continued, "would you carry a letter for me to M——?"

"I'll be wantin' somethin' to dhrink on the way," said Art.

"You shall get something to eat and dhrink before you go," said the Squire, "and half-a-crown for your trouble.'

"Augh," exclaimed Art, "be dodda, Sir, you're

nosed like Sir William, and chinned like Captain Taylor." This was always Art's compliment when pleased.

The Squire brought him up to the house, ordered him refreshment, and while Art partook of it, wrote a letter or mittimus to the county gaoler, authorizing him to detain the bearer in prison until he should hear further from him.

Art, having received the half-crown and the letter, appeared delighted; but on hearing the name of the person to whom it was addressed, he smelt a trick. He promised faithfully, however, to deliver it, and betrayed no symptoms whatever of suspicion. After getting some distance from the big-house, he set his wits to work, and ran over in his mind the names of those who had been most in the habit of annoying him. At the head of this list stood Phelim O'Toole, and on Phelim's head did he resolve to transfer the revenge, which the Squire, he had no doubt, intended to take on himself.

With considerable speed, he made way to Larry O'Toole's. where such a scene presented itself, as made him for a moment forget the immediate purport of his visit.

Opposite Phelim, dressed out in her best finery, stood the housekeeper, zealously insisting on either money or marriage. On one side of him stood old Donovan and his daughter, whom he had forced to come, in the character of a witness, to support his charges against the gay deceiver. On the other were ranged Sally Flattery, in tears, and her uncle in wrath, each ready to pounce upon Phelim.

Phelim stood the very emblem of patience and good-humour. When one of them attacked him he winked at the other two; when either of the other two came on, he winked still at those who took breath. Sometimes he trod on his father's toe, lest the old fellow might lose the joke, and not unfrequently proposed their going to a public house, and composing their differences over a bottle, if any of them would pay the expenses.

"What do you mane to do?" said the housekeeper; "but it's asy known I'm an unprotected woman, or I wouldn't be thrated as I am. If I had relations livin' or near me, we'd pay you on the bones, for bringin' me to shame and scandal, as you have done."

"Upon my *sanies*, Mrs. Doran, I feel for your situation, so I do," said Phelim. "You've outlived all your friends, an' if it was in my power to bring any o' them back to you I'd do it."

"Oh, you desaver, is that the feelin' you have for me, when I thought you'd be a guard an' a projection to me? You know I have the money, you sconce, an' how comfortable it 'ud keep us, if you'd only see what's good for you. You blarnied an' palavered me, you villain, till you got my infections, an' thin you tuck the cholic as an excuse to lave me in a state of dissolution an' disparagement. You promised to marry me, an' you had no notion of it."

"You're not the only one he has disgraced, Mrs. Doran," said Donovan. "A purty way he came down, himself an' his father, undher pretence of coortin' my daughther. He should lay down his ten

guineas, too, to show us what he had to begin the world wid, the villain!—an' him had no notion of it aither."

"An' he should send this girl to make me go to the priest to have him and her called, the reprobate," said Nick Flattery; "an' him had no notion of it aither."

"Sure he sent us all there," exclaimed Donovan.

"He did," said the old woman.

"Not a doubt of it," observed Flattery.

"Ten guineas!" said the housekeeper. "An so you brought my ten guineas in your pocket to coort another girl! Aren't you a right profligate?"

"Yes," said Donovan, "aren't you a right profligate?"

"Answer the dacent people," said Flattery; "aren't you a right profligate?"

"Take the world asy, all of yees," replied Phelim. "Mrs. Doran, there was three of you called, sure enough; but, be the vestments, I intinded—do you hear me, Mrs. Doran? Now have rason—I say, do *you* hear me? Be the vestments, I intinded to marry only *one* of you; an' that I'll do still, except I'm vexed—(a wink at the old woman.) Yet you're all flyin' at me, as if I had three heads upon me."

"Maybe the poor boy's not so much to blame," said Mrs. Doran. "There's hussies in this world," and here she threw an angry eye upon the other two, "that 'ud give a man no pace till he'd promise to marry them."

"Why did he promise to them that didn't want him thin?" exclaimed Donovan. "I'm not angry that he didn't marry my daughther—for I wouldn't

give her to him now—but I am at the slight he put an her."

"Paddy Donovan, did *you* hear what I said jist now?" replied Phelim. "I wish to Jamini some people 'ud have sinse! Be them five crasses, I know thim I intinded to marry, as well as I do where I'm standin'. That's plain talk, Paddy. I'm sure the world's not past yet, I hope"—(a wink at Paddy Donovan.)

"An' wasn't he a big rascal to make little of my brother's daughther as he did?" said Flattery; "but he'll rub his heels together for the same act."

"Nick Flatthery, do you think I could marry three wives? Be that horseshoe over the door, Sally Flatthery, you didn't thrate me dacent. She did not, Nick; an' you ought to know that it was wrong of her to come here to-day."

"Well, but what do you intind to do Phelim, avourn—you profligate?" said the half-angry, half-pacified housekeeper, who, being the veteran, always led on the charge.

"Why, I intend to marry *one* of you," said Phelim. "I say, Mrs. Doran, do you see thim ten fingers acrass—be thim five crasses I'll do what I said, if nothing happens to put it aside."

"Then be an honest man," said Flattery, "an' tell us which o'them you *will* marry."

"Nick, don't you know I always regarded *your* family. If I didn't that I may never do an ill turn! Now! But some people can't see any thing. Arra, tundher-an-whiskey, man, would you expect me to tell out before all that's here, who I'll marry—to be

hurtin' the feelins of the rest. Faith, I'll never do a shabby thing."

"What rekimpinse will you make *my* daughther for bringin' down her name afore the whole parish, along wid them she oughtn't to be named in the one day wid?" said Donovan.

"An' who is that, Paddy Donovan?" said the housekeeper, with a face of flame.

"None of your broad hints, Paddy," said Nick. "If it's a collusion to Sally Flattery you mane, take care I don't make you ate your words."

"Paddy," exclaimed Phelim, "you oughtn't to be hurtin' their feelins!"—(a friendly wink to Paddy.)

"If you mane me," said the housekeeper, "by the crook on the fire, I'd lave you a mark."

"I mane you for one, thin, since you provoke me," replied Donovan.

"For *one*, is it?" said Nick; "an' who's the other, i' you plase?"

"Your brother's daughter," he replied. "Do you think I'd *even** my daughther to a thief?"

"Be gorra," observed Phelim, "that's too provokin', an' what I wouldn't bear. Will yees keep the pace, I say, till I spake a word to Mrs. Doran? Mrs. Doran, can I have a word or two wid you outside the house?"

"To be sure you can," she replied! "I'd give you fair play, if the *diouol* was in you."

Phelim, accordingly, brought her out, and thus accosted her,—

"Now, Mrs. Doran, you think I thrated you

* Compare.

ondacent; but do you see that book?" said he, producing a book of ballads, on which he had sworn many a similar oath before; "Be the contints o' that book, as sure as you're beside me, its *you* I intind to marry! These other two—the curse o' the crows upon them! I wish we could get them from about the place—is both dyin' for love o' me, an' I surely did promise to get myself *called* to them. They wanted it to be a promise of marriage; but, says I, 'sure if we're called together it's the same, for whin it comes to that, all's right,—an' so I tould both o' them, unknownst to one another. Arra, be my sowl, you'd make two like them, so you would; an' if you hadn't a penny, I'd marry you afore aither o' them to-morrow. Now, there's the whole sacret, an' don't be onaisy about it. Tell Father O'Hara how it is, whin you go home, an' that he must call the three o' you to me agin, on next Sunday, and the Sunday afther, plase Goodness; jist that I may keep my promise to them. You know I couldn't have luck or grace if I marrid you wid the sin of two broken promises on me."

"My goodness, Phelim, but you tuck a burdyeen off o' me! Faix, you'll see how happy we'll be."

"To be sure we will! But I'm tould you're sometimes crass, Mrs. Doran. Now, you must promise to be kind an' lovin' to the childhre, or, be the vestment, I'll brake off the match yet."

"Och, an' why wouldn't I, Phelim acushla? Sure that's but rason."

"Well, take this book an' swear it. Be gorra, your word won't do, for it's a thing my mind's

made up on. It's I that'll be fond o' the childhre."

"An' how am I to swear it, Phelim? for I never tuck an oath myself yet."

"Take the book in your hand, shut one eye, an' say the words afther me. Be the contints o' this book."

"Be the contints o' this book,"

"I'll be kind, an' motherly, an' boistherous,"

"I'll be kind, an' motherly, an' boistherous,"

"To my own childhre,"

"To my own childhre,"

"An' never bate or abuse thim,"

"An' never bate or abuse thim,"

"Barrin' whin they desarve it;"

"Barrin' whin they desarve it;"

"An' this I swear,"

"An' this I swear,"

"In the presence of *St. Phelim.*"

"In the presence of *St. Phelim.*"

"Amin!"

"Amin!"

"Now, Mrs. Doran, acushla, if you could jist know how asy my conscience is about the childhre, poor crathurs, you'd be in mighty fine spirits. There won't be sich a lovin' husband, begad, in Europe. It's I that'll coax you, an' butther you up like a new pair o' brogues; but, begad, you must be sweeter than liqurice or sugar-candy to me. Won't you, darlin'?"

"Be the crass, Phelim, darlin', jewel, I'll be as

kind a wife as ever breathed! Arrah, Phelim, won't you come down to-morrow evenin'? There'll be no one at home but myself, an'—ha, ha, ha!—Oh, you coaxin' rogue! But, Phelim, you mustn't be—— Oh, you're a rogue! I see you laughin'! Will you come, darlin'?"

"Surely. But, death alive! I was near forgettin'; sure, bad luck to the penny o' the ten guineas but I paid away."

"Paid away! Is it my ten guineas?"

"Your ten guineas, darlin'; an' right well I managed it. Didn't I secure Pat Hanratty's farm by it? Sam Appleton's uncle had it as good as taken; so, begad, I came down wid the ten guineas, by way of airles, an' now we have it. I knew you'd be plased to hear it, an' that you'd be proud to give me ten more for clo'es, an' the weddin' expenses. Isn't that good news, avourneen? Eh, you duck o' diamonds? Faith, let Phelim alone! An' another thing—I must call you *Bridget* for the future: it's sweeter an' more lovin'."

"Phelim, I wish you had consulted wid me afore you done it: but it can't be helped. Come down to-morrow evenin', an' we'll see what's to be done."

"The grace o' heaven upon you, but you *are* the winnin'est woman alive this day! Now take my advice, an' go home widout comin' in. I'm wantin' to get this other pair off o' my hands, as well as I can; an' our best way is to do all widout noise. Isn't it, darlin'?"

"It is, Phelim, jewel; an' I'll go."

"Faith, Bridget, you've dealt in thracle afore now, you're so sweet. Now, acushla, farewell; an' take care of yourself till to-morrow evenin'!"

Phelim, on re-entering his father's cabin, found Larry and Peggy Donovan placed between her father and Flattery, each struggling to keep them asunder. Phelim at first had been anxious to set them by the ears, but his interview with the old woman changed his plan of operations altogether. With some difficulty he succeeded in repressing their tendency to single combat, which, having effected, he brought out Flattery and his niece, both of whom he thus addressed:—

"Be the vestment, Sally, only that my regard an' love for you is uncommon, I'd brake off the affair altogether, so I would."

"An' why would you do so, Phelim O'Toole?" inquired the uncle.

"Bekase," replied Phelim, "you came here an' made a show of me, when I wished to have no *bruliagh*, at all at all. In regard of Peggy Donovan, I never spoke a word to the girl about marriage since I was christened. Saize the syllable! My father brought me down there to gosther awhile, the other night, an' Paddy sent away for whiskey. An' the curse o' Cromwell on myself! I should get tossicated. So while I was half-saes over, the two ould rips set to makin' the match—planned to have us called—an' me knew nothin' about it, good, bad, or indifferent. That's the thruth, be the sky above us!"

"An' what have you to say about the housekeeper, Phelim?"

"Why I don't know yet who *done* me there. I was about takin' a farm, an' my father borried ten guineas from her. Somebody heard it—I suspect Sam Appleton—an' gave in our names to the priest, to be called, makin' a good joke of it. All sorts o' luck to them, barrin' good luck, that did it; but they put me in a purty state! But never heed! I'll find them out yet. Now go home, both o' you, an' I'll slip down in half an hour, wid a bottle o' whiskey in my pocket. We'll talk over what's to be done. Sure Sally here, knows that it's my own intherest to marry her, and no one else."

"If my father thought you would, Phelim, he'd not *stag*, even if he was to crass the wather!"

"Go home, Sally darlin', till I get this mad Donovan an' his daughther away. Be all that's beautiful, I'll be apt to give him a taste o' my shillely, if he doesn't behave himself! Half an hour I'll be down in—wid the bottle; an' don't you go, Nick, till you see me."

"Phelim," said the uncle, "you know how the case is. You must aither marry the girl, or take a long voyage, abouchal. We'll have no bouncin' or palaver."

"Bedad, Mick, I've great patience wid you," said Phelim, smiling: "go off, I say, both of you."

They then proceeded homewards, and Phelim returned to appease the anger of Donovan, as he had that of the others. Fresh fiction was again drawn forth, every word of which the worthy father corroborated. They promised to go down that night and drink another bottle together; a promise which they

knew by the state of their finances it was impossible to fulfil. The prospect of the "booze," however, tranquillized Donovan, who in his heart relished a glass of liquor as well as either Phelim or the father. Shaking of hands and professions of friendship were again beginning to multiply with great rapidity, when Peggy thought proper to make a few observations on the merits of her admirer.

"In regard to me," she observed, "you may save yourselves the throuble o' comin'. I wouldn't marry Phelim, afther what the priest said yistherday, if he had the riches o' the townland we're spakin' in. I never cared for him, nor liked him; an' it was only to plase my father an' mother, that I consinted to be called to him at all. I'll never join myself to the likes of him. If I do, may I be a corpse the next minute!"

Having thus expressed herself, she left her father, Phelim, and Larry, to digest her sentiments, and immediately went home.

Donovan, who was outrageous at this contempt of his authority, got his hat, with the intention of compelling her to return and retract, in their presence, what she had said; but the daughter being the more light-footed of the two, reached home before he could overtake her; where backed by her mother, she maintained her resolution, and succeeded, ere long, in bringing the father over to her opinion.

During this whole scene in Larry's, Fool Art sat in that wild abstraction which characterises the unhappy class to which he belonged. He muttered to himself, laughed—or rather chuckled—shrugged his

shoulders, and appeared to be as unconscious of what had taken place as an automaton. When the coast was clear he rose up, and plucking Phelim's skirt, beckoned him towards the door.

"Phelim," said he, when they had got out, "would you like to airn a crown?"

"Tell me how, Art?" said Phelim.

"A letther from the Square to the gaoler of M—— gaol. If you bring back an answer, you'll get a crown, your dinner, an' a quart o' sthrong beer."

"But why don't you bring it yourself, Art?"

"Why I'm afeard. Sure they'd keep me in gaol, I'm tould, if they'd catch me in it. Aha! Bedad, I won't go near them: sure they'd hang me for shootin' Bonypart.—Aha!"

"Must the answer be brought back to-day, Art?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do to-morrow at all. Be dodda, no! Five shillin's, your dinner, an' a quart o' sthrong beer!—Aha! But you must give me a shillin' or two, to buy a sword; for the Square's goin' to make me a captain: thin I'll be grand! an' I'll make you a sargin'."

This seemed a windfall to Phelim. The unpleasant dilemma in which Sally Flattery had placed him, by the fabricated account of her father's imprisonment, made him extremely anxious to see Foodle himself, and to ascertain the *precise* outrage for which he had been secured. Here then was an opportunity of an interview with him, and of earning five shillings, a good dinner, and a quart of strong beer, as already specified.

"Art," said he, "give me the letther, an' I'm the

boy that'll soon do the job. Long life to you, Art! Be the contints o' the book, Art, I'll never pelt you or vex you agin, my worthy; an' I'll always call you captain!"

Phelim immediately commenced his journey to M——, which was only five miles distant, and in a very short time reached the gaol, saw the gaoler, and presented his letter.

The latter, on perusing it, surveyed him with the scrutiny of a man whose eye was practised in scanning offenders.

Phelim, whilst the gaoler examined him, surveyed the strong and massy bolts with which every door and hatchway was secured. Their appearance produced rather an uncomfortable sensation in him; so much so, that when the gaoler asked him his name, he thought it more prudent, in consequence of a touch of conscience he had, to personate Art for the present, inasmuch as he felt it impossible to assume any name more safe than that of an idiot.

"My name is Art Maguire," said he in reply to the gaoler. "I'm messenger to Square S——, the one he had was discharged on Friday last. I expect soon to be made groom, too."

"Come this way," said the gaoler, "and you shall have an answer."

He brought Phelim into the prison-yard, where he remained for about twenty minutes, labouring under impressions which he felt becoming gradually more unpleasant. His anxiety was not lessened on perceiving twenty or thirty culprits, under the management of the turnkeys, enter the yard,

where they were drawn up in a line, like a file of soldiers.

"What's *your* name?" said one of the turnkeys.

"Art Maguire," replied Phelim.

"Stand here," said the other, shoving him amongst the prisoners. "Keep your head up, you villain, an' don't be ashamed to look your friends in the face. It won't be hard to identify you, at any rate, you scoundrel. A glimpse of that phiz, even by starlight, would do you, you dog. Jack, tell Mr. S. to bring in the gintlemen—they're all ready."

Phelim's dismay on finding himself under drill with such a villainous crew was indescribable. He attempted to parley with the turnkey, but was near feeling the weight of his heavy keys for daring to approach a man placed in authority.

While thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, three gentlemen, accompanied by the gaoler, entered the yard, and walked backward and forward in front of the prisoners, whose faces and persons they examined with great care. For a considerable time they could not recognise any of them; but just as they were about to give up the scrutiny, one of the gentlemen approached Phelim, and looking narrowly into his countenance, exclaimed,

"Here, gaoler, this man I identify. I cannot be mistaken in his face; the rough visage and drooping eye of that fellow put all doubt as to his identity out of question. What's his name?"

"He gives his name, Sir, as Arthur Maguire."

"Arthur what, Sir?" said another of the turnkeys, looking earnestly at Phelim. "Why, Sir, this

is the fellow that swore the alibis for the Kellys—ay, an' for the Delanys, an' for the O'Briens. His name is Phelim O'Toole; an' a purty boy he is, by all report."

Phelim, though his heart sank within him, attempted to banter them out of their bad opinion of him; but there was something peculiarly dismal and melancholy in his mirth.

"Why gintlemen—ha, ha!—be gorra, I'd take it as a convanience—I mane, as a favour—if you'd believe me that there's a small taste of mistake here. I was sent by Square S. wid a letter to Mr. S——t, an' he gave me fifty ordhers to bring him back an answer this day. As for Phelim O'Toole, if you mane the rascal that swears the alibis, faith, I can't deny but I'm as like him, the villain, as one egg is to another. Bad luck to his 'dhroop,' any how; little I thought that it would ever bring me into throuble—ha, ha, ha! Mr. S——t, what answer have you for the Square, Sir? Bedad, I'm afeard I'll be late."

"That letter, Master Maguire, or Toole, or whatever your name is, authorizes me to detain you, as a prisoner, until I hear further from Mr. S."

"I identify him distinctly," said the gentleman, once more. "I neither doubt nor waver on the subject; so you will do right to detain him. I shall lodge informations against him immediately."

"Sir," said Phelim to the gaoler, the "Square couldn't mane me at all, in regard that it was another person he gave the letter to, for to bring to you; the other person gave it to me. I can make my oath

of that. Be gorra, you're playin' your thricks upon sthrangers now, I suppose."

"Why, you lying rascal," said the gaoler, "have you not a few minutes ago asserted to the contrary? Did you not tell me that you're name was Arthur, or Art Maguire? That you are Mr. S.'s messenger, and expect to be made his groom. And now you deny all this."

"He's Phelim O'Toole," said the turnkey, "I'll swear to him; but if you wait for a minute I'll soon prove it."

He immediately retired to the cell of a convict, whom he knew to be from the townland of Teernarogaroh; and ordering its inmate to look through the bars of his window, which commanded the yard, he asked him if there was any one among them whom he knew.

The fellow in a few minutes replied, "Whethen, divil a one, barrin' Bouncin' Phelim O'Toole."

The turnkey brought him down to the yard, where he immediately recognised Phelim as an old friend, shook hands with him, and addressed him by his name.

"Bad luck to you," said Phelim in Irish, "is this a place to welcome your friends to?"

"There is some mystery here," said the gaoler. "I suppose the fact is, that this fellow returned a wrong name to Mr. S., and that that accounts for the name of Arthur Maguire being in the letter."

All Phelim's attempts to extricate himself were useless. He gave them the proper version of the

letter affair with Fool Art, but without making the slightest impression: the gaoler desired him to be locked up.

" Divil fire you all, you villains!" exclaimed Phelim, " is it goin' to put me in crib yees are for no rason in life? Doesn't the whole parish know that I was never off o' my bed for the last three months, wid a complaint I had, antil widin two or three days agone!"

" There are two excellent motives for putting you in crib," said the gaoler; " but if you can prove that you have been confined to your bed so long as you say, why it will be all the better for yourself. Go with the turnkey."

" No, tarenation to the fut I'll go," said Phelim, " till I'm carrid."

" Doesn't the gintleman identify you, you villain," replied one of the turnkeys; " an' isn't the Square's letther in your favour?"

" Villain, is id!" exclaimed Phelim. " An' from a hangman's cousin, too, we're to bear this!—eh? Take that, any how, an' maybe you'll get more when you don't expect it. Whoo! Success, Phelim! There's blood in you still, abouchal!"

He accompanied the words by a spring of triumph from the ground, and surveyed the already senseless turnkey with exultation. In a moment, however, he was secured for the purpose of being put into strong irons.

" To the devil's warmin' pan wid ye all," he continued, " you may do your worst. I defy yees. Ha! be the heavens above me, *you'll* suffer for this, my

fine gintleman. What can yees do but hang or thransport me, you villains? I tell yees, if a man's sowl had a crust of sin on it a foot thick, the best way to get it off 'ud be jist to shoot a dozen like you. Sin! Oh, the divil saize the sin at all in it. But wait! Did yees ever hear of a man they call Dan O'Connell? Be my sowl, he'll make yees rub your heels together, for keepin' an innocent boy in gaol, that there's no law or no warrant out for. This is the way we're thrated by thim that's ridin' rough shod over us. But have a taste o' patience, ye scoundrels! It won't last, I can tell yees. Our day will soon come, an' thin I'd recommend yees to thravel for your health. Hell saize the day's pace or happiness ever will be seen in the country, till laws, an' judges, an' juries, an' gaols, an' gaolers, an' turnkeys, an' hangmen, is all swep out of it. Saize the day! An' along wid them, goes the parsons, an' procthors, tithes an' taxes, all to the divil together. That day's not far off, ye d——d villains. An' now I tell yees, that if a hair o' my head's touched—ay, if I was hanged to-morrow—I'd lave *them* behind me that 'ud put a bullet, wid the help an' blessin' o' God, through any one that'll injure me! So lay that to your conscience, an' do your best. Be the crass, O'Connell 'ill make you look nine ways at wanst for this! He's the boy can put the pin in your noses! He's the boy can make yees thrimble, one an all o' yees—like a dog in a wet sack! An', wid the blessin' o' God, he'll help us to put our feet on your necks afore long!"

"That's a prudent speech," observed the gaoler; "it will serve you very much."

Phelim consigned him to a very warm settlement in reply.

"Bring the ruffian off," added the gaoler; "put him in solitary confinement."

"Put me wid Foodle Flattery," said Phelim; "you've got *him* here, an' I'll go no where else. Faith, you'll suffer for givin' me false imprisonment. Doesn't O'Connell's name make you shake? Put me wid Foodle Flattery, I say."

"Foodle Flattery! There is no such man here. Have you got such a person here," inquired the gaoler of the turnkey.

"Not at present," said the turnkey; "but I know Foodle well. We've had him here twice. Come away, Phelim; follow me, you're goin' to be put where you'll have an opportunity 'of sayin' your prayers."

He then ushered Phelim to a cell, where the reader may easily imagine what he felt. His patriotism rose to a high pitch; he deplored the wrongs of his country bitterly, and was clearly convinced that until gaols, judges, and assizes, together with a long train of similar grievances, were utterly abolished, Ireland could never be right, nor persecuted "boys," like himself, at full liberty to burn or murder the enemies of their country with impunity. Notwithstanding these heroic sentiments, an indifferent round oath more than once escaped him against Ribbonism in whole and in part. He cursed the system, and the day, and the hour on which he was inveigled into it. He cursed those who had initiated him; nor did his father and mother escape for their

neglect of his habits, his morals, and his education. This occurred when he had time for reflection. Whilst thus dispensing his execrations, the gaoler and the three gentlemen, having been struck with his allusion to Foodle Flattery, and remembering that Foodle was of indifferent morals, came to the unanimous opinion that it would be a good plan to secure him; and by informing him that Phelim was in prison upon a capital charge, endeavour to work upon his fears, by representing his companion as disposed to turn approver. The state of the country, and Foodle's character justified his apprehension on suspicion. He was accordingly taken, and when certified of Phelim's situation, acted precisely as had been expected. With very little hesitation, he made a full disclosure of the names of several persons concerned in burnings, way-layings, and robbery of arms. The two first names on the list were those of Phelim and Appleton, with several besides, some of whom bore an excellent, and others an execrable character in the country.

The next day Fool Art went to Larry's, where he understood that Phelim was on the missing list. This justified his suspicions of the Squire; but by no means lessened his bitterness against him, for the prank he had intended to play upon him. With great simplicity, he presented himself at the Big House, and met its owner on the lawn, accompanied by two other gentlemen. The magistrate was somewhat surprised on seeing Art at large, when he imagined him to be under the gaoler's lock and key.

"Well, Art," said he, concealing his amazement, "did you deliver my letter?"

"It went safe, your honour," replied Art.

"Did you yourself give it into his hands, as I ordered you?"

"Whoo! Be dodda, would your honour think Art 'ud tell a lie? Sure he read it. Aha!"

"An' what did he say, Art?"

"Whoo! Why, that he didn't know which of us had the least sense. You for sendin' a fool on a message, or me for deliverin' it."

"Was that all that happened?"

"No, Sir. He said," added the fool, with bitter sarcasm, alluding to a duel, in which the Squire's character had not come off with flying colours—"he said, Sir, that whin you have another challenge to fight, you may get sick *agin* for three pence."

This having been the manner in which the Squire was said to have evaded the duel, it is unnecessary to say that Art's readiness to refresh his memory on the subject, prevented him from being received at the Big House in future.

Reader, remember that we only intended to give you a sketch of Phelim O'Toole's courtship; we will, however, go so far beyond our original plan, as to apprize you of his fate.

When it became known in the parish that he was in gaol, under a charge of felony, Sally Flattery abandoned all hopes of securing him as a husband. The housekeeper felt suitable distress, and hoped, should the poor boy be acquitted, that "he might hould up his head wid any o' them." Phelim, through

the agency of his father, succeeded in getting ten guineas from her, to pay the lawyers for defending him; not one penny of which he applied to the purpose for which he obtained it. The expenses of his defence were drawn from the Ribbon-boy fund, and the Irish reader cannot forget the eloquent and pathetic appeal made by his counsel to the jury on his behalf, and the strength with which the fact of his being the whole support of a helpless father and mother was stated. The appeal, however, was ineffectual; worthy Phelim was convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. When his old acquaintances heard the nature of his destiny, they remembered the two prophecies that had been so often uttered concerning him. One of them was certainly fulfilled to the letter, we mean that in which it was stated, "that the greatest swaggerer among the girls generally comes to the wall at last." The other, though not literally accomplished, was touched at least upon the spirit; transportation for life ranks next to hanging.

We cannot avoid mentioning a fact connected with Phelim which came to light while he remained in prison. By incessant trouble he was prevailed upon, or rather compelled, to attend the prison school, and on examining him, touching his religious knowledge, it appeared that he was ignorant of the plainest truths of Christianity; that he knew not how or by whom the Christian religion had been promulgated; nor, indeed, any other moral truth connected with Revelation.

Immediately after his transportation, Larry took

to drink, and his mother to begging, for she had no other means of living. In this mode of life, the husband was soon compelled to join her. They are both mendicants, and Sheelah now appears sensible of the error in their manner of bringing Phelim up.

"Ah! Larry," she is sometimes heard to say, "I doubt that we wor wrong for flyin' in the face o' God, becase he didn't give us childhre. An' when it plased him to grant us a son, we oughtn't to've spoiled him by over-indulgence, an' by lettin' him have his own head in every thing, as we did. If we had sint him to school, an' larned him to work, an' corrected him when he desarved it, instead of laughin' at his lies, an' misbehaviour, and his oaths, as if they wor sport—ay' an' abusin' the nabours when they'd complain of him, or tell us what he was—ay!—if we had, it's a credit an' a comfort he'd be to us now, an' not a shame an' a disgrace, an' an affliction. We made our own bed, Larry, an' now we must lie down an it. An', God help us! we made *his* bed too, poor boy, an' a bad one it is. God forgive us! but, any how, my heart's breakin', for bad as he was, sure we haven't him to look upon!"

"Thrue," replied Larry. "Still he was game an' cute to the last. Biddy Doran's ten guineas will sarve him *beyant*, poor fellow. But sure the 'boys' kep their word to him, any how, in regard of shootin' Foodle Flattery. Myself was never betther plased in my life, than to hear that he got the slugs into his heart, the villain!"

*** We have attempted to draw Phelim O'Toole as closely as possible to the character of that class, whose ignorance, want of education, and absence of all moral principle, constitute them

the shame and reproach of the country. By such men the peace of Ireland is destroyed, illegal combinations formed, blood shed, and nightly outrages committed. There is nothing more certain than this plain truth, that if proper religious and moral knowledge were impressed upon the early principles of persons like Phelim, a conscience would be created capable of revolting from crime. Whatever the grievances of a people may be, whether real or imaginary, one thing is clear, that neither murder nor illegal violence of any description, can be the proper mode of removing or redressing them. We have kept Phelim's Ribbonism in the back-ground, because its details could excite only aversion, and preferred exhibiting his utter ignorance of morality upon a less offensive subject, in order that the reader might be enabled to infer, rather than to witness with his mind's eye, the deeper crimes of which he was capable.

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